★ Feb. 2, 1952

THE NEW YORKER

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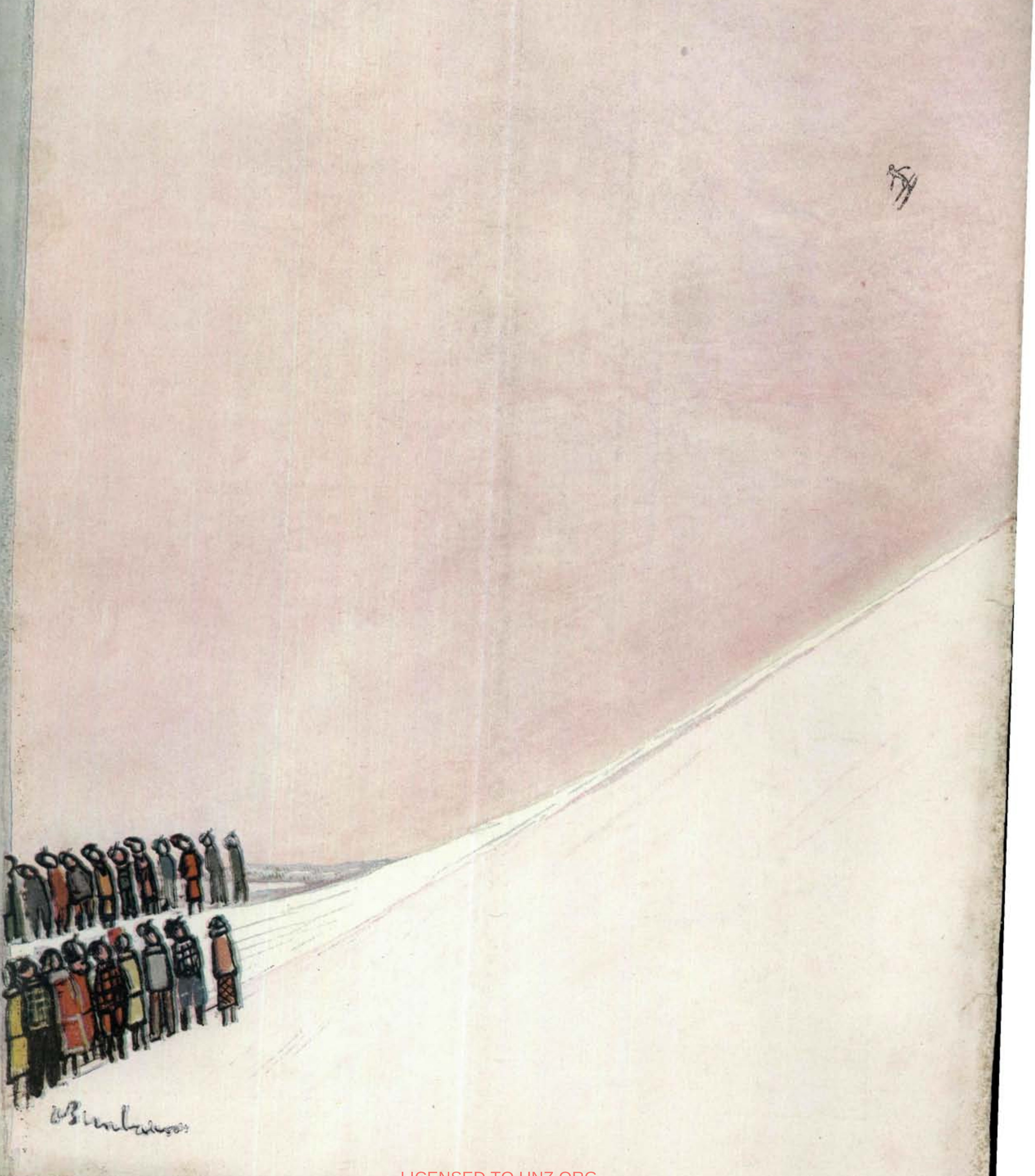

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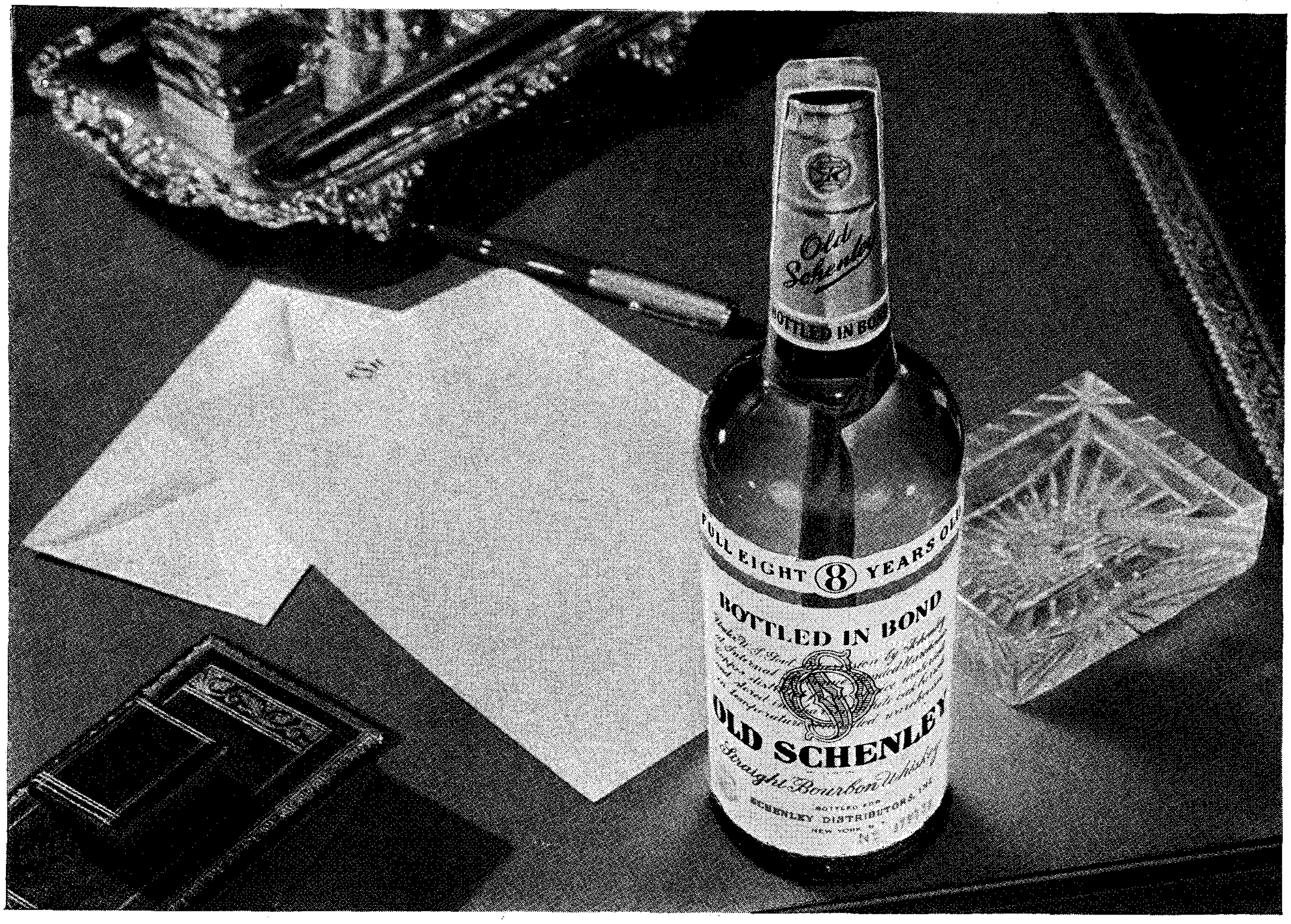
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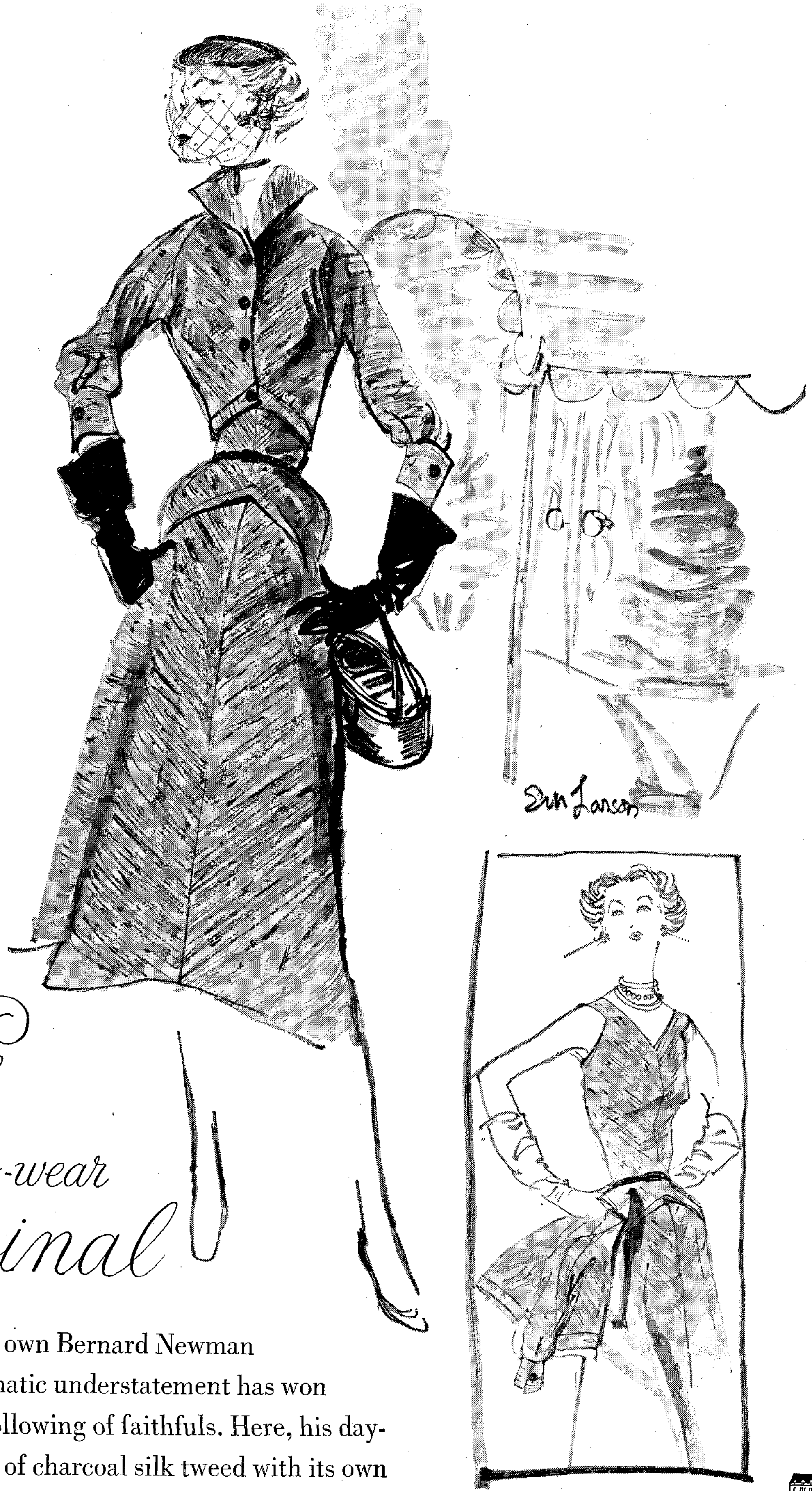

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ON THE PLAZA

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Anna Christie—This piece, mainly about a harlot with a heart of gold and "dat ole davil sea," was first produced here in 1921 and may strike current observers as a little naive and old-fashioned. Celeste Holm, Art Smith, and Kevin McCarthy are largely in charge of the violence. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Caesar and Cleopatra and **Antony and Cleopatra**—Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh, as stylish as usual, in the Shaw play and the Shakespeare tragedy. "Caesar and Cleopatra": Saturday matinée and evening, Feb. 2; Tuesday evening, Feb. 5; and Thursday and Friday evenings, Feb. 7-8. "Antony and Cleopatra": Thursday and Friday evenings, Jan. 31-Feb. 1; Monday evening, Feb. 4; Wednesday matinée and evening, Feb. 6; and Saturday matinée and evening, Feb. 9. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30. Through Saturday, April 12.)

Come of Age—Judith Anderson is again the star of this fantasy, first produced in 1934, which deals with Thomas Chatterton's return to modern London and his affair with a woman of the world. Miss Anderson, assisted by Robert Brown and Muriel Rahn, does her best, but the script doesn't give them much help. It is the last in a series of three plays presented by the New York City Theatre Company and will run through Sunday, Feb. 10. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Constant Wife—Katharine Cornell gives her customary demonstration of technique in this revival of Somerset Maugham's comedy about a lady who is clearly too good for her husband, or, indeed, for anybody else. Brian Aherne and Grace George are also prominent in the company directed by Guthrie McClintic. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Desire under the Elms—Karl Malden, Carol Stone, and Douglas Watson are the New England husband, wife, and lover, respectively, in this fine revival of one of Eugene O'Neill's most impressive plays. The first of a series of subscription productions offered this season by ANTA. (ANTA Playhouse, 52nd St., W. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays, Sunday, and Wednesday, at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Feb. 9. For information about tickets, call PL 7-4133.)

The Fourposter—Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn are the whole cast of this sometimes charming and sometimes monotonous play about a marriage that goes on for thirty-five years. The Playwrights' Company produced it, and José Ferrer is responsible for the direction. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Gigi—Anita Loos's version of a novel by Colette has to do with a young Parisienne who grows up in rather unusual surroundings, and it is one of the treats of the season. Audrey Hepburn, who plays the title role, is most competently assisted by Cathleen Nesbitt, Michael Evans, and Josephine Brown, and Gilbert Miller has given the play one of his characteristically handsome productions. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

I Am a Camera—This adaptation by John van Druten of Christopher Isherwood's "The Berlin Stories" is diverting but not very substantial. As an English streetwalker, though, Julie Harris is a complete delight. William Prince, Marian Winters, and Edward Andrews help out. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Point of No Return—Paul Osborn has done an excellent adaptation of John P. Marquand's novel about a man who discovers that success isn't really so much, and Leland Hayward has given it a more than satisfactory production. Henry Fonda is magnificent in the leading role and gets fine support from a company that includes John Cromwell, Leora Dana, Frank Conroy, Robert Ross, and Colin Keith-Johnston. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Remains to Be Seen—Young love and violent death are the principal ingredients of this comedy melodrama by Russel Crouse and Howard Lindsay, which may be something of a disappointment to the admirers of both these great men. Janis Paige, Jackie Cooper, and James Rennie are in it. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Feb. 3.)

Saint Joan—A revival of Shaw's fine play, and a really worth-while event. With Uta Hagen, John Buckmaster, and Frederic Worlock. (Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Thursday and Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Feb. 2.)

The Shrike—José Ferrer stars in, directs, and is one of the producers of this absorbing play about a wife who almost drives her husband to suicide. Judith Evelyn is prominent in the action, which takes place in the emergency ward of a city hospital. With Philip Huston, Will Kuluva, Isabel Bonner, and Kendall Clark. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Stalag 17—A rather old-fashioned melodrama, tricked out with some pretty rough jokes, which will clearly please its own particular public, though it may well distress the fastidious. In the cast are John Ericson, Laurence Hugo, and Frank Maxwell. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**affairs of state:** June Havoc involved with love and politics in Washington. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . **the moon is blue:** A comedy in which Barry Nelson, Donald Cook, and Barbara Bel Geddes figure as an architect, a roué, and a virgin, respectively. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Gertie—A play by Enid Bagnold, with Glynis Johns and Albert Dekker. Produced and directed by Herman Shumlin. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Paint Your Wagon—The plot, something about the Gold Rush in California, doesn't amount to much, but the songs and dances are very satisfactory, and James Barton, Olga San Juan, Tony Bavaar, Gemze De Lappe, James Mitchell, and Mary Burr do a lot to liven things up. Alan Jay Lerner wrote the book and lyrics, Frederick Loewe provided the music, and Agnes de Mille was in charge of the choreography. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Pal Joey—This revival of the O'Hara-Rodgers-Hart saga of a heel has been given an excellent production and should enchant practically everybody. Vivienne Segal again heads the cast, which now contains Harold Lang in the title role, and Helen Gallagher, Lionel Stander, and Elaine Stritch in approximately that order of importance. Robert Alton's choreography is stunning. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Top Banana—Phil Silvers is miraculously funny in this comedy concerning an ex-burlesque performer now starring in television. Among his assistants are Joey Faye, Jack Albertson, Rose Marie, Walter Dare Wahl, and Johnny Trama. Hy Kraft wrote the book, Johnny Mercer did the music and lyrics, and Jo Mielziner designed the sets. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Two on the Aisle—A revue with Bert Lahr, Dolores Gray, and Elliott Reid. Like most revues, it has some good things in it and more that are not so good. (Mark Hellinger, Broadway at 51st St. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**call me madam:** Ethel Merman, the lady ambassador, surrounded by, among others, Paul Lukas, Alan Hewitt, Russell Nype, and Pat Harrington. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **guys and dolls:** A comedy taken from one of Damon Runyon's stories. Frank Loesser wrote the music and lyrics, and the cast is headed by Isabel Bigley, Sam Levene, Robert Alda, and Vivian Blaine. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **the king and i:** The effect a strong-willed English teacher (Gertrude Lawrence) has upon a royal Siamese and his court. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.) . . . **south pacific:** Well, this French planter meets this Navy nurse—oh, you know. George Britton is currently playing opposite Martha Wright. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Mondays at 7, and Tuesdays

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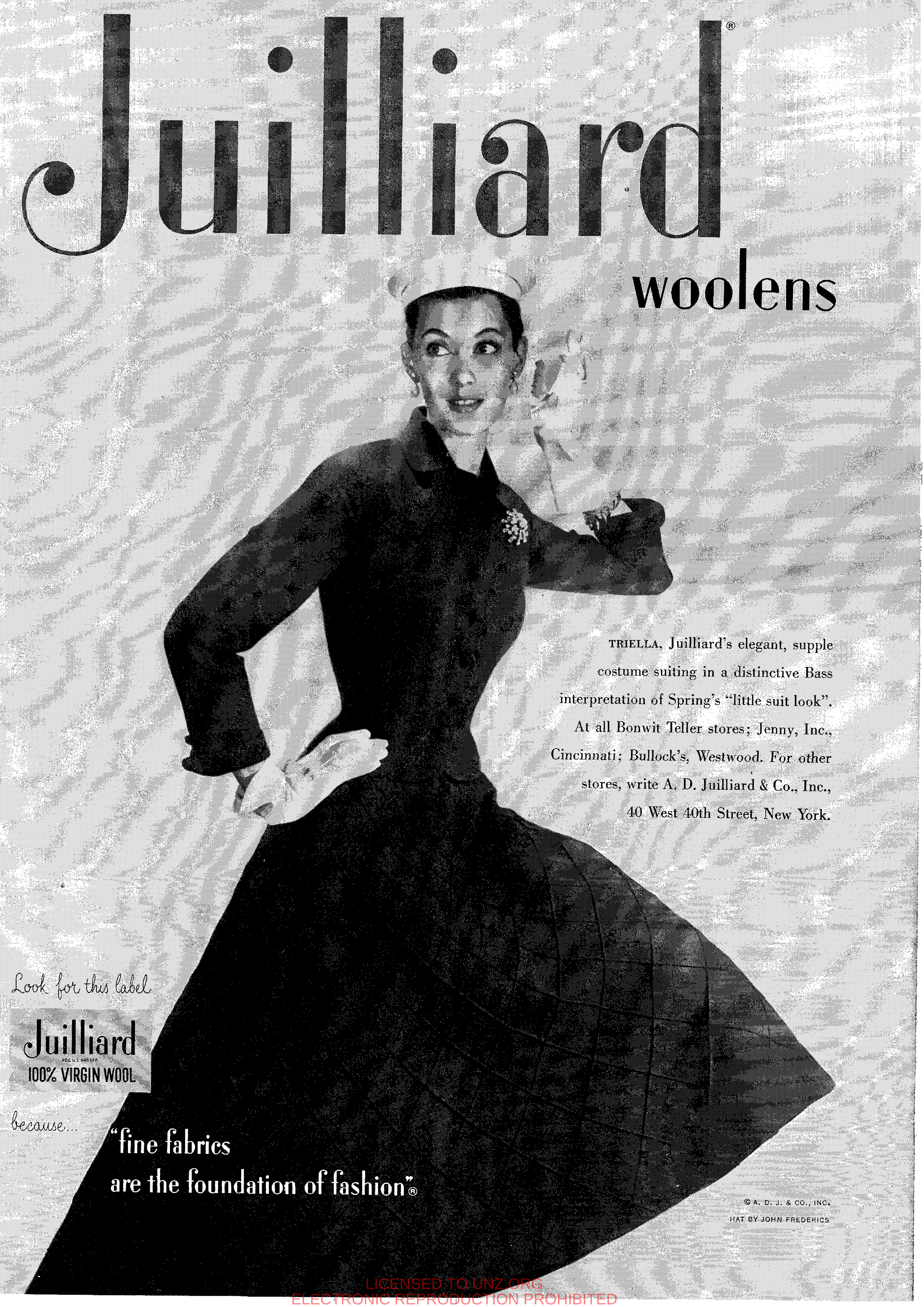

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Saturdays at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Jane—Edna Best and Basil Rathbone in S. N. Behrman's dramatization of a story by Somerset Maugham. Presented by the Theatre Guild and directed by Cyril Ritchard. Opens Friday, Feb. 1. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Collector's Item—A play by Lillian Day and Alfred Golden, produced and directed by Roger Clark, with a cast that includes Allyn Joslyn and Erik Rhodes. Opens Friday, Feb. 8. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—A revue, starring Barbara Ann Scott. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 2-3, at 2:30. Closes Wednesday, Feb. 6.)

Vaudeville—Judy Garland, Señor Wences, Giselle and François Szony, Smith and Dale, and others. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:40.)

Emlyn Williams—As Charles Dickens, in a presentation, imported from London, of readings from Dickens' novels and stories. A limited engagement, opening Monday, Feb. 4. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Charles Laughton—Readings from Shakesspeare, Dickens, Thurber, and others. (Town Hall. LU 2-4536. Friday, Feb. 1, at 8:30.)

Dudley-Maslow-Bales—With their company of dancers. (Central High School of Needle Trades, 225 W. 24th St. Saturday, Feb. 2, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.... ¶ Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Sunday, Feb. 3, at 3.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Except Sundays, in the Trianon Room, the dance orchestras of Jules Lande and Nino de Moraes at dinner and supper. William Adler turns his violin loose in the rotunda at cocktail time.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—There's string music by Michael Kent's quartet in the Palm Court at cocktail time (silence on Sundays), and in the Madison Room (closed Sundays) during dinner. No dancing in either place.

Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000)—Most of the cast of the late Ritz-Carlton's Oval Room, including Emery Deutsch's gentle musicians, is around the restaurant here at dinner, except Sundays. No dancing.

Gogi's Larue, 45 E. 58th St. (EL 5-6374)—A happy and elegant little kingdom, ruled with an indulgent hand by Ted Straeter, whose dance orchestra constructs a rapturous but vigorous background for his piano from eight-thirty on. In the opulent Plush Room, a European brand of piano music by George Feyer after eight. Thursday, Jan. 31, is, like the final Thursday of every month, black tie. Closed Mondays.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Pomp and circumstance à la carte. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band for dancing.

New Yorker, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—The Rookies are up to their old (sometimes very old) knockabout tricks in the Terrace Room's new ice show, which also has four prettier skaters (female) for more romantic tastes. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Cotillion Room, there's Hildegarde, bland, elegant, lyric, and apparently the proud possessor of more sponsors than a dusk-to-dawn disc jockey. Stanley Melba's and Chico Relli's orchestras play for the guests' exercises. Sundays there's only a dinner show, and Mondays the room is closed. ... ¶ Stanley Worth's quartet plays for cocktail, dinner, and supper dancing in the Café Pierre.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Jimmy Savo, a wayward but gentle faun, is invigorating the Persian Room, where the bands of Dick La Salle and Mark Monte also hold forth. Rolly Rolls, the French pianist and humorist, seems just terribly noisy. Closed Sundays.... ¶ The Rendez-Vous Room, which is thoroughly devoted to the comfort of those who are fond of light wines and dancing, offers Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's orchestras after eight-thirty.... ¶ Leo LeFleur's music tinkles in the Palm Court during the cocktail hour. No dancing.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Dinner and supper dance music in the Grill by Guy Lombardo's band, which by now must feel that it owns the place. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—June Roselle, a precocious child from the Coast, trills politely and prettily some well-chosen ballads in the Maisonette at dinner and supper. The bands of Milt Shaw and Horace Diaz play all evening. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Irving Conn's dance orchestra is in the Café Lounge at dinner and supper, as well as for tea dancing every afternoon.

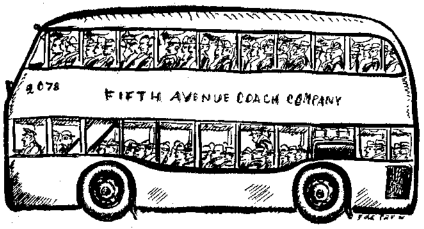
Sherry-Netherland, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800)—Beneath the entertainingly sardonic deers' heads in the Carnaval Room, Emil Coleman communes with his piano and dance band. Closed Sundays.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Tex Beneke's orchestra for dancing during dinner and supper in the Café Rouge. Closed Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Night life as you see it on television, sound effects and all. Dance music by an orchestra and a rumba band.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0316)—The cheering patter of tiny feet is again audible in this ancient château. They belong to, among others, Bill Norvas, the Upstarts, Beverlee Dennis, Chuck Brunner, and Betty Lorraine, who all dance, talk, or sing a wide-awake musical-comedy setting for Carmen Torres' vivid Spanish arias. Panchito's band and Emile Petti's orchestra make dance music.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—At dinner and supper in the Empire Room, there's Gloria De Haven, who's apt to remind one (happily or otherwise) of quite a lot of other sopranos. Bob Fosse contributes his solo footwork. Nat Brandwynne's and Mischa Borr's bands are on deck all night long. Sundays, Mr. Borr's group plays until twelve by itself.... ¶ The Peacock Lounge has Michael Zarin's dance music from seven until one. Closed Sundays.



Note—The high-in-the-sky Rainbow Room, an *intimate rendezvous no larger than Hudson* Bay, is open, but only for cocktails, from four-thirty to nine. There is soft music now and then, and not a single taxi horn. The address: 30 Rockefeller Plaza. The phone: CI 6-5800. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LE COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, one of the oldest of all the family retainers, starts his enthusiastic dance music at eight-thirty. Closed Sundays.... **TONI'S CAPRICE,** 112 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-6255): A well-dressed and salubrious hideaway, where Louis Hawkins, a host in the very best Southern tradition, keeps the local piano in a fine state of resonance. He larks about from six to nine, and again from eleven to dawn. Van Wood, a personable young Continental, starts singing mood music at nine, and Jo Hurt looks in after the theatre on Fridays and Saturdays to toss her warm-hearted soprano about. Closed Sundays.... **BARBERRY ROOM,** 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): From ten to one, except Sundays, Ralph Strain fills this starlit glade with his rich, romantic piano études.... **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Hustle and bustle, hustle and bustle all week long. Sonny Kendis and his febrile trio help the customers whoop it up after dinner, except Sundays.... **BEAU BRUMMEL,** 65 E. 54th St. (PL 5-1792): A new venture by Daniel, the East Side caterer and restaurateur—cocktails, dinner, and supper to the piano of Lynn Mullinax, whose touch is quiet but knowing, in a bright, good-natured stage set. Closed Sundays.... **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): An almost prehistoric play pen, affording piano and violin (of sorts) after nine-thirty for the North Shore set. Closed Sundays.... **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spain the way it looks in the posters, with furious indigenous dances by both cast and clients. Closed Mondays.... **NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): A boisterous example *of 1960 décor, amid which Harry Meyerowitz* plays piano at cocktails, and Rudy Timfield does the same during dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.... **CELESTE,** 28 W. 56th St. (JU 6-9063): Jim Mahoney's portfolio of piano music is, like his execution of it, knowledgeable and nostalgic. He plays from nine o'clock on. Closed Mondays.... **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): John Mehegan's piano is of the complex modern school, but sunny side up. He's here during dinner and supper, except Sundays, when Harold Cooke presides.

BIG AND BRASSY

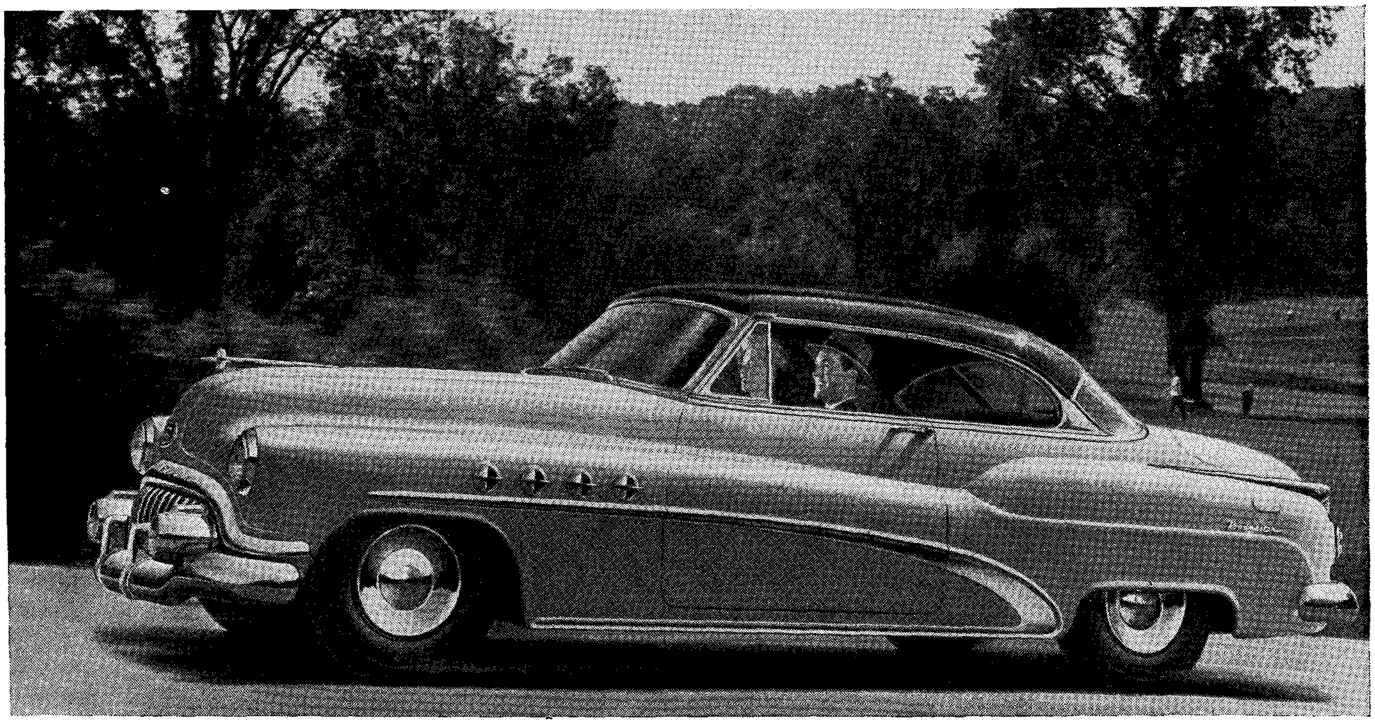
(Dancing, unless otherwise noted.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Thunder to the left, thunder to the right in this underground maze where Jan Murray whips out jokes and Toni Arden whips out ballads.... **LATIN QUARTER,** Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1737): Fernanda Montel, a Parisian chanteuse who's beginning to become legendary, has picked this outsize aquarium for her first American appearance, on Sunday, Feb. 3.... **CAFÉ SOCIETY,** 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): Through Wednesday, Feb. 6, folk music by Josh White, the dean of his particular industry.... **LA VIE EN ROSE,** 123 E. 54th St. (MU 8-8420): There's a good deal of lost motion in the show here, but Dorothy Dandridge, a spectacular objet d'art, sinuously sings some songs that stand out like naughty deeds in a good world. Dancing to Phil Moore's trio and other music.... **OLD KNICK MUSIC HALL,** Second Ave. at 54th St. (PL 9-2724): Precisely what the name implies. Not for introverts or people who don't like sawdust with their beer. Paul Killiam's running comment on some old silent movies is the icing on this particular cake. Visiting performers Mondays at midnight. No dishes or other door prizes, though. Closed Sundays.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): In the back room, there's educated fun for every-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

one—the perky choral work of the Delta Rhythm Boys, the brusque humor of Jane Dulo, the bittersweet ballads of Portia Nelson, and the (so to speak) hand-in-glove pantomime of Les Mains d'Yves Joly. On Monday, Feb. 4, the Delta Rhythm Boys depart; next evening, Elsa Lanchester should be showing up. Behind all this, the piano of Stuart Ross and the blithe sounds of the Ellis Larkin Trio. . . . ¶ In the lounge, Bart Howard operates his thoughtful piano at dinner, except Tuesdays. . . . **LE RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Julius Monk's institution of higher humor offers Mickey Deems' brash survey of the American scene, Bibi Osterwald's big-blonde moose calls, the Three Riffs' bantering ballads, and Bud McCreery's odd little recitations. The eminent Norman Paris Trio is on the bandstand. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): One of the season's catches—Harry Belafonté, singing folk songs from everywhere. Phil Leeds, a diffident but entertaining funnyman, is the local jokesmith. On Friday, Feb. 1, they give way to Eartha Kitt, a fine little spitfire of a soprano, and George Hall, a protean humorist. John Carradine, an old stage hand making his début in night life, as a recitalist, will be added to the cast on Tuesday, Feb. 5. Between shows, the solid dance music of Clarence Williams' trio. Closed Mondays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Nancy Andrews, that trumpeter swan, sings with authority and gusto. Bob Downey and Harold Fonville rip off peppery piano duets, and Hazel Webster, of course, is the solo pianist. Antique movies on Sundays; amateur nights Mondays. . . . **BYLINE ROOM**, 137 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4759): Except Sundays, Mabel Mercer offers her special pleading in behalf of love. Sam Hamilton accompanies her cream-of-the-crop songs and plays solo piano the rest of the time. The scene is the small loft over the tumultuous Show Spot bar. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Mae Barnes applies her pile-driver technique to her ballads. Tony and Eddie, vigorous spoofers of injudicious recordings, are on deck, too, and so are the Three Flames, whose words and music (especially those of Tiger Haines) have four-wheel drive. There are also songs by Jimmie Daniels, who's a romanticist at heart, and double piano by Norene Tate and Garland Wilson. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): In this breezy emporium, the variations on themes by Tin Pan Alley are usually intricate and always raucous. Max Kaminsky, Cutty Cutshall, Buzzy Drootin, Edmond Hall, Bob Casey, Gene Schroeder, and sometimes Mr. Condon help let joy reign unrefined. Don Abney operates the Steinway during the breaks. On Tuesdays, visiting tooters compound the chaos. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): This commodious chophouse is open every night, affording, after nine, the unobtrusive fretwork of Red Norvo's trio, which has Tal Farlow on guitar; the breezy inventions of Teddy Wilson's quartet, which has Buck Clayton on trumpet; and progressive jazz by Barbara Carroll's trio. The Carroll group is off Mondays, the Wilson and Norvo groups are off Sundays, when Bobby Hackett leads his commandos into action. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin's band is shivering the timbers here. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Jimmy Archey's band, which contains Henry Goodwin, Pops Foster, Dick Wellstood, and Tommy Benford, goes blampety-blamp until all hours. Don Frye, the interlude pianist, is part of the lease. Jam sessions Monday nights; closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNBEAT**, 263 W. 54th St. (CI 5-9265): Billy Taylor's trio, with Charles Mingus on bass, is the bright particular star in this new music room. . . . **STUYVESANT CASINO**, 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-5289): There's a razzle-dazzle here every Friday night. Feb. 1, the principals will be that old burlesque king Georg Brunis, plus the more orthodox Jimmy McPartland, Max Kaminsky, George Wettling, Pee Wee Russell, Lou McGarity, Omer Simeon, Frank Signorelli, and Freddy Moore. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): A triple-decker stand (Friday and Saturday evenings, Feb. 1-2, and Sunday, Feb. 3, at 3) by Conrad Janis and his band, assisted by Red Allen, Sol Yaged, Big Chief Russell Moore, Art Trappier, and Willie the Lion Smith. Dancing.

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ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

AFRICAN SCULPTURES—At the **CARLEBACH**, 937 Third Ave., at 56th St.: Pieces mainly from the Paul Guillaume collection; through March 15. . . . **SEGY**, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St.: Showing of tribal sculptures from the French colonies, sponsored by the Cultural Counsellor to the French Embassy; through Feb. 22.

AUDUBON ARTISTS—Paintings, sculptures, and graphics, rather mixed both in styles and in quality, in this group's tenth annual exhibition; through Feb. 3. (National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5.)

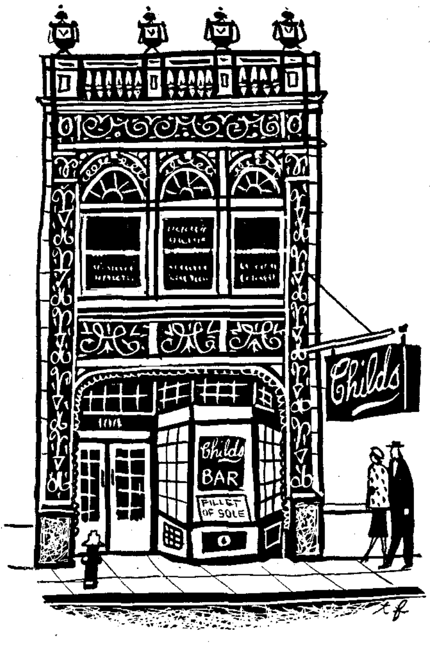
ALEXANDER CALDER—A show of new stabile and mobile sculptures, graceful, whimsical, and inventive as usual; through Feb. 9. (Curt Valentin, 32 E. 57th St.)

LAMAR DODD—Five encaustics and eighteen oils by this American painter and teacher; through Feb. 9. (Grand Central Moderns, 130 E. 56th St.)

LEO GAREL—A series of studies in oil of New York at night, best when they are least panoramic; through Feb. 9. (Levitt, 559 Madison Ave., at 56th St.)

ROBERT GOODNOUGH—Two dozen abstractions in oil. Several are very large—one, indeed, covering a whole wall. Through Feb. 9. (De Nagy, 206 E. 53rd St. Weekdays, 11 to 5.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **FRIED**, 40 E. 68th St.: Seldom seen works by a number of veterans of the modern movement, including Mondrian, Ben Nicholson, Morgan Russell, and others; through Feb. 23. Weekdays, 1:30 to 5:30. . . . **MATISSE**, 41 E. 57th St.: Oils and sculptures by Tanguy, Roszak, Giacometti, and others, along with a single sculpture by Matisse; through Feb. 9. . . . **PORTRAITS, INC.**, 460 Park Ave., at 57th St.: A loan show called "Portraits of Personalities—Past and Present," with works by, among others, Sargent, Mary Cassatt, and George Bellows. For the benefit of the Visiting Nurse Service of New York. Through Feb. 16. . . . **VILLAGE ART CENTER**, 44 W. 11th St.: Canvases (semi-abstract, Expressionist, and realistic) by about a hundred and forty artists, in the ninth annual show of oils; through Feb. 9. Daily, 1 to 6, and Sunday, Monday, and Thursday evenings until 10.



HONDIUS—New paintings, many of them on maritime subjects, by an artist whose work has grown steadily more articulate and authoritative in recent years; through Feb. 2. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.)

HENRY MATTSON—Rocks and waves and wintry landscapes, with a dreamily effective, if slightly monotonous, blue tonality; through Feb. 2. (Rehn, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St.)

JOAN MITCHELL—Abstract paintings, all of landscape subjects and done with a kind of futuristic bravura reminiscent of the early Kandinsky; through Feb. 2. (New Gallery, 63 W. 44th St. Weekdays, 10 to 7.)

MODERN DRAWINGS—Six works apiece by Picasso, Matisse, Modigliani, and Léger, in both black-and-white and color; through Feb. 2. (Perls, 32 E. 58th St.)

WILLIAM PALMER—Landscapes, slightly Feiningeresque in influence, but executed with great grace and serenity; through Feb. 2. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St.)

PICASSO—Paintings, 1939 to 1945, in a collection that includes a good many that have never been seen here before; through Feb. 28. (Carré, 712 Fifth Ave., at 56th St.)

ATTILIO SALEMME—Oils mostly, along with some water colors and drawings; through Feb. 29. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St. Weekdays, 2 to 5:30.)

SCHANKER—Abstract paintings, variously involving the circle as their central image; through Feb. 2. (Borgenicht, 65 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 10 to 5:30, and Monday evenings until 9.)

ARY STILLMAN—Abstractions in oil, painted during the past year; through Feb. 9. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

SOME OF THIS WEEK'S OPENINGS—At the **AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS AND LETTERS**, Broadway at 155th St.: J. Alden Weir; through March 30. Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5. . . . **ARGENT**, 42 W. 57th St.: Paintings by members of the National Association of Women Artists; through Feb. 16. Weekdays, 11 to 6. . . . **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS**, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: Federico Castellon; through Feb. 16. . . . **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51st St.: Jack Levine; through Feb. 16. . . . **PARSONS** and **JANIS**, 15 E. 57th St.: Saul Steinberg; through Feb. 16. . . . **KOOTZ**, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: Group show; through Feb. 16. . . . **PERIDOT**, 6 E. 12th St.: James Brooks; through Feb. 23. . . . **SCULPTURE CENTER**, 167 E. 69th St.: Group shows; through Feb. 15. Weekdays, 2 to 5 and, except Saturdays, 7 to 10.

MUSEUMS

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A hundred Rouault prints from the Museum's collection; through Feb. 17. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Jewish ceremonial objects from the collection presented to the Museum during the past ten years by H. G. Friedman, along with paintings by Edouard Moysé; through Feb. 7. (Mondays through Thursdays, 3 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Selected Old Masters and other works from the Harkness Collection. . . . ¶ A nostalgic potpourri of memorabilia, from or about the Crystal Palace Fair in London, commemorating its centenary anniversary; through Feb. 17. . . . ¶ A rather awkwardly arranged but generally interesting display of sculptures by American contemporaries; through Feb. 24. . . . ¶ "Ribbons and Laces and Old-Fashioned Faces"—an array, got up by the Costume Institute, of Early American portraits and costumes installed in the rooms of the Museum's American Wing. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Paintings and sculptures (about twenty-five in all) acquired through the Mrs. Simon Guggenheim Fund. Among them are Picasso's "Three

BRONZINI
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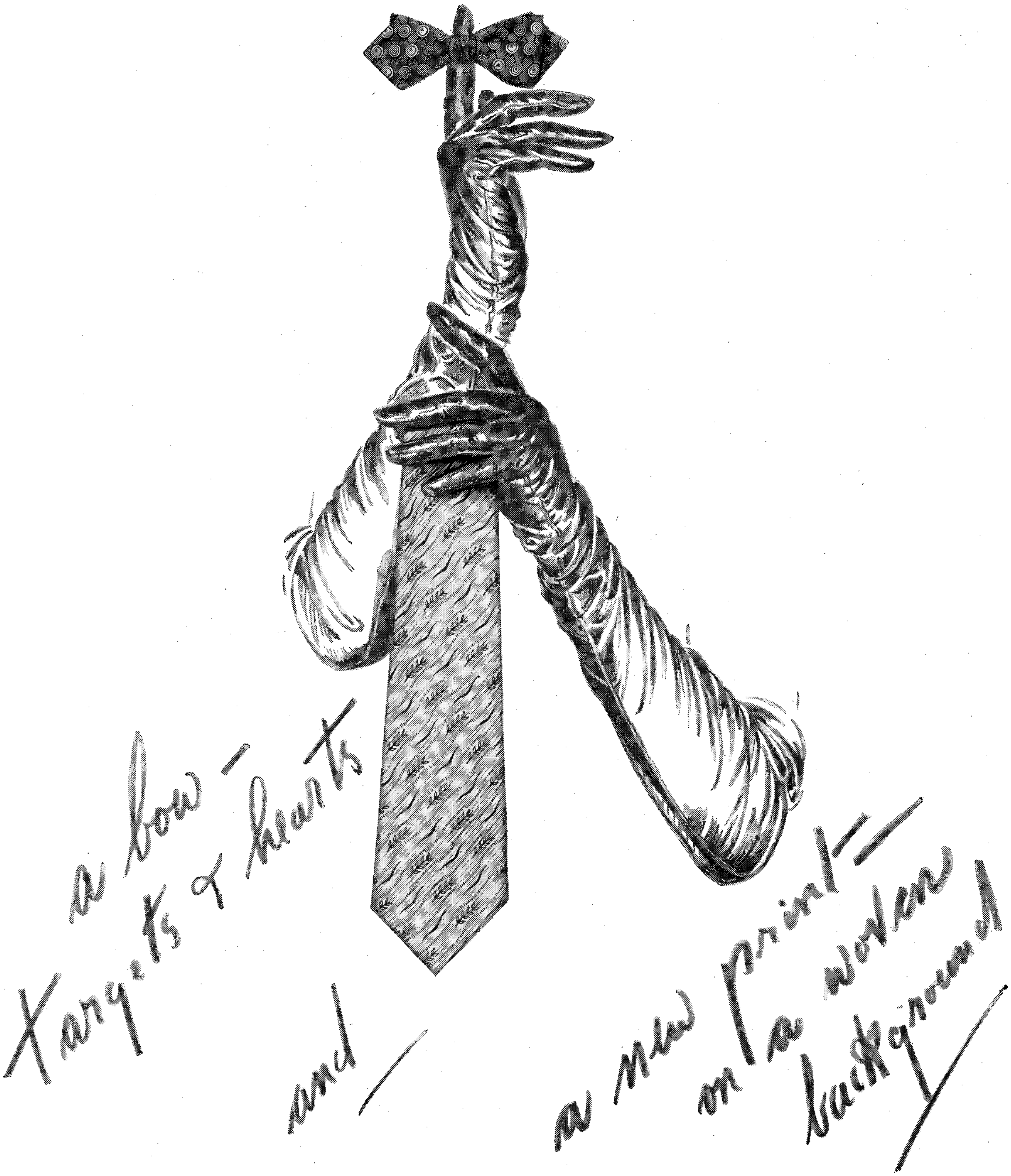
a bow — targets & hearts
and —
a new print — on a woven background

……upon request we shall be pleased to send photographs of our new designs for this month……

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Musicians" and Henri Rousseau's "Sleeping Gypsy," and sculptures by Maillol and Despiau. Through March 23. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A group showing by Europeans and Americans; through Feb. 29. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8th St.—A retrospective of the works of John Sloan, who died last September. The exhibition comprises ninety-eight paintings, sixty-seven etchings, and forty-three drawings, as well as a number of lithographs and illustrations. Through March 2. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall LU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Jan. 31, at 8: "Carmen," with Risë Stevens, Nadine Conner, Richard Tucker, and Frank Guarrera. (A benefit for the Metropolitan Opera Production Fund.) . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 1, at 7:30: "Götterdämmerung," with Margaret Harshaw, Irene Jessner, Set Svanholm, and Paul Schoeffler. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 2, at 2: "Madame Butterfly," with Dorothy Kirsten, Mildred Miller, Giacinto Prandelli, and Frank Valentino. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 2, at 8: "Aïda," with Zinka Milanov, Blanche Thebom, Kurt Baum, and Paolo Silveri. (A benefit for the Vassar Club Scholarship Fund; for tickets, call PL 3-4800, Ext. 2006.) . . . ¶ Monday, Feb. 4, at 8:30: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Graciela Rivera, Thelma Votipka, Renato Capecchi, and Jan Peerce. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 5, at 8:30: "Rigoletto," with Roberta Peters, Nell Rankin, Giacinto Prandelli, and Leonard Warren. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 6, at 8:15: "Gianni Schicchi" (in English), with Roberta Peters, Jean Madeira, Salvatore Baccaloni, and Thomas Hayward; and "Salome," with Margaret Harshaw, Ljuba Welitch, Charles Kullman, and Hans Hotter. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 7, at 8: "Carmen," with Risë Stevens, Nadine Conner, Richard Tucker, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 8, at 8:30: "Madame Butterfly," with Licia Albanese, Margaret Roggero, Brian Sullivan, and John Brownlee. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 9, at 2: "Otello," with Eleanor Steber, Martha Lipton, Ramon Vinay, and Leonard Warren. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 9, at 8:15: "Così Fan Tutte" (in English), with Eleanor Steber, Blanche Thebom, Richard Tucker, and Frank Guarrera.

Masque and Lyre Light Opera Company—Through Saturday, Feb. 2: "Cox and Box" and "Pirates of Penzance." . . . ¶ Starting Thursday, Feb. 7: "Patience." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. TR 9-6453. Thursdays through Saturdays, at 8:15. Matinée Saturday, Feb. 9, at 2:15.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—At Carnegie Hall—Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting: Thursday, Jan. 31, at 8:45; Friday, Feb. 1, at 2:30; and Sunday, Feb. 3, at 2:30 (all with Zino Francescatti, violin); Thursday, Feb. 7, at 8:45, and Friday, Feb. 8, at 2:30 (both with Myra Hess, piano); and Saturday, Feb. 9, at 8:45, for the benefit of the Queen's Fund for the Orphans of Greece (with Gina Bachauer, piano; Nicola Moscona, bass; Elena Nikolaidi, contralto; and Bidu Sayão, soprano).

Philadelphia Orchestra—Sir Thomas Beecham conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 5, at 8:30.)

José Iturbi—Playing the piano and conducting the R.C.A. Victor Symphony Orchestra in four concertos. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 2, at 2:30.)

Saidenberg Little Symphony—Daniel Saidenberg conducting an all-Beethoven program, with Theodore Saidenberg, piano. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Sunday, Feb. 3, at 8:40.)

Choral Masterwork Series—The Crane Chorus and Orchestra of the State University Teacher's College, at Potsdam, N.Y., directed by Robert Shaw and Helen Hosmer, in the third of a series of seven programs. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 3, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Kirsten Flagstad—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 1, at 8:30.)

Nikita Magaloff—Piano. (Town Hall. Saturday, Feb. 2, at 3.)

Edmund Kurtz—Cello. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Feb. 2, at 8:30.)

Erna Berger—Soprano, in the last of three lieder programs. (Town Hall. Sunday, Feb. 3, at 3.)

New Friends of Music—The Hungarian String Quartet. (Town Hall. Sunday, Feb. 3, at 5:30.)

Yehudi Menuhin—Violin, with a string orchestra conducted by Hugo Kauder. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Feb. 4, at 8:30.)

Alexander Uninsky—Piano. (Town Hall. Monday, Feb. 4, at 8:30.)

Schneider Quartet—The ninth performance in a sixteen-program Haydn cycle. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Monday, Feb. 4, at 8:40.)

Richard Tucker—Tenor. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Tuesday, Feb. 5, at 8:30.)

Gina Bachauer—Piano. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 6, at 8:30.)

Hungarian String Quartet—Chamber Music. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. UN 5-4000, Ext. 2461. Thursday, Feb. 7, at 8:30.)

John Creighton Murray—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 8, at 8:30.)

Mieczyslaw Horszowski—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 9, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Note—The Kroll Quartet will give a chamber-music recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Feb. 10, at 2:55. Free tickets will be issued on Tuesday, Feb. 5, in order of written application. Applications must be received on Tuesday morning—not before—and a separate request must be made for each ticket.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

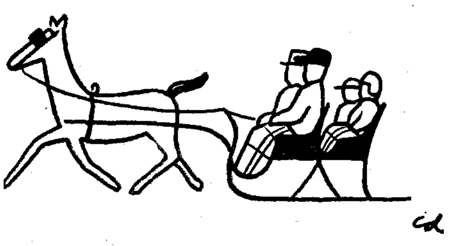
Dartmouth Winter Carnival—The annual frolic in the White Mountains. (Hanover, N.H. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 8-9.)

Indoor Polo—Two matches every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Matches begin at 8:30.)

Track—New York Athletic Club meet. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Feb. 9, at 8.)

FOR CHILDREN

Concerts—By the **philharmonic-symphony:** Igor Buketoff conducting, with Zino Francescatti, violin. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, Feb. 2, at 11.) . . . **little orchestra society:** Thomas Scherman conducting. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, Feb. 9, at 11. For tickets, call CI 5-5159.)



Plays—By the **merry-go-round theatre:** "Rumpelstiltskin." (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. Saturdays at 11 and 2:30. For tickets, call PL 9-2585.) . . . **children's carnival:** "Marguirita and the Three Spinster Fairies." (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Saturday, Feb. 2, at 1 and 3, and Sunday, Feb. 3, at 2.) . . . **playmart:** "Puss in Boots." (Carl Fischer Concert Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3:15, and Sundays at 3. For tickets, call TR 7-7591.) . . . **junior theatre:** "The Five Little Peppers and How They Grew." (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturdays at 2:15. For tickets, call CI 6-0224.) . . . **clare tree major children's theatre:** "The Golden Apple." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Feb. 2, at 3.)

Puppets—The Folktale Puppet Studio presenting "The Fox and the Rabbit." (Church of the Heavenly Rest, 2 E. 90th St. AT 9-3400. Saturday, Feb. 2, at 11.)

Movies—Cartoons and, usually, feature pictures. (Trans-Lux Colony Theatre, Second Ave. at 79th St., BU 8-9468; and Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St., BU 8-3180; Saturdays at 11.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—The organization's New York activities will be more or less quiescent, as far as the visiting public is concerned, until after the current meeting of the General Assembly in Paris, which is expected to wind up about Feb. 9. However, debates of the Paris meeting are being filmed and shown here later over WCBS-TV nightly, except Saturdays, at 6. Questions about the United Nations will be answered by the Information Center for the United Nations, 220 W. 45th St., JU 2-0233.

Caruso Exhibit—Some of the opera star's personal belongings that have been stored in crates since his death in 1921. There are, for instance, costumes, the wig he wore in his last appearance at the Metropolitan, caricatures drawn by him, photographs, letters, vocal scores, press books, and numerous right-hand gloves, the mates supposedly having been presented to admirers as souvenirs. Through Feb. 11. (R.C.A. Exhibition Hall, 40 W. 49th St. Daily, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.)

New York Country Houses, 1750-1860—A pictorial survey (paintings, lithographs, and photographs) of about a hundred country estates as they appeared in the days when Fourteenth Street marked the northern boundary of the city's residential area and the rest of the island was farmland. Among the houses depicted are those of the Brevoorts, the Beekmans, and the Rikers, as well as four that remain standing today: the Morris-Jumel house, the Dyckman house, Gracie Mansion, and the Hamilton Grange. Through July 31. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

Poetry Reading—Dylan Thomas presenting some of his works. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Thursday, Jan. 31, and Saturday, Feb. 2, at 8:40.)

Hayden Planetarium—The current show is called "Mysteries of the Milky Way." Starting Friday, Feb. 1, there will be a new show, "A Trip to Mercury." (Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, Jan. 31, at 1:45: Ancient Egyptian art, dating from the predynastic era to the Saite and Ptolemaic periods, collected by M. A. Mansoor, of Cairo. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Feb. 1-2, at 1:45: Seventeenth- and eighteenth-century English furniture and decorations, Georgian and other silver, and porcelains, owned by Edmund H. Mensing, Mrs. Ogden L. Mills,

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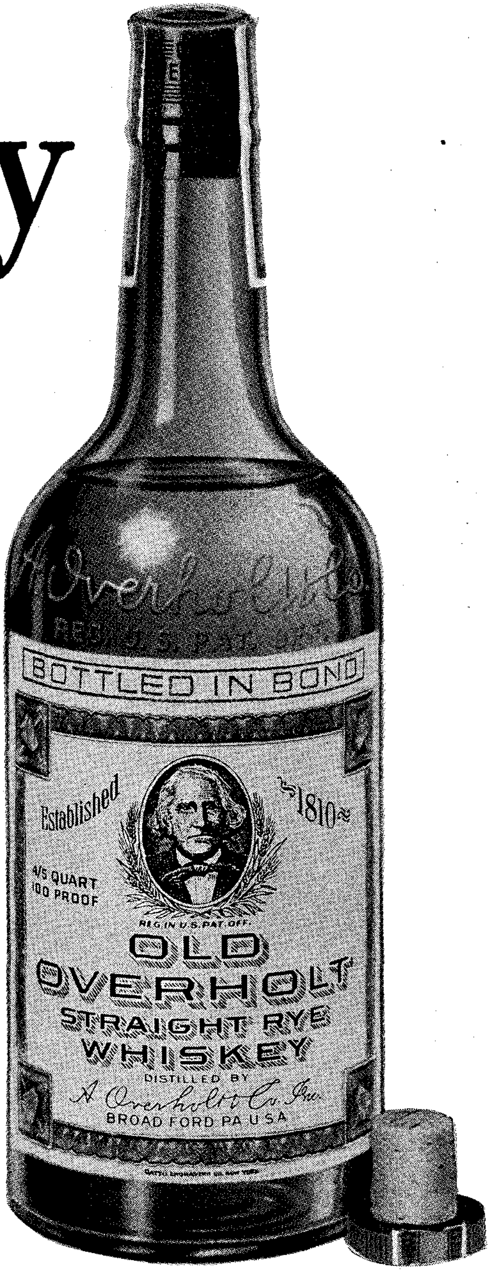
For those who like heartiness in a whiskey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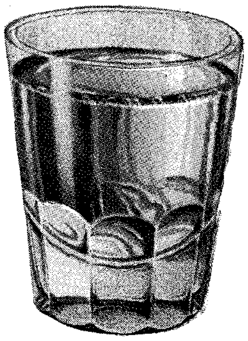

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and others. . . . ¶ Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 7-9, at 1:45: English, French, and other furniture of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries; porcelains, including Royal Worcester and Dresden; European and American paintings and drawings; silver; and rugs, the property of Louis Effingham de Forest and others. Exhibition starts Saturday, Feb. 2.

COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden—Golden Gloves Tournament: New York City Finals, Feb. 18. Eastern Championships, March 5. . . . ¶ Ernie Durando vs. Paddy Young, middleweights, March 7.

Dog Show—The Westminster Kennel Club, at Madison Square Garden, Feb. 11-12.

Hockey—Professional games at Madison Square Garden on Feb. 10, 13, 17, 20, 24, and 27, and March 2, 9, and 12.

Winter Olympics—In Oslo, Norway, Feb. 14-25.

Tennis—U.S.L.T.A. Indoor Championships, at the 7th Regiment Armory, Feb. 16-24.

Track Meets—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** National A.A.U., Feb. 16. . . . ¶ I.C.A.A.A.A., Feb. 23. . . . ¶ Knights of Columbus, March 1. . . . **102ND REGIMENT ARMORY:** Heptagonal Games Association and Metropolitan Intercollegiate Track and Field Association, Feb. 29.

Music—**OPERA:** The Metropolitan Opera season continues through April 12. . . . **CARNEGIE HALL:** The Philharmonic-Symphony season continues through April 20. . . . ¶ Zinka Milanov, soprano, Feb. 10. . . . ¶ Tossy Spivakovsky, violin, Feb. 12. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, Feb. 13 and 16, and March 12 and 15. . . . ¶ Solomon, piano, Feb. 15. . . . ¶ The fourth concert in the Robert Shaw Choral Masterwork Series, Feb. 17. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Feb. 19 and March 11. . . . ¶ Giovanni Bagarotti, violin, Feb. 20. . . . ¶ Monique de la Bruchollerie, piano, Feb. 23. . . . ¶ Robert Casadesus, piano, Feb. 26. . . . ¶ Artur Rubinstein, piano, Feb. 29. . . . ¶ Jascha Heifetz, violin, March 2. . . . **TOWN HALL:** New Friends of Music, Feb. 10, 17, and 24, and March 2. . . . ¶ Pierre Bernac and Francis Poulenc, baritone and piano, Feb. 10. . . . ¶ Musicians' Guild, Feb. 11 and March 10. . . . ¶ Bach Aria Group, Feb. 13. . . . ¶ Grace Castagnetta, piano, Feb. 16. . . . ¶ Mary Bothwell, soprano, Feb. 17. . . . ¶ Little Orchestra Society, Feb. 18 and March 3. . . . ¶ Suzanne Bloch, lute, Feb. 23. . . . ¶ Kurt Weill Memorial Concert, Feb. 23. . . . ¶ Andres Segovia, guitar, March 2. . . . ¶ American Bach Society, March 11.

Ballet—New York City Ballet Company, at the City Center, Feb. 12-March 16.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: Mary Chase's "Mrs. McThing," with Helen Hayes, Jules Munshin, and Brandon De Wilde, and a revival of Clifford Odets' "Golden Boy," with John Garfield; the second and third in a series of ANTA productions. . . . ¶ Rex Harrison and Lilli Palmer in "Venus Observed," a play by Christopher Fry. . . . ¶ "A Little Evil," a comedy by Alexander Greendale, with Henry Hull and Betty Garde. . . . ¶ A comedy by Lexford Richards, "Dear Barbarians." The cast includes Cloris Leachman, Nicholas Joy, and Betsy von Furstenberg. . . . ¶ A musical, "Three Wishes for Jamie," based on a novel by Charles O'Neal. Abe Burrows wrote the book, Ralph Blane is responsible for the music and lyrics, and the cast is headed by Anne Jeffreys, John Raitt, and Bert Wheeler. . . . ¶ A play by George Tabori, "Flight into Egypt," with Paul Lukas and Gusti Huber.

Other Dates—Lincoln's Birthday is Tuesday, Feb. 12. . . . ¶ National Sportsmen's Show, at Grand Central Palace, Feb. 16-24. . . . ¶ National Photographic Show, at the 71st Regiment Armory, Feb. 21-24. . . . ¶ Washington's Birthday is Friday, Feb. 22. . . . ¶ Ash Wednesday falls on Feb. 27. . . . ¶ National Antiques Show, at Madison Square Garden, March 10-16. . . . ¶ Federal-income-tax returns for 1951 and estimates for 1952 are due March 15. . . . ¶ International Flower Show, at Grand Central Palace, March 16-22.

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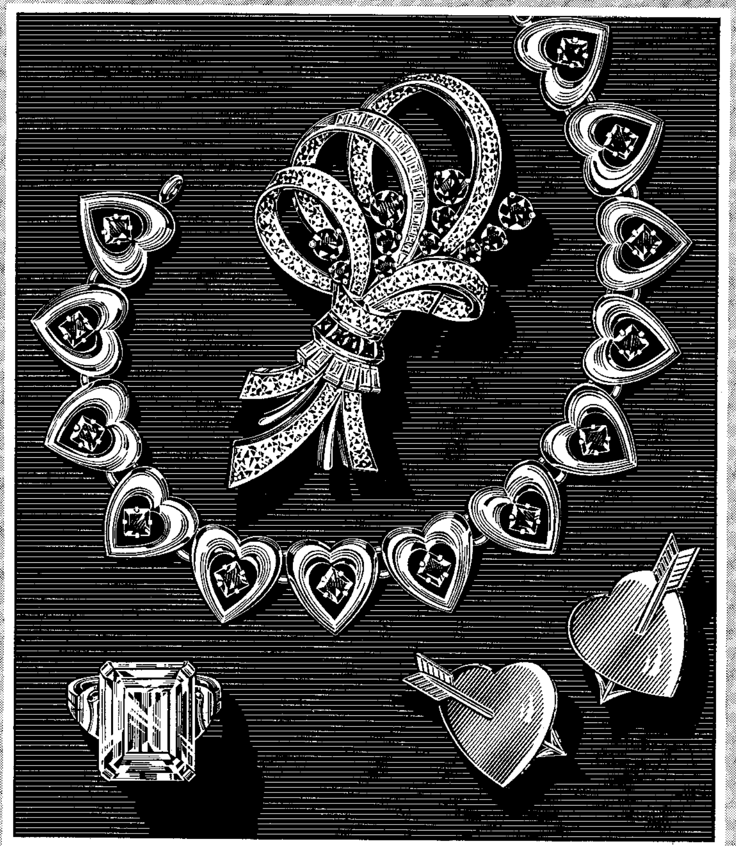

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

H Martin
FINEST MOVIES
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MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

An American in Paris—Gershwin's lively tunes, plenty of nimble dancing and an effortlessly moving book all help to make this one of the best musical films in a long time. Gene Kelly is our compatriot abroad. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; through Feb. 3. . . . ¶ Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; through Feb. 4.)

Cry, the Beloved Country—A moving adaptation of Alan Paton's novel about interracial problems in South Africa. Canada Lee is fine as a colored preacher sorely beset by the sins both of his own family and society at large. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, CO 5-8215.)

The Greatest Show on Earth—DeMille under the big top. The story is hopelessly absurd, but the shots of the circus in action go a long way to compensate for it. With Betty Hutton, Cornel Wilde, Dorothy Lamour, Charlton Heston, Gloria Grahame, and James Stewart. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600.)

The Lavender Hill Mob—A sunny English film with Alec Guinness happily cast as a mousy employee of the Bank of England who manages to steal a million pounds in gold and baffle all the police in Britain. (Fine Arts, 128 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

The Light Touch—Some comic doings revolving on the theft of a masterpiece in Palermo and its subsequent tour among all kinds of engaging crooks and art lovers in residence on the Mediterranean littoral. Stewart Granger and Pier Angeli are pleasant in the leading roles. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060; Jan. 31.)

Miracle in Milan—De Sica directed this Italian fantasy concerning a lad who is so full of ingenuity and virtue that he transforms a shantytown into a popular residential area. A very funny film most of the time. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

Oliver Twist—A handsomely mounted English adaptation of the Dickens novel, in which Alec Guinness makes a powerful Fagin. John Howard Davies is the Oliver of the piece, and Robert Newton, Francis L. Sullivan, and Kay Walsh are on hand as some of the other colorful characters. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370.)

Quo Vadis—Christians vs. pagans in a first-century bout that suffers from the lack of a timekeeper. Robert Taylor, 29,999 other actors, and a zooful of livestock are fitfully visible. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240.)

The Red Badge of Courage—A naïve but sometimes effective version of Stephen Crane's story about a boy who comes of age as a consequence of serving in battle with the Union Army in the Civil War. With Audie Murphy and Bill Mauldin. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Feb. 3. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Feb. 1-2.)

The River—An adaptation of Rumer Godden's novel about life in India, directed by Jean Renoir with a perceptive eye for subtle drama and rich Bengalese backgrounds. The picture, which was filmed on location, includes in its cast Arthur Shields, Nora Swinburne, and a remarkable young Indian actress named Radha. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134. Showings at 2:40 and 8:40; extra performances Saturdays and Sundays at 5:40, and Saturday evenings at 11. Reserved seats only.)

A Streetcar Named Desire—Tennessee Williams in celluloid. Not as enthralling, perhaps, as the Pulitzer Prize play from which it derives, but a superior movie nevertheless. With Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter, and Karl Malden. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Feb. 1. . . . ¶ 55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; through Feb. 4.)

Tales of Hoffmann—An overblown British treatment of the famous opera, danced by one group onscreen, sung by another off, and filmed against preposterous sets. With Robert Rounseville, Leonide Massine, Moira Shearer, Ludmilla Tcherina, and Robert Helpmann. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Tony Draws a Horse—An English film that gently spoofs a number of the homeland's peculiar mores. With Cecil Parker, Anne Crawford, and an excellent supporting cast. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Feb. 2. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Feb. 3-5.)

REVIVALS

The Awful Truth (1937)—Foolishness about divorce. With Irene Dunne and Cary Grant. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; Jan. 31.)

Cover Girl (1944)—Gene Kelly, Rita Hayworth, Jerome Kern music, and Ira Gershwin lyrics. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; Jan. 31.)

The Golden Twenties (1950)—Highlights of the twenties from movies and newsreels. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through Feb. 6, tentative.)

The Happiest Days of Your Life (1950)—Margaret Rutherford and Alastair Sim in a British comedy about the merger of a boys' school and a girls' school. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Feb. 5.)

Lost Horizon (1937)—Ronald Colman and Margo in Shangri-la, where people live forever. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; starting Feb. 1.)

Man of Aran (1934)—A Robert Flaherty documentary film about Irish island life. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Feb. 4-6.)

Mister 880 (1950)—Edmund Gwenn counterfeiting one-dollar bills while Dorothy McGuire and Burt Lancaster supply the hearts and flowers. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Feb. 5-6.)

A Run for Your Money (1950)—A garden specialist (Alec Guinness) involved with a pair of Welsh miners on the loose in London. A British film. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Feb. 1-4.)

That Hamilton Woman! (1941)—Vivien Leigh playing Emma to Laurence Olivier's Lord Nelson. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through Feb. 6, tentative.)

Theodora Goes Wild (1936)—A lady writes a best-seller. Irene Dunne and Melvyn Douglas. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; starting Feb. 1.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Feb. 3: "Sunrise" (1927), with George O'Brien, Janet Gaynor, and Margaret Livingston. . . . ¶ Starting Feb. 4: "Camille" (1936), with Greta Garbo, Robert Taylor, and Lionel Barrymore. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
QUO VADIS.

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
CRY, THE BELOVED COUNTRY.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
Jan. 31: **THE LIGHT TOUCH.**
From Feb. 1: "Lone Star," Clark Gable, Ava Gardner.

Cinema 48, 121 W. 48th. (CI 5-4246)
"Passion for Life" (in French).

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
"I Want You," Dana Andrews, Dorothy McGuire.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
Through Feb. 5: "Submarine Command," William Holden, Nancy Olsen.
From Feb. 6: "When Worlds Collide," Richard Derr, Barbara Rush.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"Sailor Beware," Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"The Las Vegas Story," Jane Russell, Victor Mature.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
Through Feb. 6: "Decision Before Dawn," Richard Basehart, Gary Merrill.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
Jan. 31: "The Model and the Marriage Broker," Jeanne Crain, Scott Brady, Thelma Ritter.
From Feb. 1: "Phone Call from a Stranger," Shelley Winters, Gary Merrill.

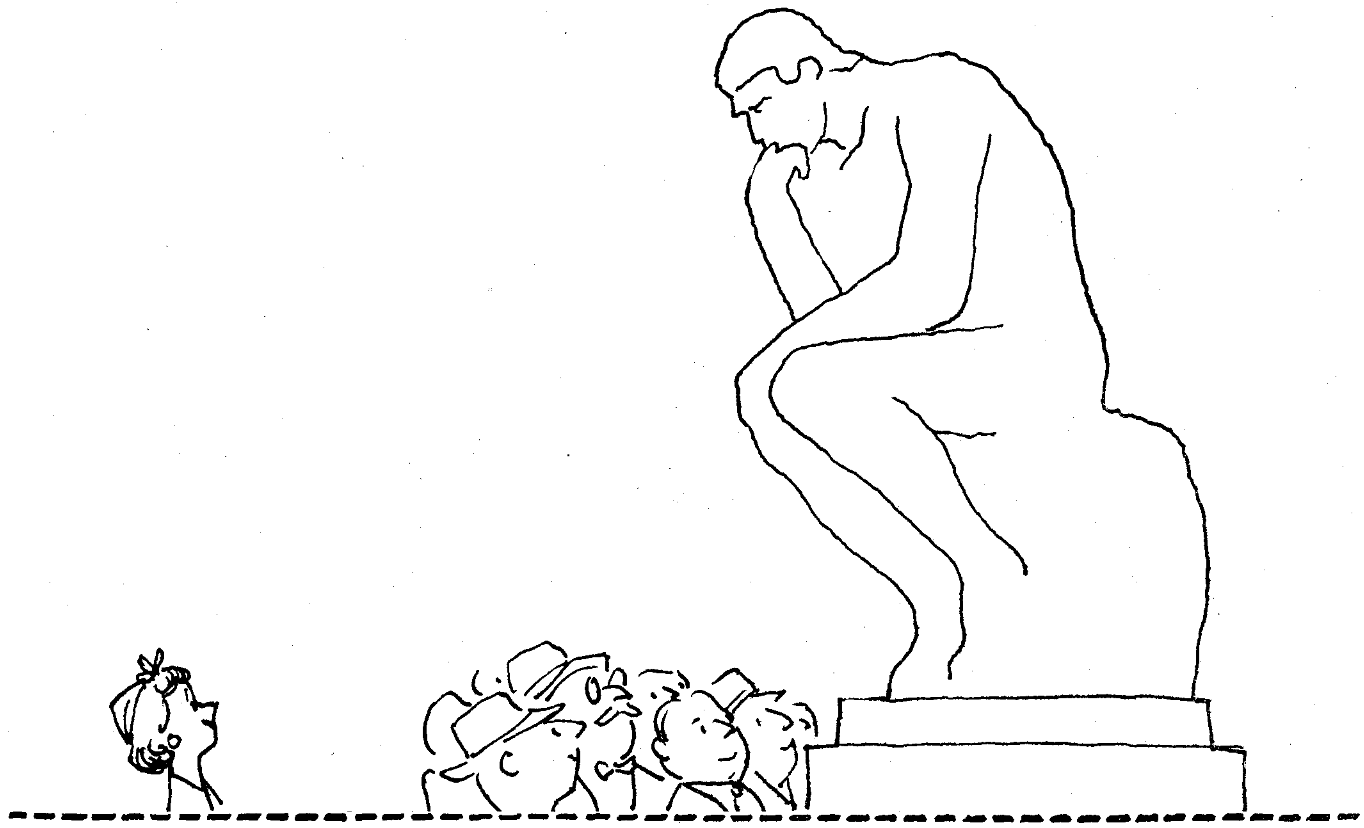
State, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
"Invitation," Van Johnson, Dorothy McGuire.

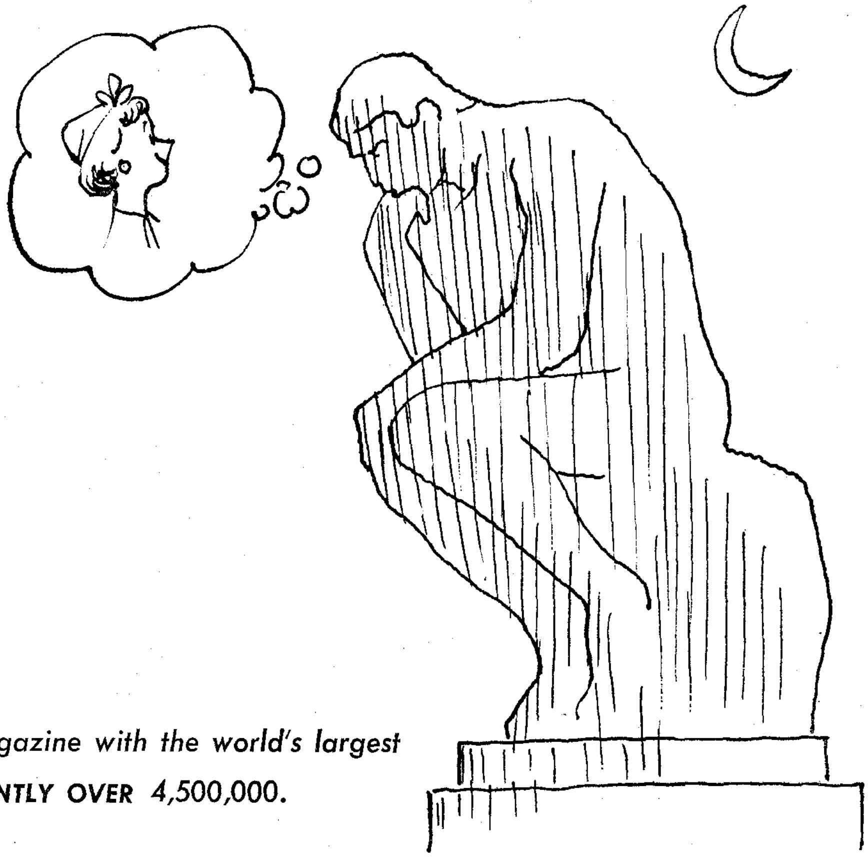
Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Death of a Salesman," Fredric March, Mildred Dunnock.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
Through Feb. 4: "Room for One More," Betsy Drake, Cary Grant.
From Feb. 5: "The Big Trees," Kirk Douglas, Patrice Wymore.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
MIRACLE IN MILAN (in Italian).

Never Underestimate the Power of a Woman!





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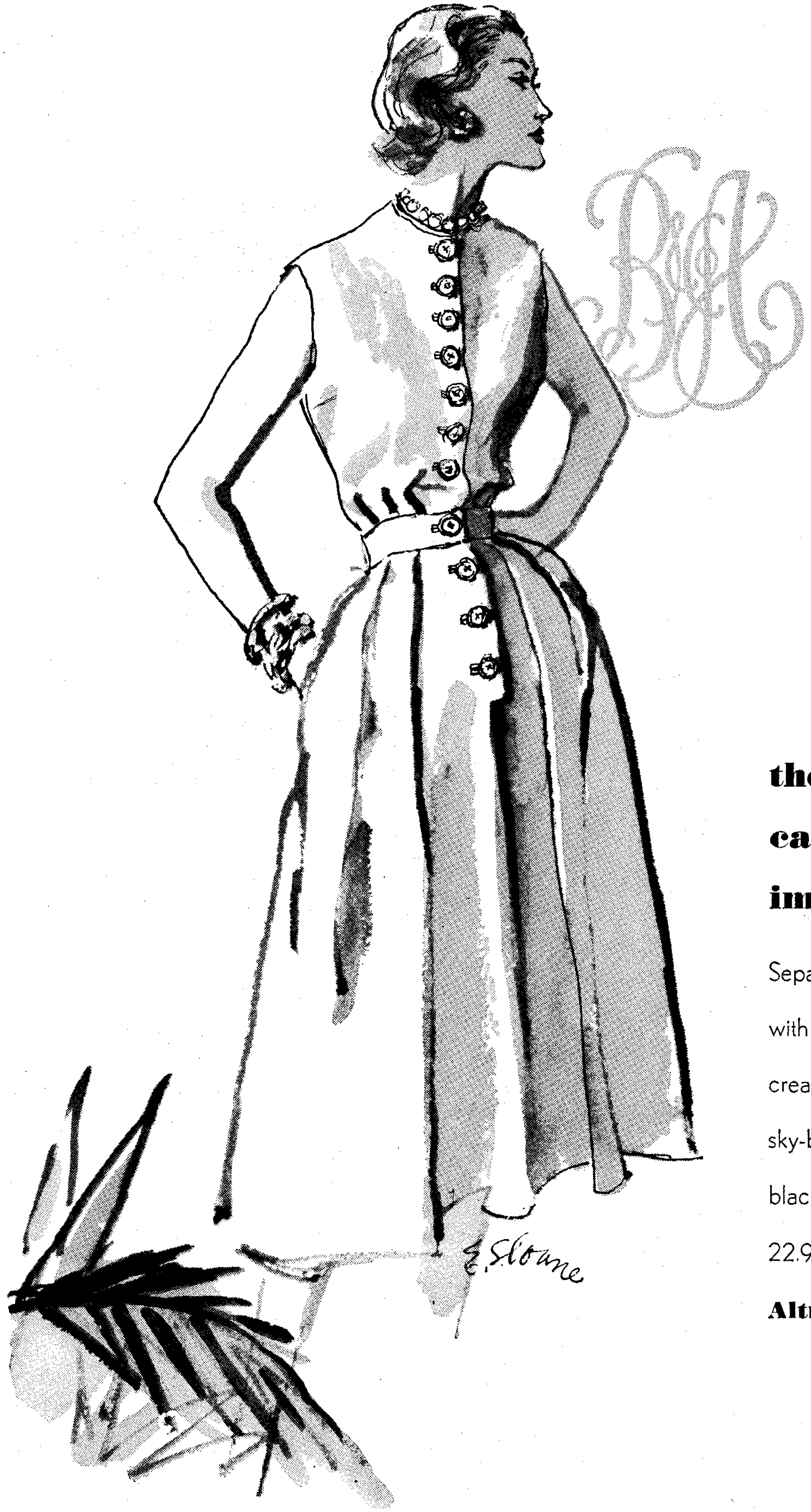

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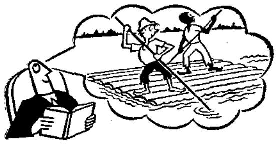
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE are not in agreement with the notion, currently popular among Broadway and Hollywood producers, that almost any play, novel, or work of reminiscence is suitable for conversion into a musical comedy. Our doubts are strengthened by the news that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has been talking about doing a musical version of "Huckleberry Finn," in Technicolor, and starring Margaret O'Brien, Dean Stockwell, Danny Kaye, and Gene Kelly. Part of this job of casting we can understand and part we cannot. Danny Kaye and Gene Kelly will certainly play the Dauphin and the Duke, which is to say that the Duke and the Dauphin will be converted to fit the talents of Messrs. Kelly and Kaye (in the book, the Dauphin is about seventy years old and bald), and the Arkansas Shakespearean scene will emerge as a funny dance by Mr. Kelly and a funny patter song by Mr. Kaye. The most puzzling thing about the M-G-M news is the revelation that Margaret O'Brien is expected to be in the picture, since there are no girls in "Huckleberry Finn," to speak of. We have pondered the matter at length and our conclusion is this: The studio has decided to excise the part of Jim, the runaway slave, and substitute a runaway girl (white). By so doing, it neatly avoids the possibility of offending any minority groups in the audience and simultaneously manages to get a female "name" star into the cast. The only trouble with this idea is that Jim, the runaway slave, is one of the great creations of American literature. He is actually the hero of "Huckleberry Finn"—the most moral, the bravest, the most likable person in the book. At the same time, he is illiterate, ignorant, superstitious, and frightened, he speaks in dialect, and he fawns on and is looked down upon and made a fool of by everyone else in the story. This, of course, is the stuff that great writing (and great acting) is made of. It is also, if our long-range divination of M-G-M's intentions is correct, much too prickly a casting and directing and acting job for Hollywood at the moment, particularly when there is a fifteen-year-old name actress with freckles standing by.



ALL this gave us an excuse for reading "Huckleberry Finn" again, for the fifth or sixth time, and we put in a whole pleasant day cruising down the river with Huck and Jim. "Huckleberry Finn" would make an absolutely first-class movie just as it is—no Danny Kaye, no Gene Kelly, no Margaret O'Brien. The book is, in fact, a fine running essay on picture-making. For one thing, it contains no sound "effects" and there is no Technic about its colors—just real noises and plain Mississippi colors. At one point, for instance, Twain describes a morning on the riverbank, just below Cairo:

> A little smoke couldn't be noticed, now, so we would take some fish off of the lines and cook up a hot breakfast. And afterwards we would watch the lonesomeness of the river, and kind of lazy along, and by and by lazy off to sleep. Wake up, by and by, and look to see what done it, and maybe see a steamboat, coughing along upstream, so far off towards the other side you couldn't tell nothing about her only whether she was stern-wheel or side-wheel; then for about an hour there wouldn't be nothing to hear nor nothing to see—just solid lonesomeness. Next you'd see a raft sliding by, away off yonder, and maybe a galoot on it chopping, because they're most always doing it on a raft; you'd see the axe flash, and come down—you don't hear nothing; you see that axe go up again, and by the time it's above the man's head, then you hear the *k'chunk!*—it had took all that time to come over the water. So we would put in the day, lazying around, listening to the stillness.

Now, if *we* were making a movie of "Huckleberry Finn," we'd shoot that scene first. We'd do it right on the Mississippi, with no "treatment" and no screen play, and even before we'd chosen our actors. We'd shoot it with the book in one hand and a fishline in the other. Once we had that scene on celluloid, we just couldn't go wrong on the rest.

Pioneering Envoy

INDONESIA, the world's youngest republic and the newest member of the United Nations, consists of a chain of four large islands, or parts thereof—Sumatra, Java, Celebes, and most of Borneo—and over three thousand small ones, among them the Moluccas, or Spice Islands, in the South Pacific and Indian Oceans. Its pop. is seventy-eight million; its religion is predominantly Moslem; in natural resources, among which rubber, tin, oil, and coal are paramount, it is surpassed only by the United States and Russia; English is taught in its high schools, and the best-liked American authors of the literate minority (something less than twenty per cent) in its population are Steinbeck and Hemingway; its favorite dramatic form is the *wajang*, a puppet show in which the shadows of figures, generally made of chiselled and painted leather, are projected on a screen and act out the struggle between good and evil, with good always triumphant; its major food is rice, much of which it imports, and its most prized delicacy is *bandeng*, a local mackerel-size fish; its Martinis, available only in the largest cities, are mixed three to one, and are no good. We became privy to these facts, and others, as the aftermath of a Saks Fifth Avenue fashion-show lunch we attended at the Pierre the other day—in the course of a chat with the guest of

honor of the occasion, Mr. Ali Sastroamidjojo (the last "j" is pronounced "y"), Indonesia's first ambassador to this country. What was he doing there? Well, "Lotte's Indonesian Notebook" was the theme of the show, it said in our program, and Lotte, it turned out, was Mrs. Lotte Werner, a pretty girl who recently visited Mr. Sastroamidjojo's archipelago on governmental invitation and on behalf of Drewyn, Ltd., a manufacturer of separates, and came back with—and we quote from the program—"many wonderful ideas which she has translated for Americans in authentic prints especially created on American fabrics." So, naturally, the Ambassador and his wife were the guests of honor. We sat at a table with them, Lotte, and several terribly fashionable ladies from *Harper's Bazaar;* valiantly gazed at an hour's modelling of dresses and shorts, many running to batik designs; and buttonholed the Ambassador immediately thereafter.

Now, then. Mr. Sastroamidjojo, who is a man of forty-eight with a neat mustache and a Vandyke beard, was born in Grabag-Merbabu, in central Java, the eleventh of twelve little Sastroamidjojos. In 1927, after schooling in Java, he took a law degree in Holland, at the University of Leiden, then returned to Java, where he practiced law and became a leading figure in nationalist circles that sought to overthrow Dutch colonial rule by passive resistance. Nothing much had been accomplished by 1942, when Japan occupied the Dutch East Indies, but three days after V-J Day, Indonesian independence was proclaimed and a republic set up under President Soekarno, who made Mr. Sastroamidjojo his Deputy Minister of Information. Other posts followed, and in the late fall of 1948, after the United Nations Security Council had intervened in the warfare between the Indonesians and the Dutch (they hadn't recognized the republic), Mr. Sastroamidjojo was sent to Lake Success as his country's spokesman. "I negotiated with the Dutch to implement the truce and frame a final political settlement," he said. "A deadlock ensued, and negotiations were broken off. I returned to Java, and in December, along with the President and six other government officials, was captured by the Dutch and interned on Bangka, a small island off Sumatra. We were released after a few months, and at the end of 1949 the transfer of sovereignty was made, and I was appointed ambassador. We're now arguing with the Dutch, in The Hague, about West Irian, or western New Guinea, which they still occupy. We have retained a number of Dutch officials in our country. They realize that you cannot turn the clock back, and that instead of being masters, they are now just guests and foreigners." As far as West Irian is concerned, Mr. S. intimated that right would triumph, as in the puppet shows.

The Sastroamidjojos have four children, the three youngest of whom are with them; the eldest, twenty-five, is a police instructor in Java. Mr. Sastroamidjojo, an amateur painter and violinist who also plays bridge and likes to dance, observed that there are seventy-five foreign missions in Washington and that this makes for a frantic plenipotentiary social life. "Sumatra is full of very big tigers, elephants, orangutans, and boa constrictors," he said nostalgically. "The boas aren't as dangerous to human beings as people seem to think here. They eat hogs, generally, and sleep most of the time."

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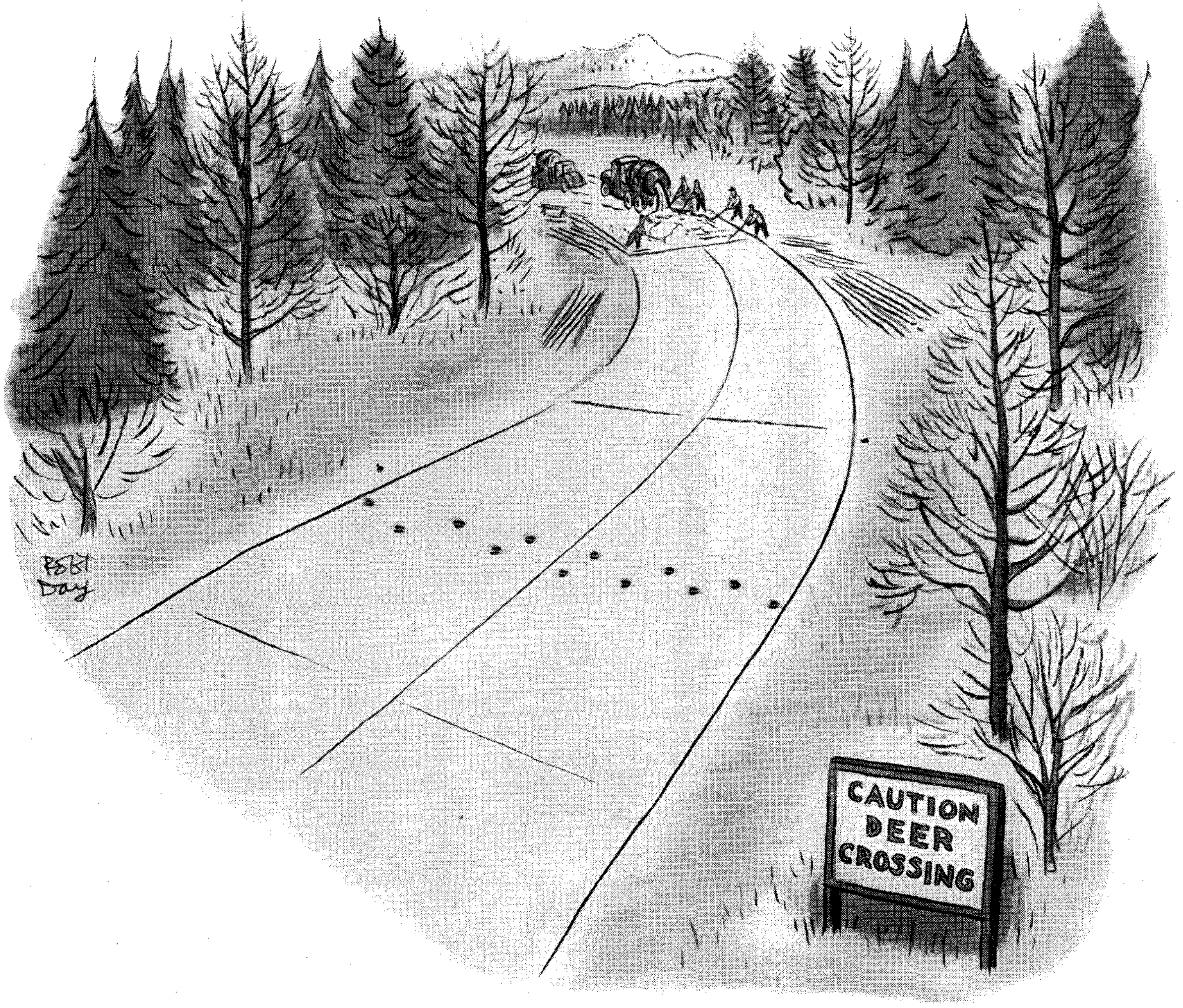
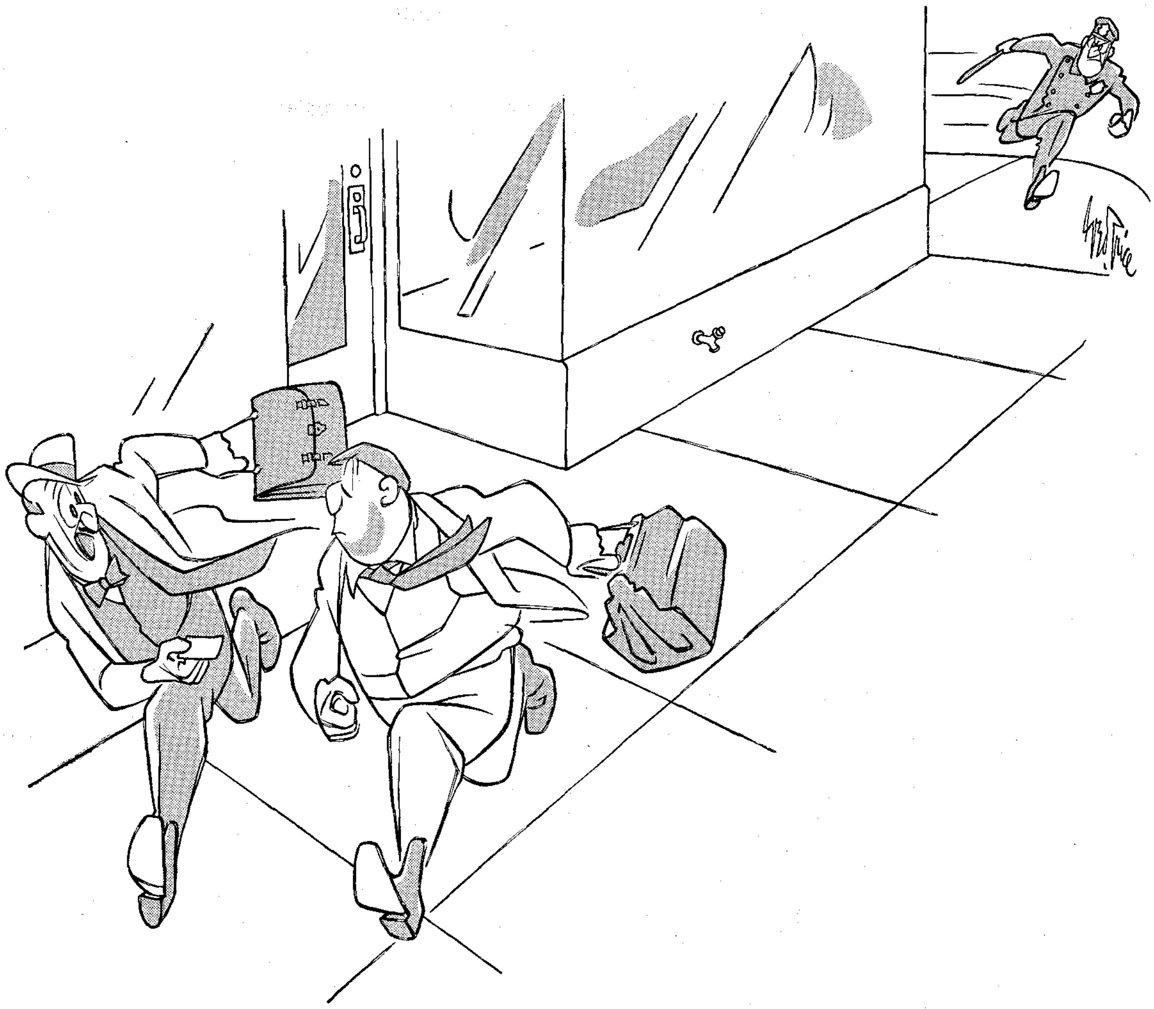
SIGN lately displayed in window of Bogatin's Bar, Atlantic City: "Wanted—Piano Player Who Can Open Clams and Oysters."



Bugattisme

SOME weeks ago, a reader who is a motoring enthusiast clipped out and sent to us a classified ad from the New York *Times* offering for sale a Type 41 Bugatti, which our correspondent identified as the largest and probably the rarest make of passenger automobile in existence. At his suggestion, we answered the ad, explaining that our interest was journalistic rather than acquisitive, and were presently in touch with Ken Purdy, a local writer, editor, and Bugatti fancier. Mr. Purdy told us that the car in question is in London and that in placing the ad he was acting as the owner's agent, but that another Type 41—one of the three in this country—belongs to



"James J. Harris, attorney at law. My card, sir, in case you're overtaken."

• •

Briggs Cunningham, a millionaire sportsman of Greens Farms, Connecticut, and that if we wanted to see it, he, Purdy, could lead us to it. (The two others belonged to Charles Chayne, a General Motors vice-president in Detroit, and D. Cameron Peck, a Bowman Dairy vice-president in Chicago.) By this devious route, it came about that we were introduced one recent afternoon into the mysteries of the cult of the Bugatti.

Purdy met our train in Westport, and whisked us across a stretch of countryside in his own Bugatti, a Type 35C racing car, which is small, low, open, windshieldless, deafening, and fast. "Cunningham's a *Bugattiste* in impeccable standing!" Purdy hollered above the din. "He's in Florida, but his caretaker will show us the Type 41." When we came to a stop, he explained that all good *Bugattistes* belong to the Bugatti Owners Club, which has six hundred members, fifteen of them in the United States, and publishes a bi-monthly magazine called *Bugantics.*

As we crossed the turf to Cunningham's garage, Purdy gave us the lowdown on the Type 41. Its creator, the late Ettore Bugatti—"*le patron*" to his worshippers—was an Italian who built cars in Alsace. He was really a racing- and sports-car man, but in 1927 something suddenly stirred him to build the damnedest passenger car in the world. The total number of Type 41s he built is believed to be between seven and eleven; they were intended specifically for royalty, and four kings—Zog of Albania, Alfonso of Spain, Carol of Rumania, and Albert of Belgium—owned one at one time or another. "Think of it!" Purdy said, breathing hard. "A hundred-and-seventy-inch wheel base, a sixty-three-inch track, yet so gracefully designed that it scarcely looks big! Machining specification: absolute zero tolerances all around, plus or minus nothing. Absolute disregard for cost. A Type 41 originally sold for about thirty thousand dollars. Puts Rolls-Royce in the five-and-dime class. Fabulous!"

Inside the Cunningham garage, a spacious building housing dozens of esoteric cars, among them a Lancia, a Ferrari, and an Alfa-Romeo, we met Joe Kiasky, Cunningham's caretaker, who led us to the Bugatti. Graceful or not, it looked big, all right—a high, squarish body painted black with blue trim, and a vast expanse of engine out front. Inside, however, there is only enough space to seat five comfortably. We started at the front, and after seven good-sized strides we hadn't yet reached the back. Kiasky explained that the car was now in mothballs, and for corroboration pointed out a couple of dozen mothballs strewn on its floor. "Bugatti was a mad genius," Purdy said. "Notice the four horn buttons, one under each spoke of the steering wheel. Who else would have thought of that little effort-saver? But, like all geniuses, he had a one-track mind. Candidly, the Type 41 doesn't start very well in cold weather. What was it *le patron* said about that, Joe?"

" 'Get a heated garage,' " quoted Kiasky.

"Yes," Purdy mused. "And the brakes aren't especially good, either. *Le patron* had an answer to that criticism—'I build my cars to go, not to stop.' " For a moment, Purdy and Kiasky just stood there shaking their heads in silent admiration.

We asked how fast the Type 41 would go, and Kiasky said a hundred and forty-two. "But you never dice in this car," he added. "It isn't done." Purdy explained to us that the verb "to dice" means to engage in informal races with other fast cars you happen to come across on the highway, and derives from the phrase "dicing with death," which was applied by journalists to early speed drivers. Cunningham bought his Type 41 from the Bugatti family a year ago; its previous history is obscure, practically all of the Bugatti documents having been lost in the war. Kiasky told us that Cunningham has had it out on the road several times and liked it fine. "More often, he just comes out here and goes for a walk around her," Kiasky said. "Quite a walk, at that."

As we left, Purdy said that the car being offered for sale belongs to J. Lemon Burton, of London, quite probably England's No. 1 *Bugattiste,* and that the *Times* ad had brought in some thirty replies. "My job was simply to screen them," Purdy said. "On Burton's instructions, I forwarded to him only those letters that bespoke knowledge of the subject, and proper respect for *le patron.* Burton's attitude on this thing—and I must say I share it—is that once you begin letting the bars down, there's no end to it."

Close, but No Cigar

MOTHER watching a group of children, including hers, play soldiers-and-sailors heard her four-year-old son say, each time he saluted his commanding officer, "My eye, sir."

Dependable

DARNED if local stores aren't enjoying a boom in old-fashioned kerosene lamps—a phenomenon brought about partly by what is sometimes known in the trade as doomsday advertising ("What happens when your electricity fails? . . . Disaster strikes without warning. . . . For use when fuses blow. . . . For Civil Defense shelters") and partly by the native get-up-and-go of a former Dartmouth football, hockey, water-polo, and lacrosse player named Herbert Rubin, who is president of Rubicon, Inc., the country's largest manufacturer of kerosene lamps. A few days ago, we stopped in at Rubicon's sales office, on lower Fifth Avenue, where we found Rubin knee-deep in lamp samples and talking excess profits on the telephone. He concluded his tax talk with a last, dazzling burst of figures, then turned to us and told us that he has been in kerosene lamps since 1940, when he started making six-and-a-half-inch reproductions of the genuine article. The reproductions burned a perfumed fuel and were intended solely as a novelty but proved handy in blackouts during the war. "We sold millions of the miniatures before the novelty wore off," Rubin said. "That was along about 1947, and by then we'd started making bigger lamps, for export to South America, Africa, Cuba, and the Middle East."

For many years, Japan and Germany have been the world's leading exporters of kerosene lamps, we learned, and though the war doused their glim for a while, they are now back in business on a big scale, with Rubicon their chief competitor. The Rubicon plant, located in Island Park, Long Island, is able to make a pretty good showing against them, manufacturing twenty-five hundred large-size lamps a day. Rubin launched the campaign for his large-size lamps last August, the field of battle being Gertz's department store, in Jamaica. Rubin reasoned that the continuing atomic-bomb scare had created a definite, but unspoken, demand for kerosene lamps, and apparently he was right, for the day the first advertisement appeared, Gertz's was stormed by importunate kerosene-lamp-seekers. "The response has been so great, not only locally but all over the country, that we figure it can't be just the atomic bomb," Rubin said. "Fact is, our lamps are useful in any kind of power failure; they're not as dangerous as candles, and they're more dependable than battery-powered flashlights. Besides, there's a great interest in antiques in this country, and if kerosene lamps aren't antique, what is?"

Rubin started by collecting old oil and kerosene lamps as a hobby, and from there it was an easy jump to reproducing them. "I make our copies as accurate as possible," he said. "Some time ago, a dealer tried to sell me a whale-oil lamp for nineteen dollars. Turned out to be a Rubicon miniature, which *we* were then selling for a quarter. The dealer simply couldn't tell the real from the imitation." The Rubicon miniatures were given such names as New Love-Lite, Beau-Lite, Sweetheart-Lite, and Cupid-Lite; the larger-size lamps have larger-size names, more martial than sentimental—Eagle Double-Duty, Eagle Triple-Duty, and the like. Rubin, who has become something of a historian of lamps, told us that kerosene lamps derive from the Betty lamp of the Pilgrim Fathers, which was a small, shallow, lidded vessel of iron or copper, filled with fat, which burned by means of a coarse wick that protruded from a channel at one side. The "Betty" has nothing to do with a girl's name—trust the Pilgrim Fathers for that. It comes from the German "*besser,*" meaning "better."

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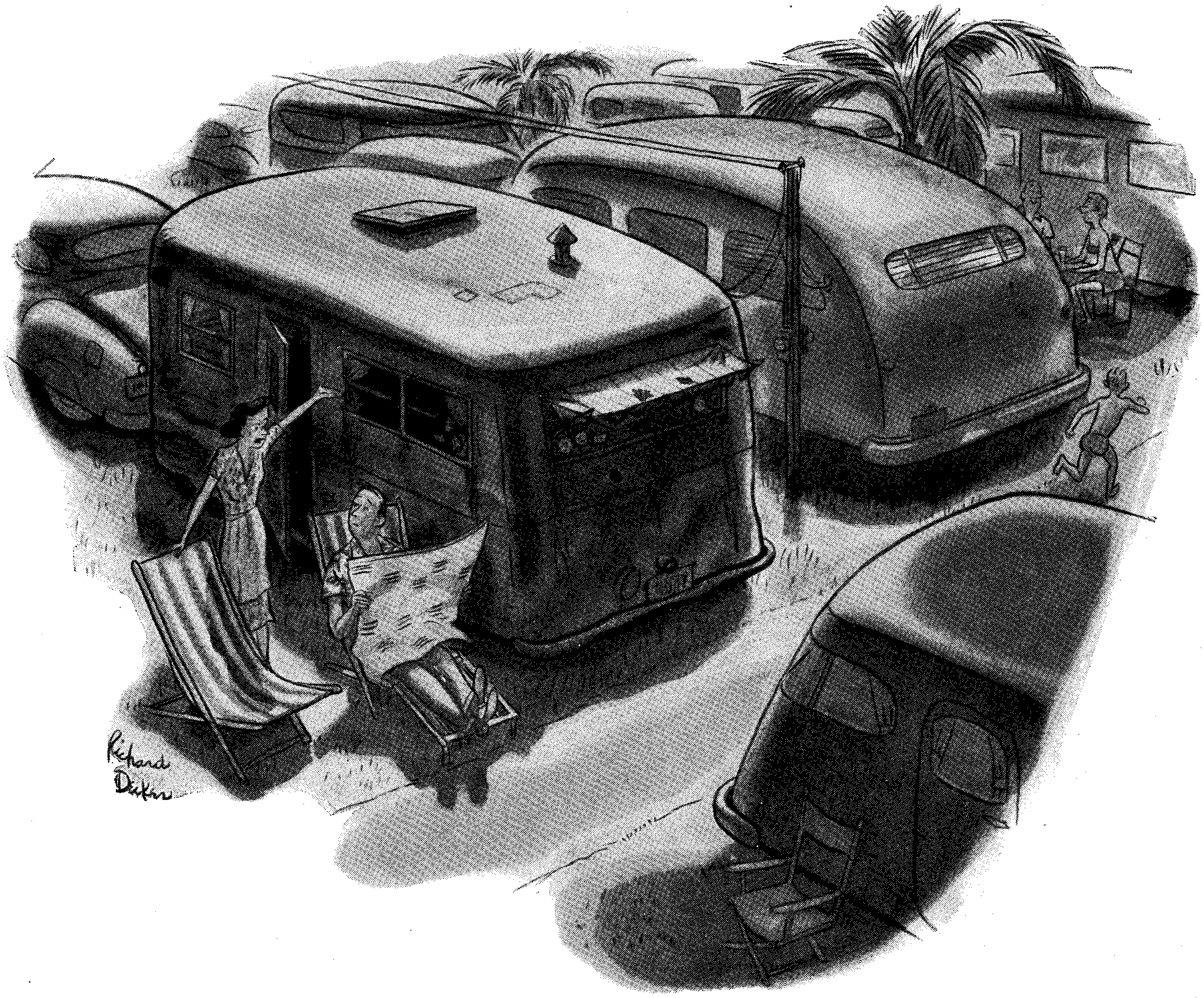
OVERHEARD at the Museum of Modern Art, girl to escort: "Why did you bring me here if you can't explain them?"

New Deal for Parrots

THE likelihood, recently mooted in the papers, that the City Board of Health will soon repeal the anti-parrot-and-other-psittacine-birds passages in Section Twenty of the Sanitary Code, whose rulings have the force of law, is causing a joyous flurry in pet-shop and avicultural circles, and, no doubt, in scores of privately owned parrot, lovebird, Mexican-double-head, cockatoo, macaw, and lory cages around town, whose occupants, for the most part illegal, now face the intoxicating prospect of legitimacy. These birds—with the exception of the ones resident in the five boroughs prior to 1938, few of which are still alive, and their direct descendants, delivered in private accouchements at home—have for the past thirteen years led a furtive, *avis-non-grata* life, in constant fear of execution or deportation at the hands of vigilant Department of Health inspectors. With the aid of Dr. Morris Greenberg, director of the Department's Bureau of Preventable Diseases, we have made an exhaustive study of their fix.

"Psittacosis, a kind of virus pneumonia originally thought to be transmitted to human beings by parrots and other psittacine birds, was first described medically in 1879," Dr. Greenberg told us. "It came to general notice among public-health people in 1929, when more than a hundred cases occurred in a shipment of Brazilian birds—psittacine birds, that is—that had been sent to Córdoba, in the Argentine, for auction. Several people in Córdoba caught the disease, and the auction was transferred to Tucumán, another Argentine city. There the bird epizootic increased and a human epidemic flared up." Later in 1929, Dr. G. went on, twelve actors in a Buenos Aires play in which a parrot played a minor role (or what had been expected to be a minor role) contracted psittacosis, two of them fatally. The affliction soon appeared in human beings in a dozen countries, among them the United States, where it was traced to parrots. In 1930, the U.S. Health Service clamped down on the importation of psittacine birds, other than a few permitted to research institutions, zoos, and private parrot fanciers returning from Europe with uninfected birds they had owned for at least six months. To combat a widespread illicit trade, many state and city public-health agencies, including New York City's and New York State's, issued their own anti-parrot laws. "New Jersey's, among others, didn't," Dr. Greenberg said, "and this made enforcement in New York difficult."

Well, as it turned out, New Jersey was probably right, and New York unfair to parrots. The man who discovered this national injustice (over a ten-



"Name another woman who'd live in anything with seventy-five thousand miles on it."

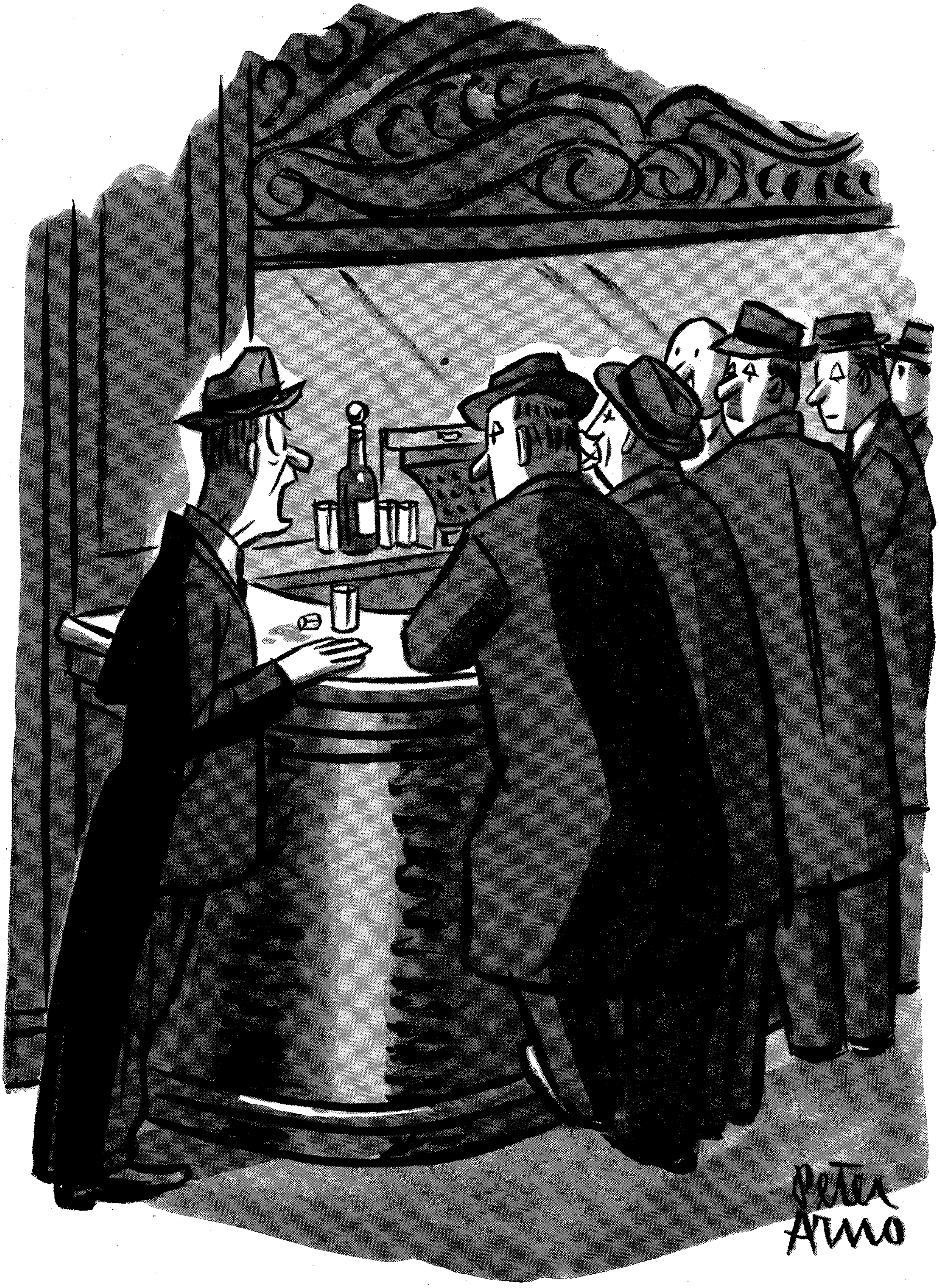
• •

year period, twenty-five thousand psittacines were destroyed in California, a bird-dealers' paradise) was Dr. Karl Friedrich Meyer, a Swiss-born pathologist and bacteriologist, who is director of the Hooper Foundation for Medical Research at the University of California. In the early nineteen-forties, after studying psittacosis for a decade, he found that it occurred in practically *all* birds—doves and pigeons, canaries, ducks, chickens, and sea gulls for instance—and that it shouldn't be called psittacosis but ornithosis. This word hasn't penetrated the latest edition of Webster's Unabridged, but it is generally accepted by scientists. "Half the pigeons in Central Park have ornithosis," Dr. Greenberg said. "Even mice may contract it. Dr. Meyer showed that out of two hundred and sixty human cases that occurred in the United States between 1945 and 1950, with seven fatalities, ninety-eight were of psittacine origin and one hundred and seven of non-psittacine ornithological origin, and that in the rest no bird could be implicated. It developed that there was no need of these very restrictive codes, and restrictions are now being lifted all over the country. The New York State Department of Health lifted *its* restrictions this month, but it has no jurisdiction over the city."

We asked why Dr. Meyer's findings didn't point to an extension, rather than an abrogation, of the codes. Dr. Greenberg said that only a minority of birds, heavily infected, transmitted the disease to human beings, that as far as parrots were concerned, the Health Service embargo on importations from abroad, still in effect, had reduced this minority to iota-subscript proportions, and that anyway ornithosis could almost always be cured by antibiotics nowadays. "It's rarely transferred from human being to human being but usually from bird to man," he said. "Perhaps I should say from bird to woman, since a number of cases resulted from ladies who owned lovebirds letting their pets take seeds from their mouths." We shuddered, and jotted down the municipal ornithosis statistics from 1941 through 1951—twenty-six cases in all, with two deaths, both in 1942. The rumored impending move on the part of the Board of Health will follow a recommendation of Dr. Greenberg's, the nature of which he declined to divulge. "I don't want to anticipate the Board's action," he said. We sensed, though, that the town would soon be wide open.

Service with Affection

MAYBE the outlying districts *are* more friendly than New York, at that. A lady stopping at a hotel in Columbus, Ohio, left a message for the maid asking for another blanket, and received same, along with a note reading, "Dearest Guest, I put your blanket on the bed. Maid."



"I hate everybody, regardless of race, creed, or place of national origin!"

LANCE

THE name of the planet, presuming it has already received one, is immaterial. At its most favorable opposition, it may very well be separated from the earth by only as many miles as there are years between last Friday and the rise of the Himalayas—a million times the reader's average age. In the telescopic field of one's fancy, through the prism of one's tears, any particularities it presents should be no more striking than those of existing planets. A rosy globe, marbled with dusky blotches, it is one of the countless objects diligently revolving in the infinite and gratuitous awfulness of fluid space.

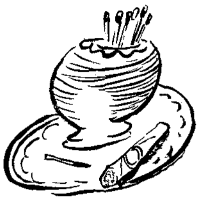
My planet's *maria* (which are not seas) and its *lacus* (which are not lakes) have also, let us suppose, received names; some less pedestrian, perhaps, than those of garden roses; others more pointless than the surnames of their observers (for, to take actual cases, that an astronomer should have been called Lampland is as marvellous as that an entomologist should have been called Krautwurm); but most of them of so antique a style as to vie in sonorous and corrupt enchantment with place names pertaining to romances of chivalry.

Just as our Pinedales, down here on our own planet, have often little to offer beyond a shoe factory on one side of the tracks and the rusty inferno of an automobile dump on the other, so those seductive Arcadias and Icarias and Zephyrias on planetary maps may quite likely turn out to be dead deserts lacking even the milkweed that graces our dumps. Selenographers will confirm this, but then, their lenses serve them better than ours do. In the present instance, the greater the magnification, the more the mottling of the planet's surface looks as if it were seen by a submerged swimmer peering up through semitranslucent water. And if certain connected markings resemble in a shadowy way the line-and-hole pattern of a Chinese-checkers board, let us consider them geometrical hallucinations.

I not only debar a too definite planet from any role in my story—from the role every dot and full stop should play in my story (which I see as a kind of celestial chart)—I also refuse to have anything to do with those technical prophecies that scientists are reported to make to reporters. Not for me is the rocket racket. Not for me are the artificial little satellites that the earth is promised: landing star strips for space ships ("spacers")—one, two, three, four, and then thousands of strong castles in the air, each complete with cookhouse and keep, set up by terrestrial nations in a frenzy of competitive confusion, phony gravitation, and savagely flapping flags.

Another thing I have not the slightest use for is the special-equipment business—the airtight suit, the oxygen apparatus, suchlike contraptions. Like old Mr. Boke, of whom we shall hear in a minute—if my watch is not fast, as it generally is—I am eminently qualified to dismiss these practical matters (which anyway are doomed to seem absurdly impractical to future spaceship men, such as old Boke's only son), since the emotions that gadgets provoke in me range from dull distrust to morbid trepidation. Only by a heroic effort can I make myself unscrew a bulb that has died an inexplicable death and screw in another, which will light up in my face with the hideous instancy of a dragon's egg hatching in one's bare hand.

Finally, I utterly spurn and reject so-called "science fiction." I have looked into it, and found it as boring as the mystery-story magazines—the same sort of dismally pedestrian writing with oodles of dialogue and loads of commutational humor. The clichés are, of course, disguised; essentially, they are the same throughout all cheap reading matter, whether it spans the universe or the living room. They are like those "assorted" cookies that differ from one another only in shape and shade, whereby their shrewd makers ensnare the salivating consumer in a mad Pavlovian world where, at no extra cost, variations in simple visual values influence and gradually replace flavor, which thus goes the way of talent and truth.

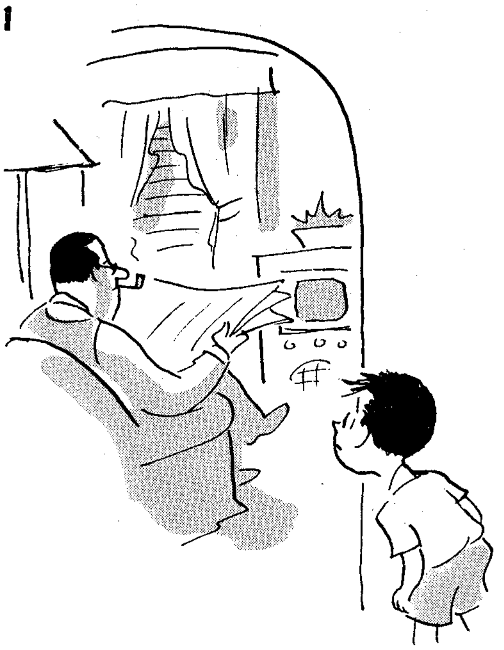


So the good guy grins, and the villain sneers, and a noble heart sports a slangy speech. Star czars, directors of Galactic Unions, are practically replicas of those peppy, red-haired executives in earthy earth jobs who illustrate with their little crinkles the human-interest stories of well-thumbed slicks in beauty parlors. Invaders of Denebola and Spica, Virgo's finest, bear names beginning with Mac; cold scientists are usually found under names like Stein; some share with the super-galactic gals such abstract labels as Biola and Vala. Inhabitants of foreign planets, "intelligent" beings, humanoid or of various mythic makes, have one remarkable trait in common: their intimate structure is never depicted. In a supreme concession to biped propriety, not only do centaurs wear loincloths; they wear them about their forelegs.

This seems to complete the elimination—unless anybody wants to discuss the question of time? Here again, in order to focalize young Emery L. Boke, that more or less remote descendant of mine who is to be a member of the first interplanetary expedition (which, after all, is the one humble postulate of my tale), I gladly leave the replacement by a pretentious "2" or "3" of the honest "1" in our "1900" to the capable paws of *Starzan* and other comics and atomics. Let it be 2145 A.D. or 200 A.A., it does not matter. I have no desire to barge into vested interests of any kind. This is strictly an amateur performance, with quite casual stage properties and a minimum of scenery, and the quilled remains of a dead porcupine in a corner of the old barn. We are here among friends, the Browns and the Bensons, the Whites and the Wilsons, and when somebody goes out for a smoke, he hears the crickets, and a distant farm dog (who waits, between barks, to listen to what we cannot hear). The summer night sky is a mess of stars. Emery Lancelot Boke, at twenty-one, knows immeasurably more about them than I, who am fifty and terrified.

LANCE is tall and lean, with thick tendons and greenish veins on his sun-tanned forearms and a scar on his brow. When doing nothing—when sitting ill at ease as he sits now, leaning forward from the edge of a low armchair, his shoulders hunched up, his elbows propped on his big knees—he has a way of slowly clasping and unclasping his handsome hands, a gesture I borrow for him from one of his ancestors. An air of gravity, of uncomfortable concentration (all thought is uncomfortable, and young thought especially so), is his usual expression; at the moment, however, it is a manner of mask, concealing his furious desire to get rid of a long-drawn tension. As a rule, he does not often smile, and besides "smile" is too smooth a word for the abrupt, bright contortion that now suddenly illumes his mouth and eyes as his shoulders hunch higher, his moving hands stop in a clasped position, and he lightly taps one foot. His parents are in the room, and also a chance visitor, a fool and a bore, who is not aware of what is happening—for this is an awkward moment in a gloomy house on the eve of a fabulous departure.

An hour goes by. At last the visitor picks up his top hat from the carpet



and leaves. Lance remains alone with his parents, which only serves to increase the tension. Mr. Boke I see plainly enough. But I cannot visualize Mrs. Boke with any degree of clarity, no matter how deep I sink into my difficult trance. I know that her cheerfulness—small talk, quick beat of eyelashes—is something she keeps up not so much for the sake of her son as for that of her husband and his aging heart, and this Lance realizes only too well and, on top of his own monstrous anguish, he has to cope with her feigned levity, which disturbs him more than would an utter and unconditional collapse. I am somewhat disappointed that I cannot make out her features. All I manage to glimpse is an effect of melting light on one side of her misty hair, and in this, I suspect, I am insidiously influenced by the standard artistry of modern photography and I feel how much easier writing must have been in former days when one's imagination was not hemmed in by innumerable visual aids, and a frontiersman looking at his first giant cactus or his first high snows was not necessarily reminded of a tire company's pictorial ad.

In the case of Mr. Boke, I find myself operating with the features of an old professor of history, a brilliant medievalist, whose white whiskers, pink pate, and black suit are famous on a certain sunny campus in the Deep South, but whose sole asset in connection with this story (apart from a slight resemblance to a long-dead great-uncle of mine) is that his appearance is out of date. Now if one is perfectly honest with oneself, there is nothing extraordinary in the tendency to give to the manners and clothes of a distant day (which happens to be placed in the future) an old-fashioned tinge, a badly pressed, badly groomed, dusty something, since the terms "out of date," "not of our age," and so on, are, in the long run, the only ones in which we are able to imagine and express a strangeness no amount of research can foresee. The future is but the obsolete in reverse.

In that shabby room, in the tawny lamplight, Lance talks of some last things. He has recently brought from a desolate spot in the Andes, where he has been climbing some as yet unnamed peak, a couple of adolescent chinchillas—cinder-gray, phenomenally furry, rabbit-size rodents (*Hystricomorpha*), with long whiskers, round rumps, and petallike ears. He keeps them indoors in a wire-screened pen and gives them peanuts, puffed rice, raisins to eat, and, as a special treat, a violet or an aster. He hopes they will breed in the fall. He now repeats to his mother a few emphatic instructions—to keep his pets' food crisp and their pen dry, and never forget their daily dust bath (fine sand mixed with powdered chalk), in which they roll and kick most lustily. While this is being discussed, Mr. Boke lights and relights a pipe and finally puts it away. Every now and then, with a false air of benevolent absent-mindedness, the old man launches upon a series of sounds and motions that deceive nobody; he clears his throat and, with his hands behind his back, drifts toward a window; or he begins to produce a tight-lipped tuneless humming. At last, seemingly driven by that small nasal motor, he wanders out of the parlor. No sooner has he left the stage than he throws off, with a dreadful shiver, the elaborate structure of his gentle, bumbling impersonation act. In a bedroom or bathroom, he stops as if to take, in abject solitude, a deep spasmodic draught from some secret flask, and presently staggers out again, drunk with grief.

The stage has not changed when he quietly returns to it, buttoning his coat and resuming that little hum. It is now a matter of minutes. Lance inspects the pen before he goes, and leaves Chin and Chilla sitting on their haunches, each holding a flower. The only other thing that I know about these last moments is that any such talk as "Sure you haven't forgotten the silk shirt that came from the wash?" or "You remember where you put those new slippers?" is excluded. Whatever Lance takes with him is already collected at the mysterious and unmentionable and absolutely awful place of his zero-hour departure; he needs nothing of what we need, and he steps out of the house, empty-handed and hatless, with the casual lightness of one walking to the newsstand—or to a glorious scaffold.

TERRESTRIAL space loves concealment. The most it yields to the eye is a panoramic view. The horizon closes upon the receding traveller like a trapdoor in slow motion. To those who remain, any town a day's journey from here is invisible, whereas you can easily see such transcendencies as, say, a lunar amphitheatre and the shadow cast by its circular ridge. The conjurer who displays the firmament has rolled up his sleeves and performs in full view of the little spectators. Planets may dip out of sight (just as objects are obliterated by the blurry curve of one's own cheekbone), but they are back when the earth turns its head. The nakedness of the night is appalling. Lance has left; the fragility of his young limbs grows in direct ratio to the distance he covers. From their balcony, the old Bokes look at the infinitely perilous night sky and wildly envy the lot of fishermen's wives.

If Boke's sources are accurate, the name "Lanceloz del Lac" occurs for the first time in Verse 3676 of the twelfth-century "Roman de la Charrete." Lance, Lancelin, Lancelotik—diminutives murmured at the brimming, salty, moist stars. Young knights in their teens learning to harp, hawk, and hunt; the Forest Dangerous and the Dolorous Tower; Aldebaran, Betelgeuze—the thunder of Saracenic war cries. Marvellous deeds of arms, marvellous warriors, sparkling within the awful constellations above the Bokes' balcony: Sir Percard the Black Knight, and Sir Perimones the Red Knight, and Sir Pertolepe the Green Knight, and Sir Persant the Indigo Knight, and that bluff old party Sir Grummore Grummursum, muttering northern oaths under his breath. The field glass is not much good, the chart is all crumpled and damp, and "You do not hold the flashlight properly"—this to Mrs. Boke.

Draw a deep breath. Look again.

Lancelot is gone; the hope of seeing him in life is about equal to the hope of seeing him in eternity. Lancelot is banished from the country of L'Eau Grise (as we might call the Great Lakes) and now rides up in the dust of the night sky almost as fast as our local universe (with the balcony and the pitch-black, optically spotted garden) speeds toward King Arthur's Harp, where Vega burns and

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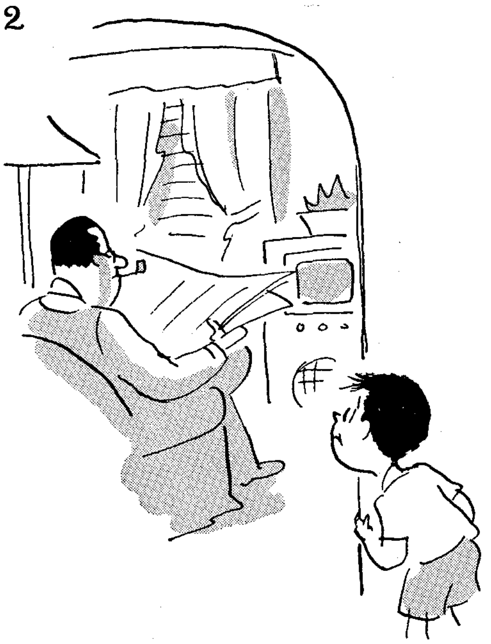

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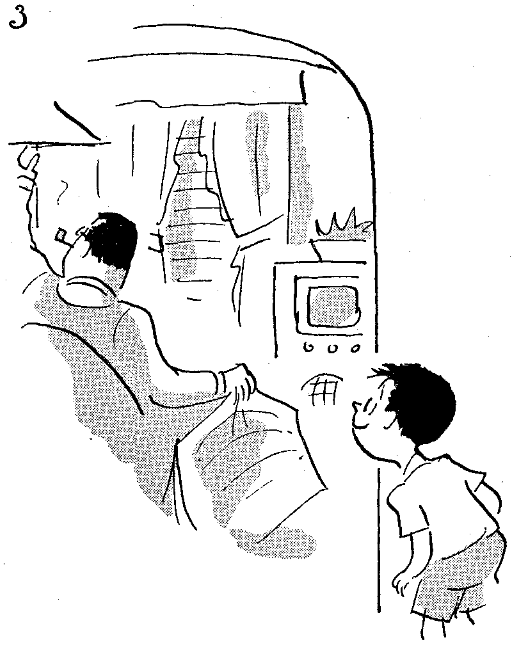

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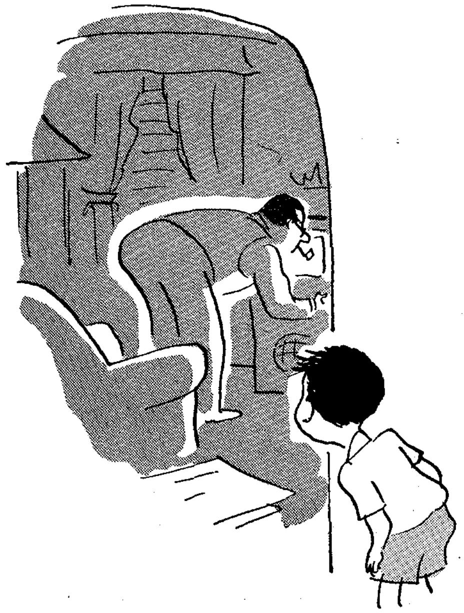

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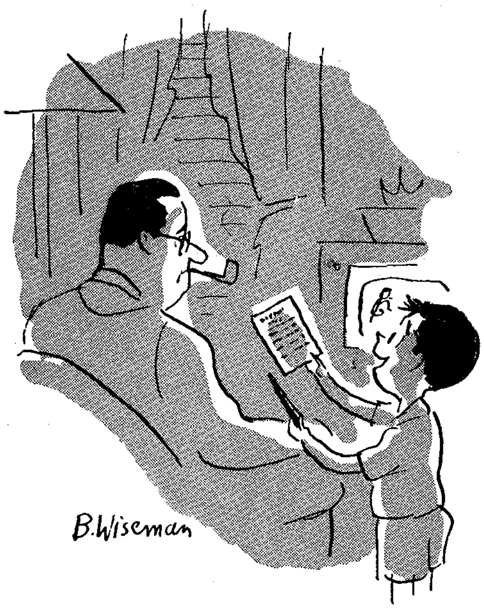

beckons—one of the few objects that can be identified by the aid of this goddam diagram. The sidereal haze makes the Bokes dizzy—gray incense, insanity, infinity-sickness. But they cannot tear themselves away from the nightmare of space, cannot go back to the lighted bedroom, a corner of which shows in the glass door. And presently *the* planet rises, like a tiny bonfire.

There, to the right, is the Bridge of the Sword, leading to the Other World ("*dont nus estranges ne retorne*"). Lancelot crawls over it in great pain, in ineffable anguish. "Thou shalt not pass a pass here that is called the Pass Perilous." But another enchanter commands, "You shall. You shall even acquire a sense of humor that will tide you over the trying spots." The brave old Bokes think they can distinguish Lance scaling, on crampons, the verglased rock of the sky or silently breaking trail through the soft snows of nebulae. Boötes, somewhere between Camps X and XI, is a great glacier, all rubble and icefall. We try to make out the serpentine route of ascent, seem to distinguish the light leanness of Lance among the several roped silhouettes. Gone! Was it he or Denny (a young biologist, Lance's best friend)? Waiting in the dark valley at the foot of the vertical sky, we recall (Mrs. Boke more clearly than her husband) those special names for crevasses and Gothic structures of ice that Lance used to mouth with such professional gusto in his alpine boyhood (he is several light-years older by now), the seracs and the schrunds, the avalanche and its thud—French echoes and Germanic magic hobnailnobbing up there as they do in medieval romances.

Ah, there he is again! Crossing through a notch between two stars, then, very slowly, attempting a traverse on a cliff face so sheer and with such delicate holds that the mere evocation of those groping fingertips and scraping boots fills one with acrophobic nausea. And through streaming tears the old Bokes see Lance now marooned on a shelf of stone and now climbing again and now, dreadfully safe, with his ice axe and pack, on a peak above peaks, his eager profile rimmed with light.

Or is he already on his way down? I assume that no news comes from the explorers and that the Bokes prolong their pathetic vigils. As they wait for their son to return, his every avenue of descent seems to run into the precipice of their despair. But perhaps he has swung over those high-angled wet slabs that fall away vertically into the abyss, has mastered the overhang, and is now blissfully glissading down steep celestial snows?

As, however, the Bokes' doorbell does not ring at the logical culmination of an imagined series of footfalls (no matter how patiently we space them as they come nearer and nearer in our mind), we have to thrust him back and have him start his ascent all over again, and then put him even farther back, so that he is still at headquarters (where the tents are, and the open latrines, and the begging, black-footed children) long after we had pictured him bending under the tulip tree to walk up the lawn to the door and the doorbell. As if tired by the many appearances he has made in his parents' minds, Lance now plows wearily through mud puddles, then up a hillside, in the haggard landscape of a distant war, slipping and scrambling up the dead grass of the slope. There is some routine rockwork ahead, and then the summit. The ridge is won. Our losses are heavy. How is one notified? By wire? By registered letter? And who is the executioner—a special messenger or the regular plodding, florid-nosed postman, always a little high (he has troubles of his own)? Sign here. Big thumb. Small cross. Weak pencil. Its dull-violet wood. Return it. The illegible signature of teetering disaster.

But nothing comes. A month passes. Chin and Chilla are in fine shape and seem very fond of each other—sleep together in the nest box, cuddled up in a fluffy ball. After many tries, Lance had discovered a sound with definite chinchillan appeal, produced by pursing the lips and emitting in rapid succession several soft, moist "surpths," as if taking sips from a straw when most of one's drink is finished and only its dregs are drained. But his parents *cannot* produce it—the pitch is wrong, or something. And there is such an intolerable silence in Lance's room, with its battered books, and the spotty white shelves, and the old shoes, and the relatively new tennis racket in its preposterously secure press, and a penny on the closet floor—and all this begins to undergo a prismatic dissolution, but then you tighten the screw and everything is again in focus. And presently the Bokes return to their balcony. Has he reached his goal—and if so, does he see us?

HOW TO BE MARRIED WITHOUT A SPOUSE

OR, MR. KIPLING, WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH MR. HAUKSBEE?

Do any of you old fogies remember Mrs. Hauksbee? Without Mrs. Hauksbee,
Simla and Poona
Would have been just like Altoona.
At Mrs. Hauksbee's *burra khanas*
Nabobs pinned tails on donkeys and viceroys bobbed for bananas.
Mrs. Hauksbee disentangled subalterns and aides-de-camp
From shopworn maids-de-camp.
Mrs. Hauksbee could rock India with one jab
In the Punjab.
Under the deodars, whatever they may be, Mrs. Hauksbee was in her glory,
But this is another story.
Mrs. Hauksbee was attended by a faithful old *amah*,
Which is the equivalent of in Alabama a faithful old *mamah*,
And this now *amah* was a conservative reactionary Hindu,
And she got tired of Mrs. Hauksbee all the time shifting her hemline and her
hair-do and her skin-do,
And finally she asked Mrs. Hauksbee why she had dyed her hair
again and she got one of the usual answers.
Mrs. Hauksbee said she was changing her style to reform young Slingsby of
the Umpteenth Lancers,
And the *amah* (she had surreptitiously attended the Sorbonne)
Murmured, "*Plus ça change, plus c'est la memsahib*," and wandered on.

—OGDEN NASH

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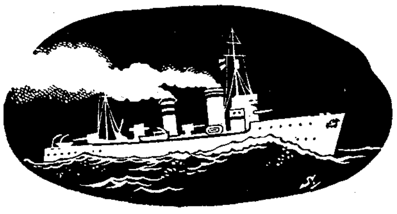
THE classical ex-mortal leans on his elbow from a flowered ledge to contemplate this earth, this toy, this teetotum gyrating on slow display in its model firmament, every feature so gay and clear—the painted oceans, and the praying woman of the Baltic, and a still of the elegant Americas caught in their trapeze act, and Australia like a baby Africa lying on its side. There may be people among my coevals who half expect their spirits to look down from Heaven with a shudder and a sigh at their native planet and see it girdled with latitudes, stayed with meridians, and marked, perhaps, with the fat, black, diabolically curving arrows of global wars, or, more pleasantly, spread out before their gaze like one of those picture maps of vacational Eldorados, with a reservation Indian beating a drum here, a girl clad in shorts there, conical conifers climbing the cones of mountains, and anglers all over the place.

Actually, I suppose, my young descendant on his first night out, in the imagined silence of an unimaginable world, would have to view the surface features of our globe through the depth of its atmosphere; this would mean dust, scattered reflections, haze, and all kinds of optical pitfalls, so that continents, if they appeared at all through the varying clouds, would slip by in queer disguises, with inexplicable gleams of color and unrecognizable outlines.

But all this is a minor point. The main problem is: Will the mind of the explorer survive the shock? One tries to perceive the nature of that shock as plainly as mental safety permits. And if the mere act of imagining the matter is fraught with hideous risks, how, then, will the real pang be endured and overcome?

First of all, Lance will have to deal with the atavistic moment. Myths have become so firmly entrenched in the radiant sky that common sense is apt to shirk the task of getting at the uncommon sense behind them. Immortality must have a star to stand on if it wishes to branch and blossom and support thousands of blue-plumed angel-birds all singing as sweetly as little eunuchs. Deep in the human mind, the concept of dying is synonymous with that of leaving the earth. To escape its gravity means to transcend the grave, and a man upon finding himself on another planet has really no way of proving to himself that he is not dead—that the naïve old myth has not come true.



I am not concerned with the moron, the ordinary hairless ape, who takes everything in his stride; his only childhood memory is of a mule that bit him, his only consciousness of the future a vision of board and bed. What I am thinking of is the man of imagination and science, whose courage is infinite because his curiosity surpasses his courage. Nothing will keep him back. He is the ancient *curieux*, but of a hardier build, with a ruddier heart. When it comes to exploring a celestial body, his is the satisfaction of a passionate desire to feel with his own fingers, to stroke, and inspect, and smile at, and inhale, and stroke again—with that same smile of nameless, moaning, melting pleasure—the never-before-touched matter of which the celestial object is made. Any true scientist (not, of course, the fraudulent mediocrity, whose only treasure is the ignorance he hides like a bone) should be capable of experiencing that sensuous pleasure of direct and divine knowledge. He may be twenty and he may be eighty-five, but without that tingle there is no science. And of such stuff Lance is made.

Straining my fancy to the utmost, I see him surmounting the panic that the ape might not experience at all. No doubt Lance may have landed in an orange-colored dust cloud somewhere in the middle of the Tharsis desert (if it is a desert), or near some purple pool—Phoenicis or Oti (if these are lakes after all). But, on the other hand . . . You see, as things go in such matters, something is sure to be solved at once, terribly and irrevocably, while other things come up one by one and are puzzled out gradually. When I was a boy . . .

When I was a boy of seven or eight, I used to dream a vaguely recurrent dream set in a certain environment, which I have never been able to recognize and identify in any rational manner, though I have seen many strange lands. I am inclined to make it serve now, in order to patch up a gaping hole, a raw wound in my story. There was nothing spectacular about that environment, nothing monstrous or even odd: just a bit of noncommittal stability represented by a bit of level ground and filmed over with a bit of neutral nebulosity; in other words, the indifferent back of a view rather than its face. And the nuisance of that dream was that for some reason I could not walk *around* the view to meet it on equal terms. There lurked in the mist a mass of something—mineral matter or the like—oppressively and quite meaninglessly shaped, and in the course of my dream I kept filling some kind of receptacle (which I then translated as "pail") with smaller shapes (translated as "pebbles"), and my nose was bleeding but I was too impatient and excited to do anything about it. And every time I had that dream, suddenly somebody would start screaming behind me, and I awoke screaming too, thus prolonging the initial anonymous shriek, with its initial note of rising exultation, but with no meaning attached to it any more—if there had been a meaning. Speaking of Lance, I would like to submit that something along the lines of my dream— But the funny thing is that as I reread what I have set down, its background, the factual memory, vanishes—has vanished altogether by now—and I have no means of proving to myself that there is any personal experience behind its description. What I wanted to say was that perhaps Lance and his companions, when they reached their planet, felt something akin to my dream—which is no longer mine.

AND then they are back! A horseman, clappity-clap, gallops up the cobbled street to the Bokes' house through the driving rain and shouts out the tremendous news as he stops short at the gate, near the dripping liriodendron, while the Bokes come tearing out of the house like two hystricomorphic rodents. They are back! The pilots and the astrophysicists and one of the naturalists are back. (The other, Denny, is dead and has been left in Heaven, the old myth scoring a curious point there.)

On the sixth floor of a provincial hospital, carefully hidden from newspapermen, Mr. and Mrs. Boke are told that their boy is in a little waiting room, second to the right, ready to receive them; there is something, a kind of hushed deference, about the tone of this information, as if it referred to a fairy-tale king. They will enter quietly; a nurse, a Mrs. Coover, will be there all the time. Oh, he's all right, they are told—can go home next week, as a matter of fact. However, they should not stay more than a couple of minutes, and no questions, please—just chat about something or other. *You* know. And then say you will be coming again tomorrow or day after tomorrow.

Lance, gray-robed, crop-haired, tan gone, changed, unchanged, changed, thin, nostrils stopped with absorbent cotton, sits on the edge of a couch, his hands clasped, a little embarrassed. Gets up wavily, with a beaming grimace, and sits down again. Mrs. Coover, the nurse, has blue eyes and no chin.

A ripe silence. Then Lance: "It was wonderful. Perfectly wonderful. I am going back in November."

Pause.

"I think," says Mr. Boke, "that Chilla is with child."

Quick smile, little bow of pleased acknowledgment. Then, in a narrative voice: "*Je vais dire ça en français. Nous venions d'arriver*—"

"Show them the President's letter," says Mrs. Coover.

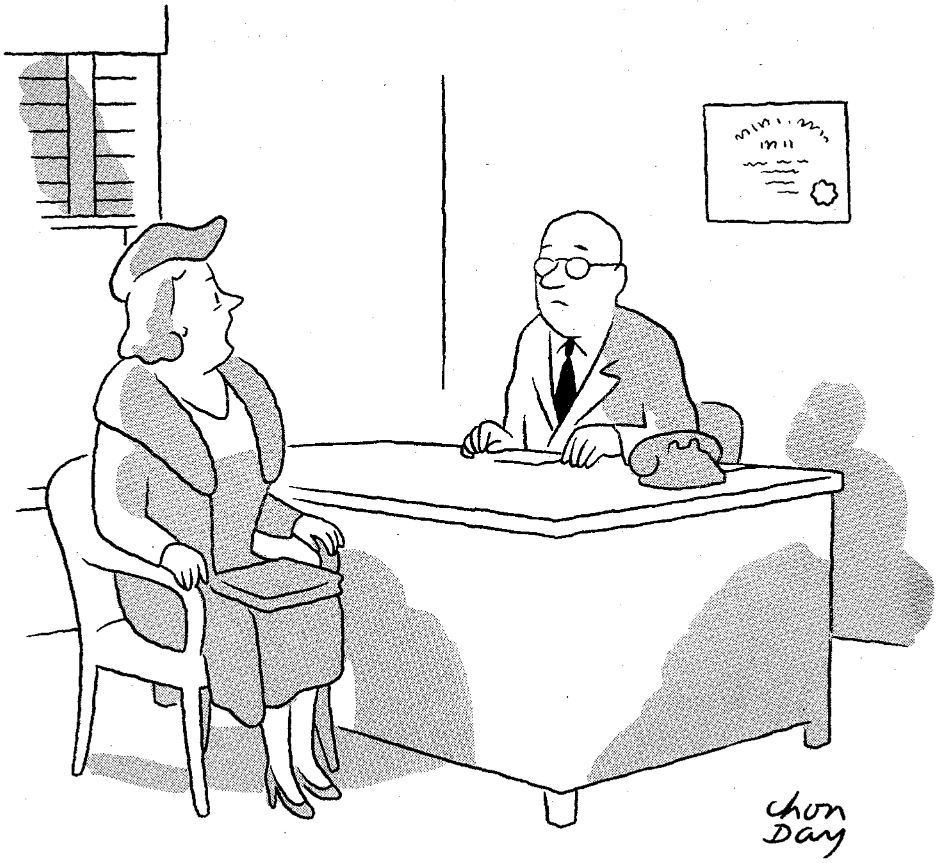
"We had just got there," Lance continues, "and Denny was still alive, and the first thing he and I saw—"

In a sudden flutter, Nurse Coover interrupts, "No, Lance, no. No, Madam, please. No contacts, doctor's orders—*please!*"

Warm temple, cold ear.

Mr. and Mrs. Boke are ushered out. They walk swiftly—although there is no hurry, no hurry whatever—down the corridor, along its shoddy, olive-and-ochre wall, the lower olive separated from the upper ochre by a continuous brown line leading to the venerable elevators. Going up (glimpse of patriarch in wheelchair). Going back again in November (Lancelin). Going down (the old Bokes). There are in that elevator two smiling women and, the object of their bright sympathy, a girl with a baby, besides the gray-haired, bent, sullen elevator man, who stands with his back to everybody.

—VLADIMIR NABOKOV



"Vitamin B complex! Why, you sent Mrs. Fogle on a trip to Bermuda, and she wasn't a bit more run down than I am."

THE BOY HANDICAPPER

ONCE a year they have a big venison dinner for everybody in our neighborhood saloon because some of the boys go over to Pennsylvania on their days off that time of year and shoot a couple of deer and hardly know what to do with all that meat when they get back to the neighborhood and so it's arranged for the big annual dinner. Another excuse not to stay home and watch the television.

The morning after it this year the day bartender was there at work. He had stayed up all hours helping out at the dinner and incidentally having quite a few slugs himself during it with the result that even first thing in the morning, without much sleep and a couple of pick-me-ups while cleaning up in the back of the bar, he was full of talk and opinions and reports about neighborhood doings.

He began by saying while he leaned on the bar twiddling the spoon around in a coffee cup that he has the distinct impression that ninety per cent of the time they have no notion of what they're doing in Washington and even so the things they do down there reach out all over the country and have effects on people you'd never dream they'd have effects on.

"I can't get it out of my noodle," he said, "that some guys down there went and passed a law that sounds wacky, and what does it do but gives a baby only a year old in this neighborhood a brand-new baby carriage with white-wall tires. How do you like that for not knowing what they're doing and they wind up a kid gets a baby carriage out of it?"

The name of the day bartender is Yanko. It's a fixup on a foreign name his parents gave him a long time ago out of sentiment. One of the early-morning customers asked Yanko if the big annual venison dinner came out all right and he said it did.

"They et all the venison," Yanko told him, "and some got crocked and some got to singing, but no fights or anything—a big success all in all—and so another big annual venison dinner is gone into history. That's all there is to that. Forget about it.

"White-wall tires on the baby carriage," he went on, taking his own advice and forgetting about the venison dinner. "The finest baby carriage in the neighborhood and everybody, nearly everybody, tickled to death the kid has it. They call him the Boy Handicapper, all the guys around here knows about it—the Boy Handicapper."

I was in there early to get out of the cold and wait for the bus, so Yanko got me a cup of coffee out of the kitchen and I told him I didn't know about the Boy Handicapper.

Yanko said it all hinged on something illegal, against the law all the time but suddenly serious lately. That is to say, betting on race horses. Over the years, same as practically every other neighborhood, this was a great neighborhood for betting on horses, no real big sums, a buck here, another guy there betting two bucks, and some parlay nuts betting three or four horses in a parlay. It's been going on day after day, year after year, all illegal but going on just the same and no great hullabaloo about it.

The bookmaker was a man named Vicky. Not too bad a man, a little greedy, a little sure of himself because naturally he made out in the long run better than the customers and always had a bank roll in his pocket. Not a big bookmaker—a neighborhood man, nothing like the ones the papers are full of, dealing in thousands of dollars and getting into the headlines. Vicky just the same got a nice dollar out of the neighborhood, dropping in all day at different times at the coffeepots, then maybe going along and picking up one-buck or two-buck bets from doormen and elevator operators in the big apartments, and a dollar here and a dollar there on the stoops in front of the tenements, where they have the hardship that one scratch sheet at two bits a copy has to do for dozens of horseplayers. Anyway, it's the same thing all over the city, or at least used to be before the illegal part of the whole thing got suddenly serious on account of the screwy law they passed in Washington just as Yanko explained it.

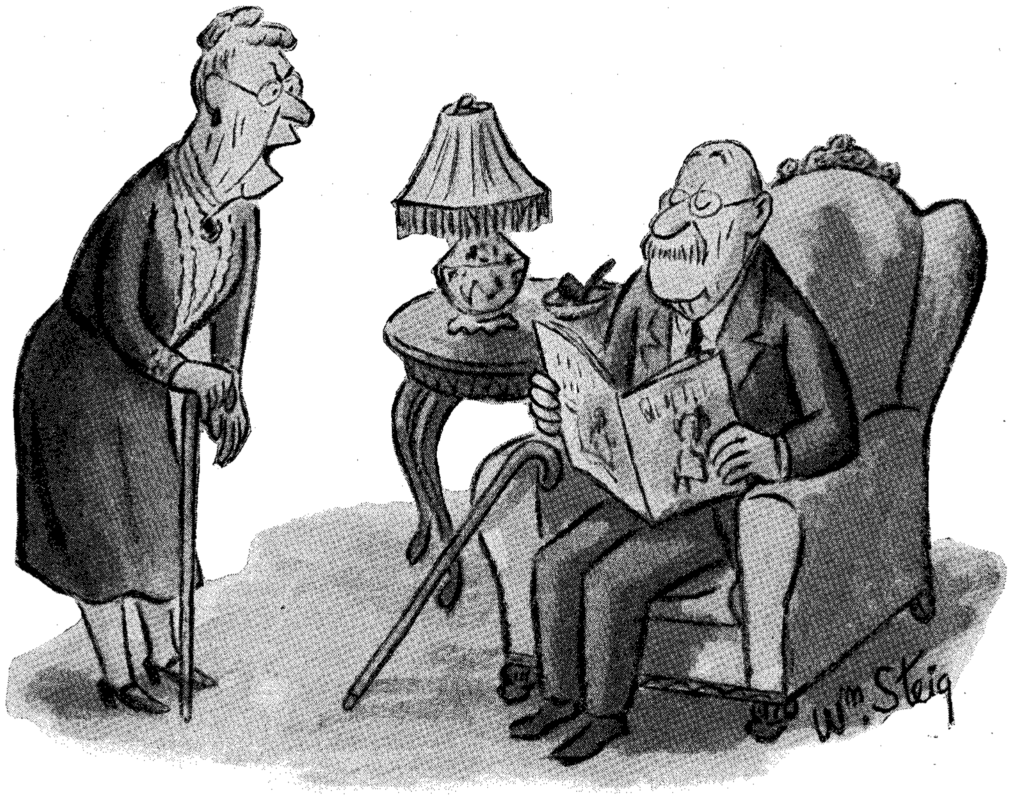
MAMIE is a woman, Yanko said, that has dozens of babies but none of them is hers. Mamie and Al, her husband, live upstairs in a tenement over the gin mill. They don't have any baby. Al is a small man, sick most of the time, and can't do much work except odds and ends of helping out once in a while. Mamie is a big woman, with thick glasses, and hardly anybody ever saw her without she has a cigarette hanging on her lips and she has a heart as big as Manhattan, Yanko said. Very fond of babies, she is, so the result is that people that are wheeling their babies up and down the avenue going to the grocery or whatever it is always call on Mamie to keep an eye on the baby carriage. That is, they stop in front of the saloon on sunny days, park the baby carriage out in the sun on the sidewalk, and step inside and find Mamie usually in there and ask her to keep an eye on their baby for a few minutes or perhaps half an hour or so.

Mamie is very willing to watch the babies, and it isn't a question of getting paid for it—more a matter of being crazy about babies anyway. She likes them and they like her.

The father of one of the babies is in Korea, a soldier. The baby is Jimmy, a little more than a year old, and Mamie has charge of him practically all the daytime, not just for a half hour. Jimmy's mother, the soldier's wife, very pretty, is a waitress in a coffeepot a few blocks up because the allotment from the soldier pay can stand a little extra money tacked onto it.

Most of the morning, this saloon is in the sunshine, because it is on the west side of the avenue, and naturally the sun hits there, and the space in front of the saloon is an ideal place for baby carriages and gatherings of mothers and babies the way certain spots always are in New York. Jimmy's out there in his carriage most of the day with others that Mamie's generally keeping an eye on for a time. Sometimes if the weather is not so good, why Mamie wheels Jimmy into the saloon into a corner, where he seems contented enough playing with this and that in his carriage or tearing up old magazines, a favorite pastime for babies that age and harmless enough if everybody's through with the magazines.

“ONE day Mamie got hold of an old red crayon some kid dropped on the sidewalk and for want of anything else to hand him Mamie handed the crayon to young Jimmy in the baby carriage,” Yanko said. “It was rainy and Jimmy was spending the day in here and Mamie was reading the papers and sitting around nearby him. Mamie never drinks anything at all but likes to be in here, it's more or less a family place even if a few horseplayers.



“I don't believe you're deaf; I *__never__* *believed it!”*

“Vicky was in here at the time, kidding the boys. Nobody won the day before, although nearly all of them bet a buck or two. Vicky was saying an old saying. He was saying, ‘You guys couldn't pick a raisin out of a fruit cake,’ a thing that's worn out from people saying it about horseplayers who can't pick winners very good.

“Well, at the same time Jimmy is there in the carriage with a chunk of old magazine and scrawling things all over it with the crayon. Vicky was looking at him, and he made the remark that the kid in the baby carriage could pick winners better than the dopes he was buying a drink for. Vicky was buying the boys a couple of drinks to keep them in good humor after everybody losing the day before. Yessir, Vicky says, the kid could pick horses better than you guys.

“Vicky went on like that, ribbing the boys, until Hidey, that's one of the horseplayers, spoke up. Maybe you're right, Hidey said to Vicky. Then what does Hidey do but say he got an idea, and he borrowed the *Mirror* off me where I was looking at the entries at the races that day.

“Over goes Hidey with the *Mirror* and he put the paper in Jimmy's hands in the baby carriage. Hidey kind of makes an announcement. Whatever the kid marks with the crayon, he says, well, he's going to bet Vicky on that horse. Get the idea? He meant let the kid mark any which way, and see if he marks near a horse.

“It was like some kind of a game like you might see on the television. Everybody stood around the kid's carriage, and at first the idea was a flop for sure. Jimmy scrawled all over the page in red crayon and never once near the entries.

“The kid got more sense than pick horses, Vicky said when he saw that. The kid got more sense, he said. Then Jimmy wobbled the crayon over and it come down and made a couple of marks.

“Well, to tell you the truth now that it's all over, I think Hidey pulled a fast one. Because he grabbed the paper away quick and wouldn't let anybody see it but himself.

“What I think Hidey done was claim the kid pick a couple horses Hidey had picked out himself anyways. I got holt of the paper later on, and there was some red marks all right that Jimmy made and they were near a couple horses, but pretty wobbly.

“Just the same, to make a long story short, Hidey ups and bets Vicky on one of the horses, it was in the very first race, and with all the laughing and joking and

ELIZABETHAN TRAGEDY: A FOOTNOTE

That prudent Prince who ends Shakespearean plays
And wanders in to tell us how we wasted time
To hate, or fall in love, or be deranged
Would, three hours earlier, have ruined the play.
And so experience is, after all,
The heart of the matter. Even chatter
And babbling, or scenes in the worst of love affairs,
Like tears or throwing things or being pushed downstairs,
Have value in the long run. Caution has its place.
Premeditation, though, I think, when face to face
With *Sturm und Drang* can never win the race.
Although the Prince is on the angels' side,
What got him there was wholesale homicide.

—Howard Moss

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somebody hollering 'The Boy Handicapper! The Boy Handicapper!'—with all that, about eight of us tag along with one-buck and two-buck bets.

"Well, in all your life you never hear such hollering and yelling like there was an hour later. That was when we had the radio on and the guy gives out the first race. The kid's horse won and paid eleven-seventy. Mamie lifts him out of the crib and dances around with him in her arms although she didn't have a dime on the horse. Hidey goes nuts. The rest of us are yelling 'The Boy Handicapper! The Boy Handicapper!' Vicky had gone out, around picking up bets somewheres.

"Hidey and me took a piece of paper and pencil and figure it out quick. Between all of us, we got a win of something like ninety-two bucks! All on the kid's horse, if you take Hidey's gag for on the level and it *was* the kid's horse! Maybe it was.

"That Mamie is good-hearted," Yanko went on, "but she's no dope. Sometimes a person's good-hearted and you take it for granted they must be a dope. Not Mamie. Because she spoke up just the right time and practically made a speech to everybody. That was when Vicky came in a few minutes later and everybody ganged around him and he paid off one by one. He put on a big show of crybabying about it, but I know bookies well enough—they don't mind a good loud payoff now and then because it keeps the chumps going. No sooner did everybody get their dough than Mamie makes her speech. 'You got to cut Jimmy in on this,' Mamie says. 'You guys think he's a schlemiel or something? He picked the horse, didn't he? Well, then he gets cut in on it,' she says.

"Everybody had a drink and the boss was out, so I set them all up a round, and Mamie explained about the baby carriage. She said the one Jimmy had was a shame and a disgrace. It was only borrowed from somebody. It was a leftover that been kicking around the neighborhood from one poor mother and kid to another poor mother and kid for years. Mamie said she was ashamed every time when she wheeled Jimmy once in a while to the Park and mingled up with the rich kids in their baby carriages that's the last word in baby carriages. She said if we'd cut Jimmy in on what we just win from Vicky, cut him in for half, say, why she would go over the next day and get a carriage. To Fifth Avenue no less. Over and over again, she said it would have to have white-wall tires on it. This white-wall-tires business preys on people's minds. I notice that long ago, about guys buying an automobile, they sometimes rather be sure there's white-wall tires if it's a brand-new car than it should have a good engine in it. The men go nuts on white-wall tires and maybe it spreads to the women, so that Mamie wants white-wall tires on the baby carriage even.

"The upshot was somebody said aw what the hell we didn't have this dough a couple hours ago, and everybody peeled off and gave his share to Mamie out of the win and, bingo, Mamie has forty-six dollars for Jimmy. She beat it with him and the carriage right away, and never showed up until the next morning.

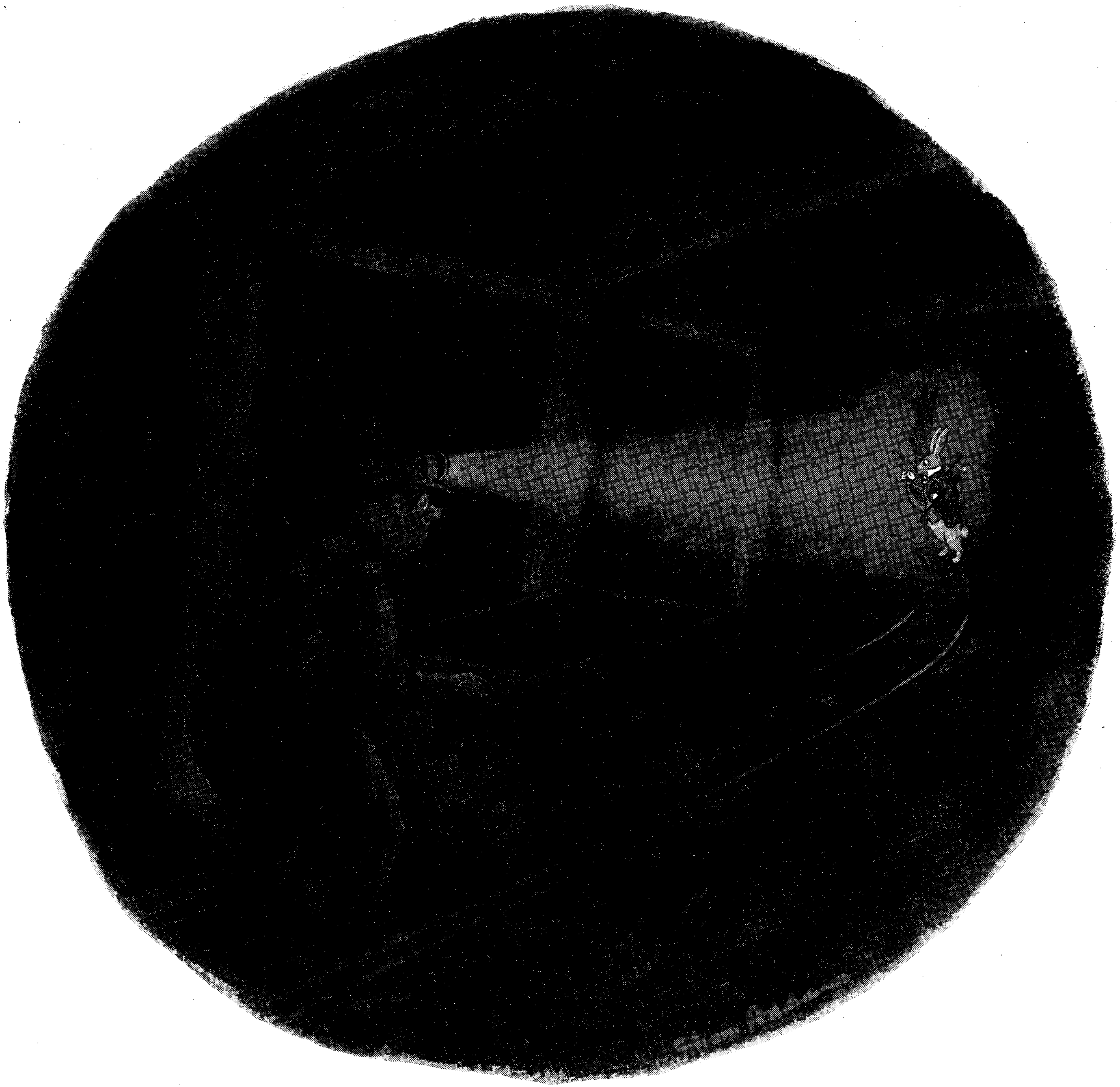
"IT'S surprising how a thing like that will be the talk of the neighborhood. What the Boy Handicapper did was sure the talk that night and next morning, too. When Mamie first come in that next morning, it was nearly noon. Same old baby carriage with Jimmy in it. Another bum day outside and she wheeled Jimmy into the joint.

"Mamie said she didn't get the new carriage yet. I asked her what's the matter, why not. She stalled around and stalled around. 'You didn't lose the dough or anything, did you?' I asked her. 'No, now, what do you think I am, a heel?' she asked me. Then the truth came out. Mamie said the kid needs a lot of things. The white-wall carriage she got her eye on cost forty-two dollars, she said. She asked a woman in the Park, she said, and the woman said forty-two dollars.

"Truth was, Mamie got greedy overnight, like horseplayers always do, only she isn't a horseplayer, she was greedy for the sake of Jimmy and his mother and the soldier over in Korea and one thing and another all strung out. Mamie figured she'd let the kid pick just one more horse that day and put the works on the horse and the kid'd be rich, get everything he needed. I asked her like what did he need. She strung out a lot of stuff. She said a sleeping bag so he couldn't kick the covers off these cold nights, and toys with hammers to hammer down pegs, and a snow suit, and God knows what that the rich kids got. I said to myself, Who knows was Hidey framing up the kid, even if in a nice way, who knows he might pick another and if he did and I stopped Mamie from betting, why she'd have a right to murder me after the horse win. So I said nothing except say O.K., Mamie, have it your own way.

"So Mamie wheeled Jimmy way back in the joint, and she give him the crayon and the *Mirror* with the entries page open and she's back there a long while. Then she come out to me and she was shaking. 'He picked a horse, sure enough,' she says. 'Jimmy picked a horse. Where's Vicky, I'm going to put the forty-six dollars on him and I never bet a horse in my life, God knows one horseplayer in a family is enough.'

"No Vicky. One o'clock, two o'clock, three o'clock, no Vicky. Then he comes in, and everybody waiting for him. He come in holding his hands up in the air like a guy surrendering. It's



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his turn to make a speech, almost like Mamie done, the place those times was speech after speech for a couple days.

"Vicky says he's through. This law they passed in Washington just gone into effect that day, about bookies got to admit they're bookies and pay fifty bucks, and if they admit it somebody might pinch them and they might go to jail for ten years. It is a wacky law, Vicky says and everybody agrees, but his lawyer told him quit bookmaking in so many words. Vicky winds up saying he wouldn't take even a one-dollar bet any more even if the man handed him a note from this here Kefauver saying it was perfectly O.K. to go ahead and take the bet. Mamie told him she was going to bet him forty-six dollars. Vicky says a lot of people were going to bet him this and bet him that, but he was through. 'No bets, no bets, no bets, I don't want jail,' he said. Before, it was illegal and all that, but now it is a case of federal government and the lawyer told him he wouldn't be responsible whatever happened if he took any bets. 'So I can't bet the forty-six dollars?' Mamie asked. Vicky said she couldn't bet four cents far as he was concerned. That's all there was to it.

"Over goes Mamie and buys the baby carriage. Jimmy got it. He don't know how to be proud yet, but Mamie sure does. She can't get to the Park often enough, to make monkeys out of the rich kids in their baby carriages. She washes the white walls on the tires before she goes over. Nothing more happened, except, just for the hell of it, we had the radio turned on for the races that afternoon, even if there was no bets, and Jimmy's horse lost. So he got the carriage and Mamie never lost the dough back. And it all figures out a baby right here on the avenue has a fine baby carriage because the clucks in Washington don't know what they're doing half the time but for once they fixed it, by blind luck, that a baby got the benefit." —JOHN MCNULTY

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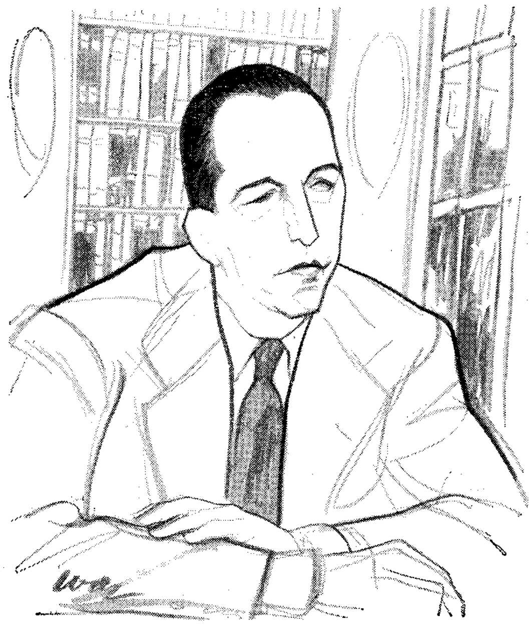
Certainly our program in Europe seems to me far more likely to produce war with Russia than anything we have done in the East. I am only asking for the same policy in the Far East as in Europe.—*From "A Foreign Policy for Americans," by Senator Robert A. Taft.*

Quarrelsome man, this Taft.

PROFILES

WHITE SALES AND ARISTOTLE—I



Richard Weil, Jr.

WHEN, in 1949, at the age of forty-two, Richard Weil, Jr., became president of R. H. Macy's New York store and its four suburban branches, some people were surprised at his getting the job and others at his taking it. Both reactions undoubtedly arose from the fact that even after almost twenty years at Macy's Weil did not then—nor does he now—think, feel, or act like a businessman, or regard himself as one. Writing in the New York *Times* Magazine not long ago, he saw fit to explain that he was addressing his article especially to the American businessman "because I have been and am so closely associated with him." It seems never to have occurred to Weil that he might be one of the breed himself. Strictly speaking, Weil is. One doesn't get to be head of the world's largest department store at forty-two, or at any other age, without having at least a little aptitude for business. Although Weil has, or has had, many extracurricular interests, including fast cars, gambling, philosophy, logic, and parachute jumping, and although he has written one book and read many since he left Yale, without a degree, in 1928, his life has been mostly a matter of white sales, all-wool blankets, executive-committee meetings, and interoffice memoranda, not to mention such esoterica as Q sheets (which show at a glance how well each of the store's departments is carrying its share of the load), LIFO (short for "last in, first out"—a method of taking inventory), and the raising of ten million dollars in cash by the sale of installment accounts receivable to banks.

Nevertheless, there may be something in Weil's feeling that he is not really a businessman. In 1912, Charles Francis Adams wrote this celebrated paragraph on American businessmen:

> Indeed, as I approach the end, I am more than a little puzzled to account for the instances I have seen of business success—money-getting. It comes from a rather low instinct . . . rarely met with in combination with the finer or more interesting traits of character. I have known, and known tolerably well, a good many "successful" men—"big" financially—men famous during the last half-century; and a less interesting crowd I do not care to encounter. Not one that I have ever known would I care to meet again, either in this world or the next; nor is one of them associated in my mind with the idea of humor, thought, or refinement. A set of mere money-getters and traders, they were essentially unattractive and uninteresting . . . a coarse, realistic, bargaining crowd.

As the former president of Jay Gould's Union Pacific system, Adams had had experience; as the brother of Henry and Brooks Adams, he had a standard of comparison. If American business leaders today possess more refinement than their predecessors, they are also, taken as a group, less pungent; Adams might have liked their manners better, but he would probably have considered most of them even less interesting. It cannot be stated positively that he would have found Weil more to his taste than the Gould crowd, but he almost surely would not have found him boring. Weil resembles Adams in being a temperamental aristocrat and a conscious intellectual, and in maintaining a certain detachment from the world of business; both men may be looked upon as sports in a largely undifferentiated species. Business success frequently seems to require the extensive development of a small portion of the personality—what Adams called the low instinct of money-getting—at the expense of the rest; the result is that many of those who achieve it are uncomplicated to the point of dullness. Weil, however, is as complicated and contradictory a character as could be found in the innermost depths of Greenwich Village. He is everything the stereotype of the successful American businessman is not—a passionate theoretician, a cynic, and an individualist. He is neither a joiner nor a good fellow. (His meagre ten-line listing in *Who's Who* mentions no clubs.) Many businessmen like to address meetings, see their names in print, and expand in the balmy air of public ceremonies. Weil almost never makes a speech, never writes for trade papers, is practically unknown to the public, and is content to leave to others such festivities as opening branch stores. It is impossible to imagine him at a convention. Retailers ordinarily tend to avoid taking sides on touchy issues, lest they offend some of their customers, but Weil makes no secret of his politics (New Dealish) and refuses to dodge even on Zionism ("I'm against it"). Many businessmen are so organically merged with their businesses that it is hard to picture them as separate from the economic power they exercise. Weil's relation to Macy's, on the other hand, is more that of the aloof specialist, the technician whose abilities happen to be used in retailing but might just as easily have been applied to teaching philosophy or to writing. The most plausible explanation his friends have put forward to account for his devotion of his talents to Macy's—it is significant that among his friends an explanation is generally felt necessary—is that the fact of success has always meant more to him than the field in which it is achieved, and that he concluded, early in his career, that he had a better chance of becoming president of Macy's than of rivalling Bernard Shaw or Bertrand Russell.

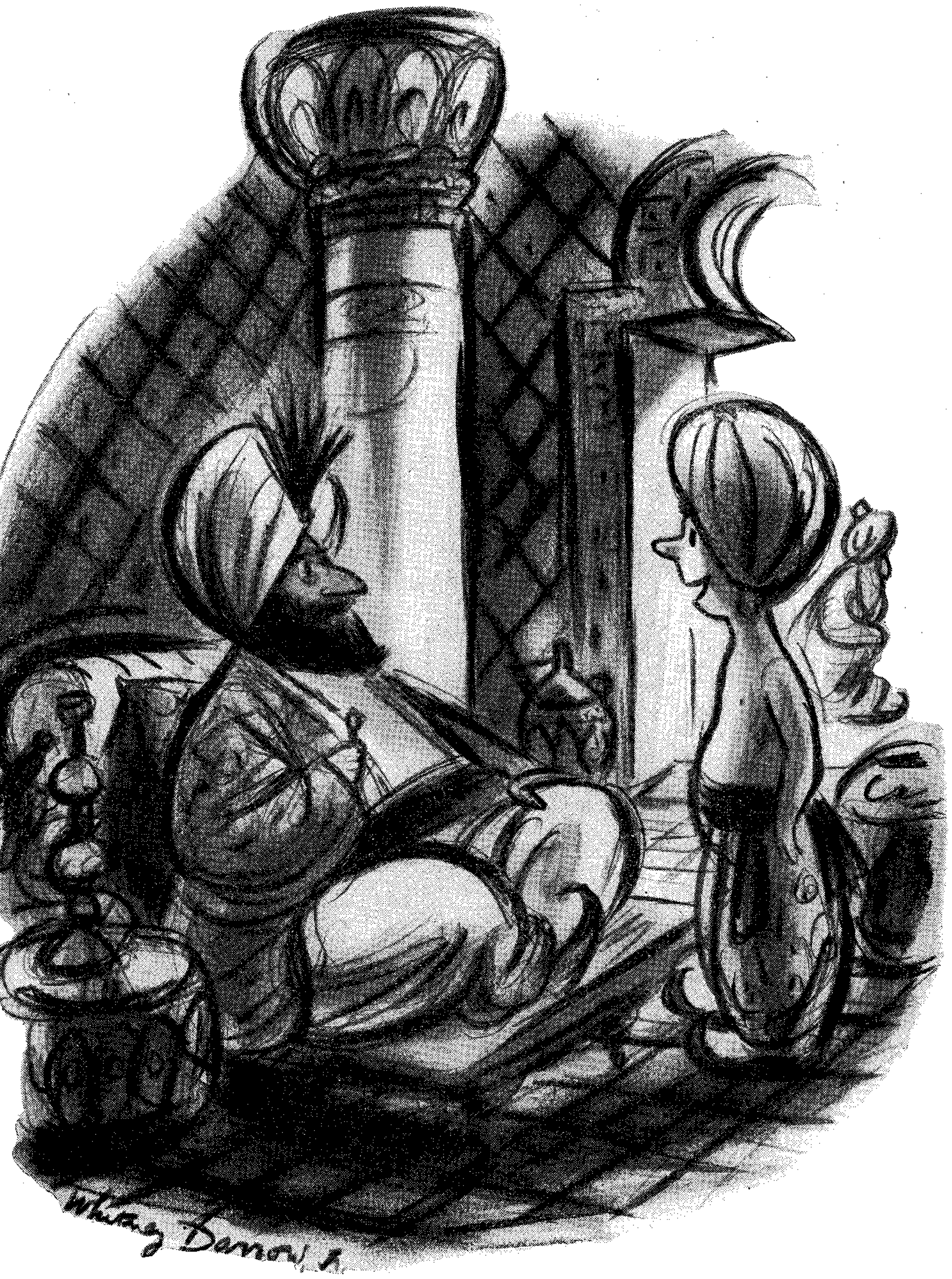
Weil is a member of the ruling dynasty of Macy's—the Strauses. His mother, Minnie Straus, was a daughter of Isidor Straus—the founder of the present Macy's line of the family—and a sister of Jesse, Percy, and Herbert Straus, who made Macy's what it is today. Currently, there are in reality *two* presidents at Macy's, a circumstance that those with only a passing interest in its affairs often find confusing. Weil's cousin, Jack Straus—a son of Jesse, and a jazz pianist whose talent is sufficient to make just about any party he plays at a success—is president of R. H. Macy & Co., Inc., an over-all corporation that controls the whole Macy empire, which extends all the way from the parent store on Herald Square to Macy's San Francisco, and also includes within its orbit L. Bamberger, in Newark; Davison-Paxon, in Atlanta; Lasalle & Koch, in Toledo; and Macy's Kansas City.

Weil is president of Macy's New York, which means that he is responsible for the main store, at Broadway and Thirty-fourth Street, and for its four branches—in Jamaica, Parkchester, Flatbush, and White Plains. The New York store, together with its four satellites, is bigger than all the other Macy-owned stores put together, having rung up fifty-seven per cent of the company's total sales, which in 1950 (the last year for which the figures are complete) amounted to $321,234,000. As matters stand, Jack Straus is head man at Macy's, and Weil ranks next to him, being not only president of Macy's New York but vice-president of the larger concern.

Most people are inclined to attribute Weil's success at Macy's to the circumstance that his mother was a Straus, but he thinks of himself as a self-made man. There is undoubtedly something to be said on both sides. He almost surely would not have joined up with Macy's had it not been for the Straus connection, which also made it unlikely that any ability he had as a retailer would be overlooked. On the other hand, the older Strauses, members of a family of merchants that goes back to pre-Civil War days, never allowed themselves to be swayed beyond a certain point by family sentiment in their conduct of the store, and it may even be that family sentiment worked against Weil, for he was at no time looked upon by any one of his uncles as a favorite nephew.

Small, slim, and tan, with large, dark eyes and a thin mouth, Weil somewhat resembles a very intelligent lizard. He speaks rapidly and frequently, and he is a hard man to interrupt. There is nothing he enjoys more than engaging in an argument, and he rarely emerges from one without the conviction that he has won it. Although he dresses in conventional dark suits and lives a conventional family life in Englewood, New Jersey, with his wife, *née* Allene Hall, and their two children, there is something bizarre, and even a bit raffish, about him. Despite strenuous efforts on his part, an air of conventional respectability remains one of the few things he has been unable to attain. He also has other traits that set him apart from his confreres. He is probably the only businessman in the country who keeps a copy of Jowett's Plato in his office, along with Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason," Russell and Whitehead's "Principia Mathematica," and an eleven-volume edition of the "Summa Theologica" of Saint Thomas Aquinas, to say nothing of the complete works of Balzac and James Branch Cabell. The books are dusty, but they are there. One of his closest friends is Mortimer J. Adler, the metaphysician, whose "How to Read a Book" was followed by a work of Weil's, in the same high-brow know-how tradition, called "The Art of Practical Thinking."

Back in 1941, Weil was deeply enough involved in the General Semantics movement, which concerns itself with the proper evaluation of word meanings, to be listed as a sponsor of its congress that year, along with Adolf Meyer, Bronislaw Malinowski, and Earnest A. Hooton. Shortly before the congress met, he called on Count Alfred Korzybski, the creator of General Semantics. Having just read the Count's formidable nine-hundred-page work "Science and Sanity," in which he summed up his theories, Weil wanted to give the author the benefit of his reactions. "You've written an ingenious and useful book, Mr. Korzybski," he said to the great man. "There are only two things wrong with it. It is written in a style few readers can penetrate, and it pretends to present a non-Aristotelian system of thought when in reality it is essentially Aristotelian." Since Korzybski's chief aim in writing "Science and Sanity" had been to teach people to communicate their thoughts more accurately and since his book was characterized as non-Aristotelian on the title page and frequently thereafter, this was like telling Cardinal Spellman that his religion was fine except that it led to immorality and that the book it was based on was a work of fiction. Weil, however, had not come unequipped with documentation. He displayed a passage from Aristotle that the semanticist's main contention seemed


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

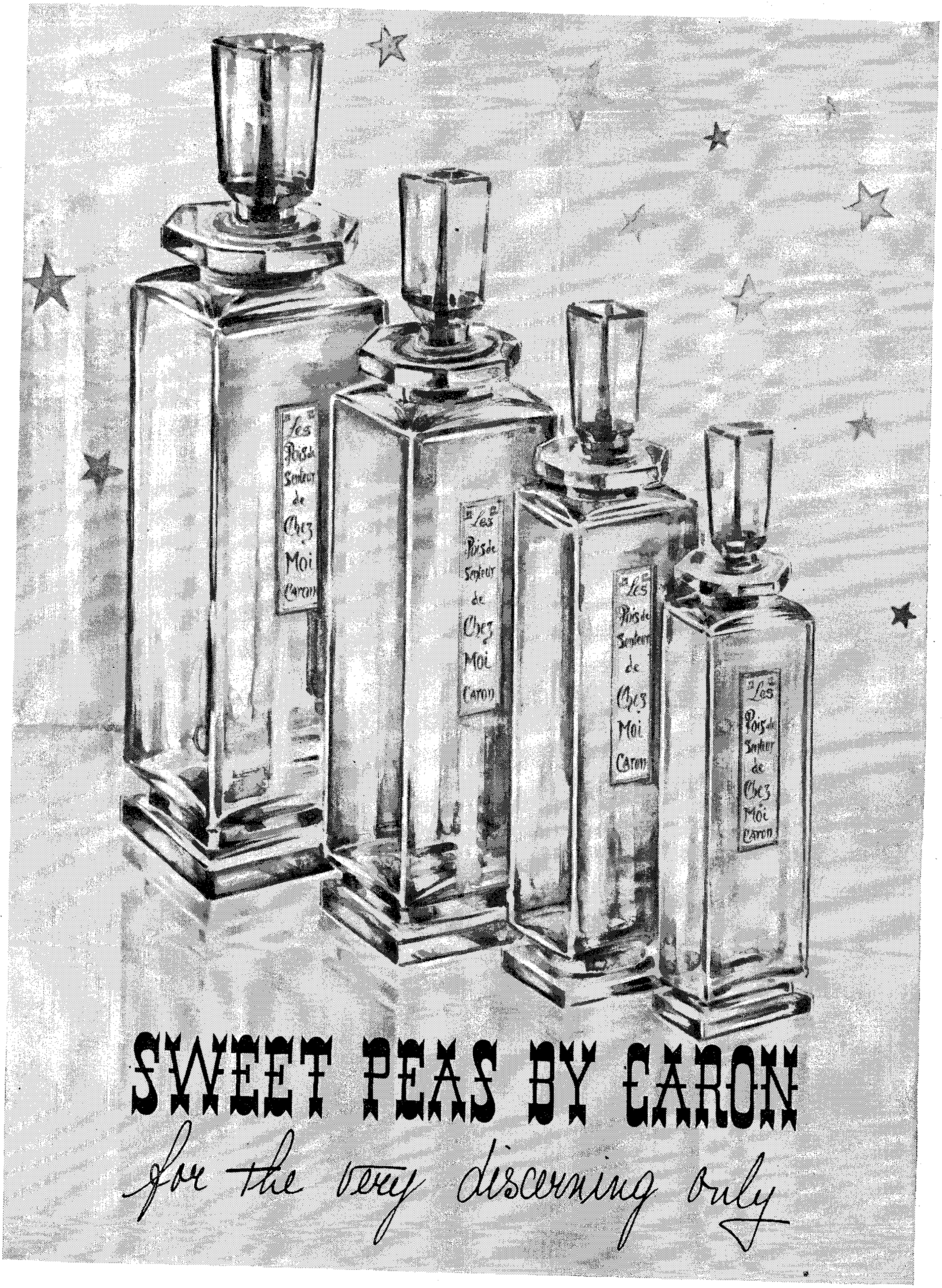
"Dad, can I have the carpet tonight?"

to support; namely, that words are symbols that are commonly confused with the things they stand for. As Weil recalls it, Korzybski conceded that he had a point. "He just hadn't read Aristotle carefully enough," Weil said the other day, sadly but without surprise. He has become accustomed to other people's intellectual shortcomings.

A man who can quote Aristotle to refute Korzybski is bound to stand out rather prominently in the retailing game. Like Beardsley Ruml, who retired from the chairmanship of the board of Macy's shortly after Weil became president—perhaps because no one business could have room for two such articulate theoreticians—Weil conceals neither his confidence in his own thinking nor his doubts about that of other people, especially other retailers. One of his favorite remarks is "Retailing is a backward and disorganized industry." Once, when somebody asked whether he wasn't afraid that his merchandising ideas, which he airs freely in any company, might be stolen, he replied, "It's my job to manufacture ideas. If I can't turn out one or two good new ones every day, I'm a failure." That his ideas seldom win immediate acceptance is a fact of life that he takes philosophically. "Most human beings are at heart conservative," he wrote in "The Art of Practical Thinking." "They prefer the known to the unknown. Any new idea, being at least temporarily in the limbo of the unknown, is suspect. . . . If I introduce what I believe to be a new idea to a group of business people, and it doesn't meet with some substantial resistance, I find myself automatically assuming either that the idea is not new or that it can't be much good."

As might be expected, mention of Weil produces varying emotions in the trade. Some people are impressed by him. "The man's a thinking machine. You can hear the gears clicking," one of his admirers has said, and another, presumably well up on the classics himself, has called him "a terrific Aristotelian." Victor M. Ratner, publicity and advertising director of Macy's New York, who in 1949 left Columbia Broadcasting to join the store, says he made the shift because Weil was the first logical businessman he had ever met. Less enthusiastic fellow-retailers have written Weil off with such remarks as "A lot of lousy theories, that's all there is to him" and "Ideas, ideas all the time. Your head gets tired." Despite the fact that Weil has had more than twenty years of department-store experience, in every kind of job from shoe clerk to president, some of these critics lump him with the long-haired theoreticians and the never-met-a-payroll boys. "When you get a guy as pure in his thinking as Weil, he'll drive some of these fellows nuts," a lukewarm acquaintance of his said not long ago. "Retailing isn't a very theoretical business. But Weil has even tried to make sense out of fashion." Perhaps the general reaction to Weil, however, is one of tolerance touched with hope. "A few years ago, we asked him to try to be a little less academic," one of his associates recalls. "He's really made an effort and improved a lot. He's not nearly as logical as he used to be."

WEIL's passion for abstract thought is one of the few aspects of his personality that are completely clear to any observer. In almost everything else, he suggests the kind of trick picture that used to embellish store windows, changing from Lincoln to Washington to Teddy Roosevelt as one walked by; it all seems to be a matter of what angle he is viewed from. He is hard to pin down even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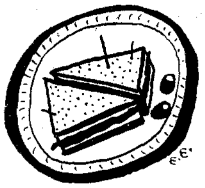
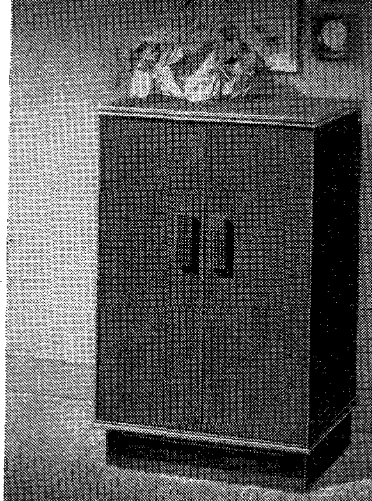
in regard to his name. In school and college, he was known, reasonably, as Dick. But his current friends and business associates use the nickname Bob, which was given him by his sister Evelyn, now Mrs. George Backer, when she was two, for reasons that have since escaped her, and which his family used throughout his childhood. Nor is the "Jr." really accurate, his father having died thirty-five years ago. Weil is lazy. "Bob would like nothing better than to sit around all day with his finger on a buzzer," his sister said recently, adding that, at home, he has been known to ring for the butler when his drink needed ice, rather than walk across the room to a side table. But Weil is also energetic. Even those who do not admire him admit that he drives himself hard in business; during the war, he avoided a desk job and saw some extremely active service with the Office of Strategic Services, in the course of which he parachuted down behind the enemy lines in Yugoslavia. His intellectualism is oddly combined with a passion for action; in spite of a rickety physique, resulting from a mild childhood attack of poliomyelitis and a weak stomach, he has always gone in for a lot of golf, tennis, and swimming. His love of fast driving dates back to his adolescence. When he entered Yale, he bought a ten-year-old Dodge (contrary to the rules of the institution, which forbid students to own automobiles) and, although its gearshift was uproariously defective, regularly whipped past everything else on wheels along the Boston Post Road. Nowadays, on mornings in Englewood when he is late for work, he takes the wheel from his chauffeur and zooms into town. His politics are as split as his personality; he voted for Roosevelt three times (he was overseas in 1944 and didn't get a chance to vote) and for Truman in 1948, but he votes Republican in local New Jersey elections.

By some standards Weil is rich, by others poor. His salary is a hundred and ten thousand dollars a year, but taxes, of course, remove a substantial chunk of it. The remainder, however, is augmented by a not inconsiderable income from his mother's estate. He lives in what is by practically any standard an expensive mansion in an expensive suburb. (His home used to belong to Seward Prosser, of the Bankers Trust Company, and was valued when it was built at three hundred thousand dollars; it is in the suburban-Georgian style, with such regulation equipment as a sunken garden, panelled walls, a custom-built television set, black bathroom fixtures, and a portrait of the present owner by Eugene Speicher.) His vacations are spent in the more luxurious milieus of Florida, Hawaii, Mexico, and Europe. Nonetheless, Weil considers himself a poor relation of the Strauses, which, in fact, he is. His Grandfather Isidor left the store to his three sons and the rest of his estate to his three daughters. Thus, Weil's mother received a comfortable number of golden eggs but her brothers got the goose. Since the goose continued to be very productive, the male Straus line came to live on a ducal scale, while the Weil branch attained only baronial status.



Weil is not a man to submit gracefully—or, indeed, at all—to the role of a poor relation, and the repudiation of that role has been a spur to his career. A classmate of his at Yale recalls that once, during an undergraduate bull session at which plans for the future were being hashed over, Weil said, "One thing I know. I want to be rich." Asked what his idea of "rich" was, he replied, "I don't consider anyone rich who hasn't at least five million dollars." By this measuring stick, he is still a poor man, and will probably die one. The very intensity of his desire to be five times a millionaire has tended to defeat its realization. Recognizing that the chances of his becoming a really rich man were slim, he early decided he could at any rate live like one. In 1935, when he got married, he was still far down on the Macy ladder, but he took his bride on a rich man's honeymoon abroad that included a junket to Egypt, where they surrounded themselves with camel trains, feluccas, and other costly local accoutrements. His Englewood estate is the kind that a man with five million dollars might be expected to have, but at the time Weil bought it, in 1942, he was making less than he is now; when he concluded his two years' service in the Army, most of it on a major's pay, he added a tennis court and a swimming pool. One summer, he chartered a yacht, with captain and crew, and cruised opulently around Long Island Sound. It was worth it, if only for the day Uncle Percy came aboard; Uncle Percy had never felt he could afford a yacht.

As an executive, Weil also shows himself to be contradictory, combining the outlook of Louis XIV with the manners of Andrew Jackson. He delights in authority, and does not con-



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ceal the enjoyment he derives from his role as president of Macy's New York. Most businesses are run with some pretense of democracy at the top levels, but Weil opened his first executive meeting by saying, "I want to hear anything anybody has to say. We will discuss it thoroughly and freely. But when it comes to making the final decision, don't forget that I have one more vote than all the rest of you put together." While he is willing to listen patiently to other people's views, and has even been known to be influenced by them, he cannot get over a prejudice in favor of logic. Since he rarely encounters anyone he considers better equipped than himself with this faculty, his decisions have a kind of purity about them, being uncontaminated by the compromises that dilute the decisions of most executives. The results are sometimes recognized as brilliant, sometimes not, but they are always acknowledged to be interesting.

Weil's Jacksonian side can best be understood in terms of the world he lives in. Department-store manners all along the line are at once bad and democratic, like Jackson's. Retailers are as given to derogatory rudeness as Hollywood producers are to hyperbolic praise. When a producer says "It's colossal" and a retailer says "It stinks," they both are likely to mean the same thing—"It's fair." Retailers doubtless adopt this style of speech because they think of themselves essentially as buyers, and in an environment where salesmanship is highly developed, the buyer must build up a protective rudeness if he is to survive. A polite buyer would soon find his shelves loaded with unsalable merchandise. Furthermore, the tempo of mercantile life is so rapid that there is simply no time for courtesy. The essence of department-store operation, even in the rarefied upper regions, where linoleum and stenographers give way to carpets and private secretaries, is a hurried dealing with innumerable details. A sixty-thousand-dollar-a-year vice-president will argue with a sixty-dollar-a-week layout man about whether all caps or all lower case should be used in a display headline; a buyer who spends millions on dresses will confer with a salesgirl about whether a bow should be put in front or in back. The sum of such trivia, which must be decided one way or the other within hours and often within minutes, makes the difference between profit and loss. In an atmosphere like this, human relations become as impolite as they are incessant.

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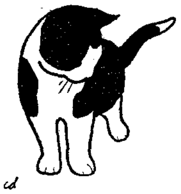
Weil is notably informal. He will talk with almost anyone who wants to see him—a copy writer who feels a buyer has sabotaged his efforts, a minor executive with a new idea for improving elevator service, a union leader who feels he has been given a run-around in his efforts to obtain justice for a stock clerk. Weil tries to get away from his desk for an hour or two every day to accompany buyers on their calls on manufacturers or to do some selling on the floor. He never actually completes a sale, because he isn't a member of the salespeople's union, but he does wait on customers. He has been identified just once while serving in this capacity, and then only when a man he was helping to pick out a winter suit at length decided to bring his wife in later to look at his selection, and asked Weil for his card. Weil explained that he wasn't regularly stationed in that department, really, and offered to get another clerk. The customer objected; since they had spent so much time together, he argued, and Weil knew just the kind of thing he was looking for, why bring in an uninformed stranger? Weil felt obliged to give him his card, which the customer read with little interest—so little, indeed, that, as far as Weil has been able to determine, he never came back. Sometimes customers infuriate Weil by a mulish refusal to buy. Not long ago, he struggled fruitlessly for half an hour to sell a woman a blanket, and then, as she ambled off down the aisle, he turned to a salesman and exclaimed, "These damn customers! I couldn't even have got her to take it free!"



THE awful eminence, as Princes of the Blood, that four generations as overlords of Macy's have conferred upon the Strauses strikes Weil as more comic than anything else. No matter what his attitude, however, there is no denying the fact that the Strauses are to Macy's what the Hapsburgs were to the Holy Roman Empire. The patriarch of this distinguished mercantile family was a well-to-do German-Jewish grain trader named Lazarus Straus, who, in 1852, emigrated to the United States—one of the many liberals who left the fatherland after the failure of the Revolution of 1848. He was followed two years later by his wife, their four children—Isidor, Nathan, Oscar Solomon, and Hermina—and, settling in Talbotton, Georgia, opened a general store, which did very well for a while. Then came the Civil War. When it was over, Lazarus felt that his prospects would be much better in the North, so he moved his family to New York City. Here he and Isidor opened a wholesale chinaware firm, called L. Straus & Son, on Chambers Street, where they were later joined by the two other sons, at which point the name was changed to L. Straus & Sons. The business prospered, and in 1874 the Strauses began looking around for a retail outlet. This led them to Rowland H. Macy, a former seafaring man from Nantucket, who, after several not very successful efforts to establish drygoods stores in other parts of the country, had come to New York in 1858 and founded one at Sixth Avenue and Fourteenth Street, which he named for himself and which soon made him wealthy. By the time the Strauses went to see him, Macy had set about expanding the range of his wares, thereby creating a real department store—perhaps the first full-blown example of the species. The upshot of the Macy-Straus meeting was that a china department was opened in the basement of the store, with silver added as a sideline, the merchandise being supplied by the Strauses and sold by Macy clerks, the profits being split fifty-fifty. Macy died in 1877, leaving the store to a trusted employee, who soon decided he wasn't up to operating it alone and brought in a succession of partners, one of whom, Charles B. Webster, was a distant cousin of Rowland Macy. As the years passed, the Strauses' china and silverware became one of the big attractions of Macy's. Lazarus gradually retired, and the sons began investing in the store; in 1888 they collectively became a partner in it, as L. Straus & Sons. In 1896, Webster, who was by then, except for L. Straus & Sons, the sole partner, was bought out by Isidor and Nathan; Oscar had gone into politics. (Oscar was twice Minister and once Ambassador to Turkey, served as Theodore Roosevelt's Secretary of Commerce and Labor, was a member of the Permanent Court of Arbitration at The Hague, and played a minor part in drafting the Versailles Treaty. Neither he nor any of his descendants, one of whom, Roger Straus, married a Guggenheim and is chairman of American Smelting & Refining, has ever had any active connection with Macy's.)

Lazarus Straus died in 1898. Isidor and Nathan continued to run the store, with the help of Isidor's three sons—Jesse, Percy, and Herbert—and in 1902

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moved north to the present Herald Square site. In 1912, Isidor and his wife, Ida, went down on the Titanic, after the aged man refused to enter a lifeboat ahead of women and children, and his wife chose to stay by his side. Isidor's death caused a crisis at Macy's. Friction developed between his three sons and their Uncle Nathan, who had two sons of his own—Hugh Grant Straus and Nathan Straus, Jr. One source of difficulty was that while Nathan's nephews by then had had, among them, a total of forty years' experience in the store, his sons, who were much younger, had only just begun to work there. Readiness to yield never having been a conspicuous Straus trait, the situation became very unpleasant. Within two years of Isidor's death, however, Nathan did yield, selling out to his three nephews, who became the sole owners of Macy's.

Once the family dispute was straightened out, Isidor's sons set about building up the store to its present mammoth proportions. Herbert allowed himself to be sidetracked a considerable distance into political and cultural activities, but, except for Jesse's spending his declining years as Ambassador to France under Roosevelt and Percy's assembling of an art collection, which he ultimately gave to the Houston Museum of Fine Arts, the two other brothers devoted themselves single-mindedly to the family enterprise. Under Mr. Jesse and Mr. Percy, as the legendary pair were almost universally known, Macy's became the world's largest store. Its statistical wonders are often rehearsed—150,000 shoppers entering its doors on an average day, 400,000 different articles in stock, 45,000,000 transactions a year, 12,000 employees (more than twice as many as any other store in the city), the world's biggest drugstore, the world's biggest commercial telephone exchange, merchandise ranging from a toothpick to a house or a sailboat and from a penny pen nib to a sixty-five-thousand-dollar diamond solitaire ring, and so on and on. Macy's is so much bigger than all other stores that it cannot sensibly be compared with any of them. A department store doing fifty million dollars' worth of business a year is in the giant class. Macy's New York, together with its suburban branches, sells around a hundred and ninety million dollars' worth of goods a year, more than twice as much as Gimbel's, its largest Manhattan competitor.

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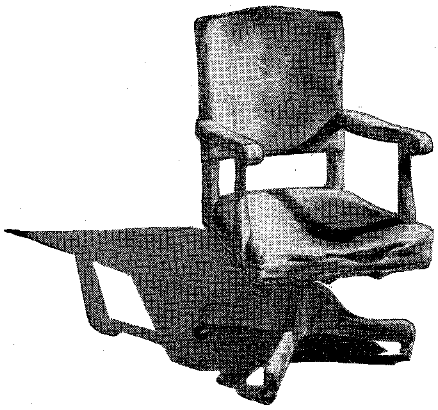

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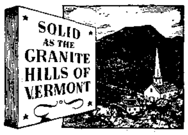
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began selling the company's stock to the public in 1922, and today the combined family holdings are less than twenty per cent of the total. But the family still retains working control, and it still runs the company. Herbert Straus died in 1933, Jesse in 1936, and Percy in 1944. Their successor is Jack Straus, Jesse's son. He seems to enjoy the confidence of the stockholders, for at their annual meeting in 1948 they roundly defeated a resolution to place a maximum limit of seventy-five thousand dollars on executive salaries. Besides Jack Straus and Weil, there are four other Straus descendants currently working at Macy's. They are Herbert's two sons, Edward Kuhn Straus, who is vice-president in charge of corporate buying, and John Straus, who is drug buyer; Gerald Levy, whose mother is Jesse's daughter, and who is assistant radio and TV buyer; and Jack's son Kenneth, who is buyer of large toys and the first fourth-generation Straus to turn up in Macy's.

THE second of three children, Weil took his place on the outer fringes of the Straus hierarchy on December 5, 1907, in New York City. (In addition to his sister, he has a brother, Peter, an employee of the Du Mont Laboratories' Research Division, in Passaic.) His mother, Minnie Straus, had married a handsome, intelligent, and not at all well-to-do young doctor. Her brothers were not elated by the match, but their disapproval made little impression on Minnie, who, right up to her death, in 1940, was an exceptionally imperious and outspoken woman. (It has made more impression on Weil. He is inclined to identify himself with his father, rather than with his mother and the rest of the Strauses, and, in the opinion of at least one friend, he feels his success at Macy's is in a way a vindication of his father.) The senior Richard Weil was a man of personal and professional distinction; there are still doctors around town who remember him with admiration. A Columbia graduate, he was one of the early students of cancer; he helped found the American Association for Cancer Research, and he was the first editor of its official publication, the *Journal of Cancer Research.* After some years on the staff of General Memorial Hospital, in New York City, he became professor of experimental medicine at Cornell. In 1917, he volunteered for service and was commissioned in the Army. Put in charge of the base hospital at Camp Wheeler, near Macon, Georgia, he died there of pneumonia in the fall of that year.

Except for the attack of polio, which occurred the year before his father died, Weil's boyhood was uneventful. It was also sheltered. "He's one of the silver-spoon boys," a rival retailer once said. "How can he know anything about ordinary people, the kind that come into his store, when he's never been up against ordinary problems like money? He tries to make up for it with logic, but there's always a gap. Why, he'll go into his advertising department and ask some poor bastard of a layout man, 'What's the general theory behind this page?' So you get theories, yet, for seventy-five a week? It's like a very bright Frenchman comes over here, there's things—very simple little things all of us take for granted—that he just doesn't know about and that are always throwing him off." Young Weil attended, successively, three private schools—Cutler, Riverdale, and Hotchkiss. Summers he spent mostly in Europe; by the time he entered Hotchkiss, he knew the Continent as well as most of his classmates knew Gloucester or the Adirondacks. Hotchkiss in the early twenties, when Weil was there, was a much "stricter" school than it is at present. The younger boys were ground down by the older ones in the most genteel British tradition, being required to call them "sir," to submit to cellar inquisitions conducted with wet towels, to walk with one shoulder rubbing the wall, and to abase themselves in general. Weil was no better at self-depreciation then than he is now, according to a classmate of his, who remembers him as being not only smarter than most of the older boys but, though small and frail, quite willing to say so. Weil's popularity, it seems, was therefore only moderate; in some circles he was known as the Rat. For all that, Hotchkiss proved to be one of the most enjoyable periods of his life. He got high marks easily, made the glee and mandolin clubs, became first a prolific contributor to and then editor of the school magazine, and, with characteristic disregard for the limitations of his physique, played hockey so violently that he had to spend a good part of one school year in Florida nursing a leg injury. Above all, it was Hotchkiss, which at the time had what was widely recognized as an excellent faculty, that first aroused his interest in books and ideas. His son, Richard Weil III, is now at Hotchkiss, where he is gregarious and popular, resembling Richard, Jr., only in his ability to get good marks without hard study.

Weil went to Yale partly because most of his Hotchkiss friends were going there and partly because his uncles had all gone to Harvard. He entered with the class of 1929. His college career was short, distressing, and, ultimately, catastrophic. At the outset, he developed a stomach ulcer, and was ill so much of the time that he was obliged to repeat his freshman year. Then, becoming familiar with the life of the college, he found himself depressed by what he felt was its low intellectual content, in comparison with the fairly serious atmosphere at Hotchkiss. “Yale was a cultural shambles,” he says. The only course he recalls at all was Dr. Robert Dudley French’s Chaucer, and he recalls that as mediocre. He studied little, dividing the greater part of his time between the kind of *fin-de-siècle* aestheticism that was then fashionable in undergraduate circles and less, or possibly more, innocent forms of dissipation—outings involving hip flasks and young ladies in fast automobiles. One day when he had come to New York, in full flight from textbooks, he happened into the Phoenix Book Shop, which Ralph Allan, an authority on first editions, was then running on East Forty-ninth Street, and struck up a conversation with the proprietor. The two became friendly, and under Allan’s tutelage Weil began buying books of another sort—Wilde, Joyce, Arthur Machen, and especially James Branch Cabell, of whose first editions, letters, and manuscripts he gradually assembled what is probably the biggest private collection in the country. He also got from Allan, for nothing, some good advice about his relations with other people. Allan had not known Weil very long when he perceived that the young man was in the habit of getting into a row whenever he had any dealings with a waiter, a taxi-driver, a Dean, or any of the other functionaries who were, unfortunately, necessary to his way of life; in fact, it seemed to Allan that Weil went out of his way to be arrogant toward anyone who didn’t happen to be a Straus—and toward more than one person who did happen to be a Straus, for that matter. Realizing that Weil was troubled by an awareness of being far from popular with his classmates and that he was casting about for a means of remedying the situation, Allan suggested that he try being more polite. This had apparently never occurred to the youth, and he commenced making strenuous

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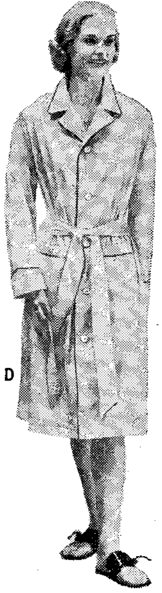

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efforts to give himself at least a veneer of civility. "The experiment is almost slaying me," he wrote to Allan from college. "Never have I been so pleasant toward my particular dislikes."

Some of Weil's difficulties with people were generic, rather than personal. "Every time I sit down to write, some well-intentioned ass comes in to keep me company," he complained in another letter, after his experiment was well under way. Despite these annoying visits, however, he managed not only to finish his letters but to produce a number of pieces for the *Lit.* His most ingenious effort was also his first one—a poem of four stanzas called "Violin," which came out in the October, 1925, issue. The first stanza set the mood:

> Phantom fingers,
> Fairy lilts,
> Much that lingers,
> Much that wilts.

The second and third stanzas advanced matters little further, and the final stanza was a repetition of the first, except that the author intensified the tone of elegant *Weltschmerz* by changing the word "much" to "more" in the last line. The *Lit.* also published a short story by Weil in the ripest Cabell manner. ("Shall we somnambulate easily into the library?") The big Weil issue of the *Lit.* was that of December, 1927, which carried a five-page poem, entitled "Symphony," under his name. Unbuttoning his vest and drawing a deep breath, he sailed in:

> Lo, in the rolling corridors of time
> Flung from a fragment of infinity...
> Before the massive golden-brassy gate
> Of final destiny, I stand—and knock.

"I don't know how I'm going to stick it out here another year," Weil wrote to a friend when he had been a sophomore a couple of months, and added, "*Quelle vie!*" That March, the matter was taken out of his hands; he was expelled. With a classmate, and against the rules, he had rented a car (his Dodge had finally collapsed) and driven to a roadhouse, accompanied by a couple of girls. On the way back, the foursome became involved in an accident, which got into the papers. The accident not only ended Weil's college career but very nearly ended his life. He came to alone in the car, dazed and bleeding; his companions had decamped and thumbed a ride back to New Haven. Weil staggered down the road and into the nearest lighted building. There he was vaguely puzzled when a man in a white coat appeared, placed him on a wheeled table, and, despite his protests, began stitching up his face, without administering an anesthetic. The next day, Weil discovered that he had wandered into the Milford Hospital and that the man in the white coat was a well-known New York surgeon who, for reasons of health, had recently moved to Connecticut. The surgeon had done an extremely skillful job, and had forgone an anesthetic because anesthetics are dangerous to use in cases of brain concussion and he suspected—rightly, it turned out—that a brain concussion was what the young man had.

WEIL'S expulsion from Yale was quite a shock to him, and it was an even greater one to his mother and his uncles. They felt it typed him as a playboy, unable to work up even the mild amount of seriousness required to obtain a Yale B.A. This impression was strengthened when, a month later, he went abroad, for he at once got into more trouble, mostly because of a persistent overestimation of his ability to play *chemin de fer*, at which he was rapidly cleaned out. "I thought he was a total loss," one high Macy executive says. Upon his return home, in the late spring of 1928, his uncles, after conferring sympathetically with their sister Minnie, decided to be generous and offer him a place as a learner on the store's Executive Training Squad. Uncle Percy, who wore pince-nez and was the most implacably businesslike of the three brothers, conducted the classic family interview.

UNCLE PERCY: "We have decided, Bob, that you can come into the store."

WEIL: "I don't think I want to."

UNCLE PERCY: "What's that?"

WEIL: "I don't want to. I want to write. That interests me more than business."

Finally, Weil agreed to give the store a year's trial, provided that if, at the end of that time, he still didn't like it, his mother would finance the start of a literary career for him. "After that, I was hooked," Weil says. "I never did get out."

Following a few months as a learner, Weil, working in first one department of the store and then another, began an energetic climb up the Macy ladder, eventually becoming head of the complaint department. In 1936, he was transferred to Bamberger's, the Macy-owned store in Newark, and three years later became its president. His tenure of that office was brief, however, for he resigned to accept a commission as a captain in the Army shortly after the United States entered the war. Returning home in April, 1945, he thought for a while of going into some branch of government intelligence service, but by the end of that year he was back in the family workshop, this time as vice-president of R. H. Macy & Co. For the next three years, he, Jack Straus, and the chairman of the executive committee, Edwin I. Marks, who over a long period was the most important non-Straus figure at Macy's, headed up the New York store. It was not a very happy arrangement for either Weil or those he came into contact with. He operates best when he is running his own show; any diversion, division, or diminution of authority makes him jumpy. He has been much easier to get along with since, in June, 1949, the New York store was made a separate Macy entity with himself as president. It was an organizational change that had been proposed by Weil himself, shortly after he got out of the Army. "I can suggest this because I definitely don't want the job," he told a meeting of the Macy Board of Directors at the time. "I've run a big store and I definitely don't want to repeat it all over again. So I hereby disqualify myself." The predictable result was that, when the change was made, Weil was offered, and accepted, the job.

—DWIGHT MACDONALD

(*This is the first of two articles on Mr. Weil.*)

•

WHAT PUBLICATION D'YA READ?

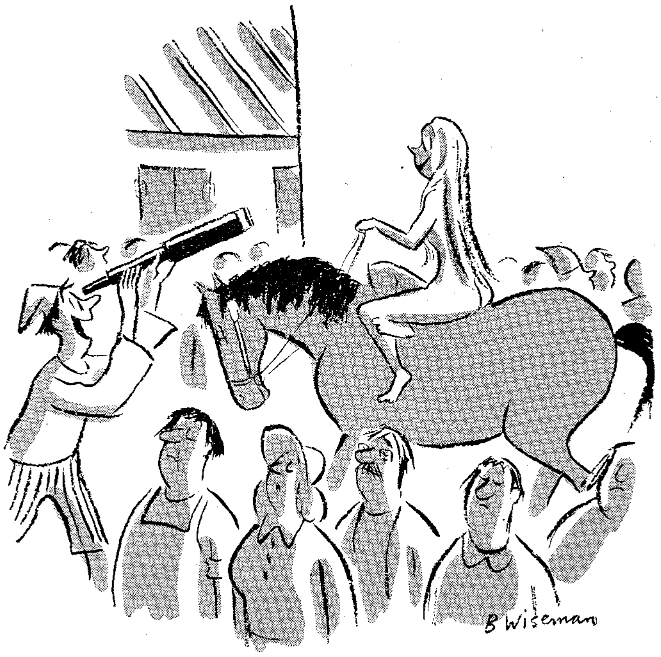
Igloo life is simple but not monotonous. Besides his Bible the Eastern Arctic Eskimo I met enjoys a series of parlor games. He is a first-rate checker player and he gambles at the most ungodly form of rummy with .22 shells as stakes.—*Science Digest for January, 1952.*

GAMBLING DEPT.: In doing research on his gambling series, Pulitzer Prize winner Mike Berger heard that Eskimos don't gamble. For verification he telephoned Vilhjalmur Stefansson, the Arctic explorer, who confirmed it. Eskimos don't gamble, he explained, because their simple needs are primary ones. "An Eskimo wouldn't care for diamonds," he said. "If you lived amid ice, you wouldn't care for diamonds either. Jades, yes; diamonds, no."—*Leonard Lyons in the Post, December 13, 1951.*

•

"My nudes are artistic," she exclaimed. "Not immoral. I never paint something where a girl might be deliberately taking her clothes off, as in burlesque. You, the viewer, are merely a little mouse peeking in on the nude when she doesn't know it."
—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

O.K., we're ready if you are.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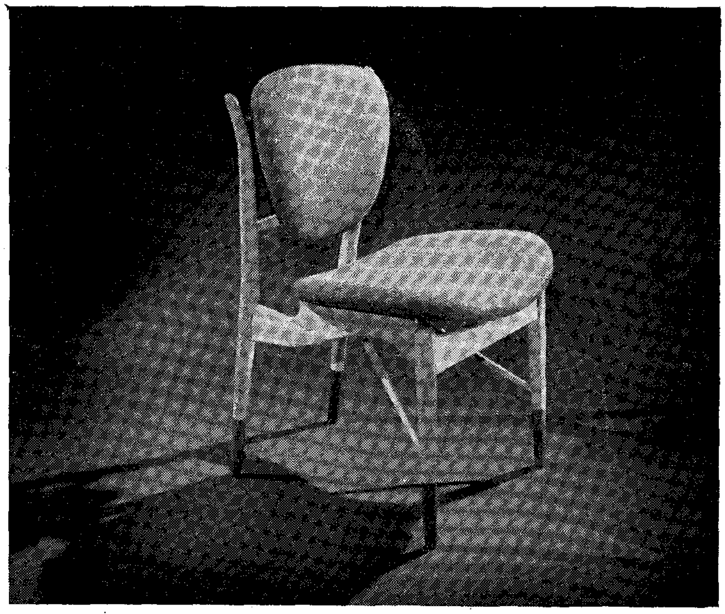
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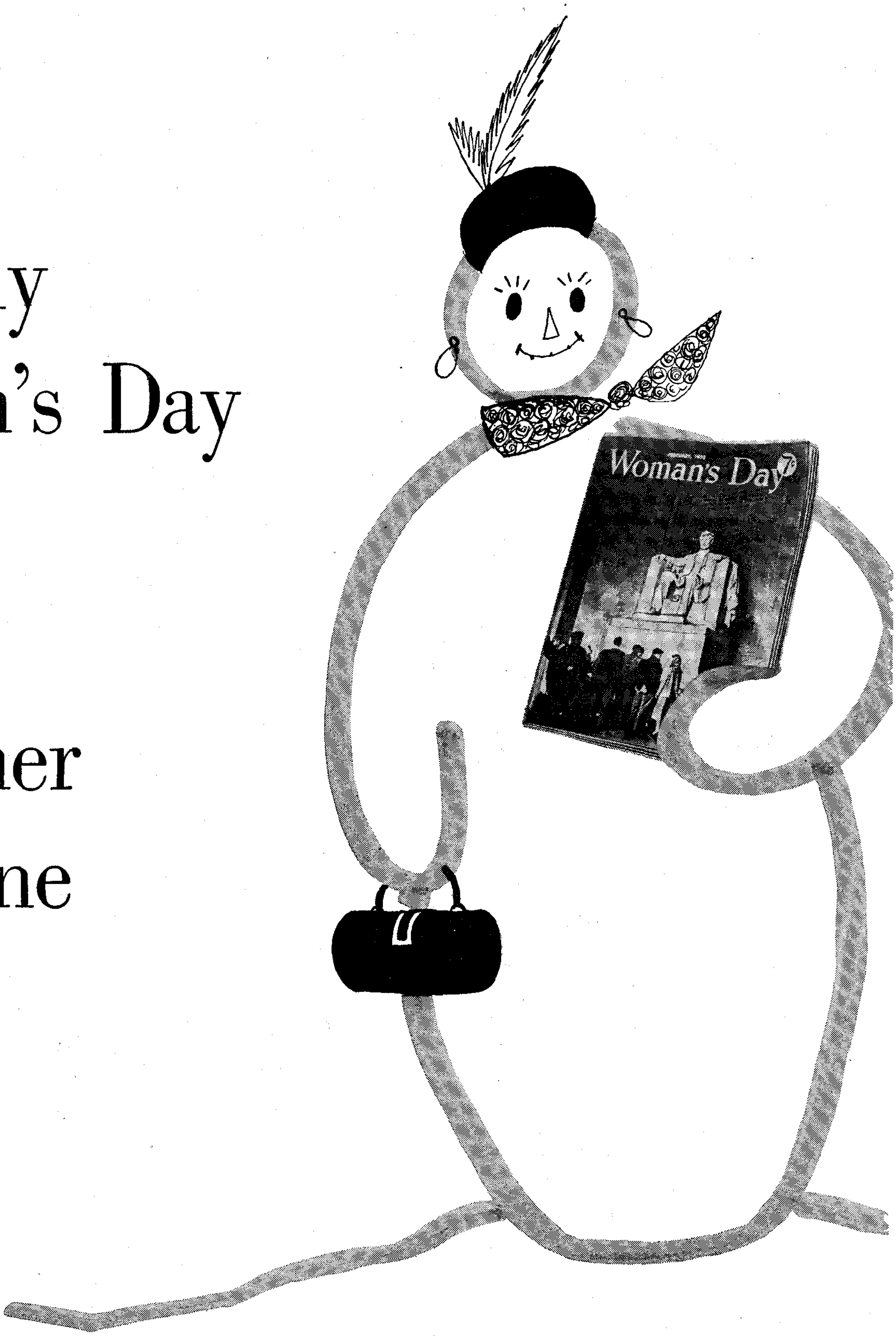

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THE THEATRE

TWO FROM WAY BACK

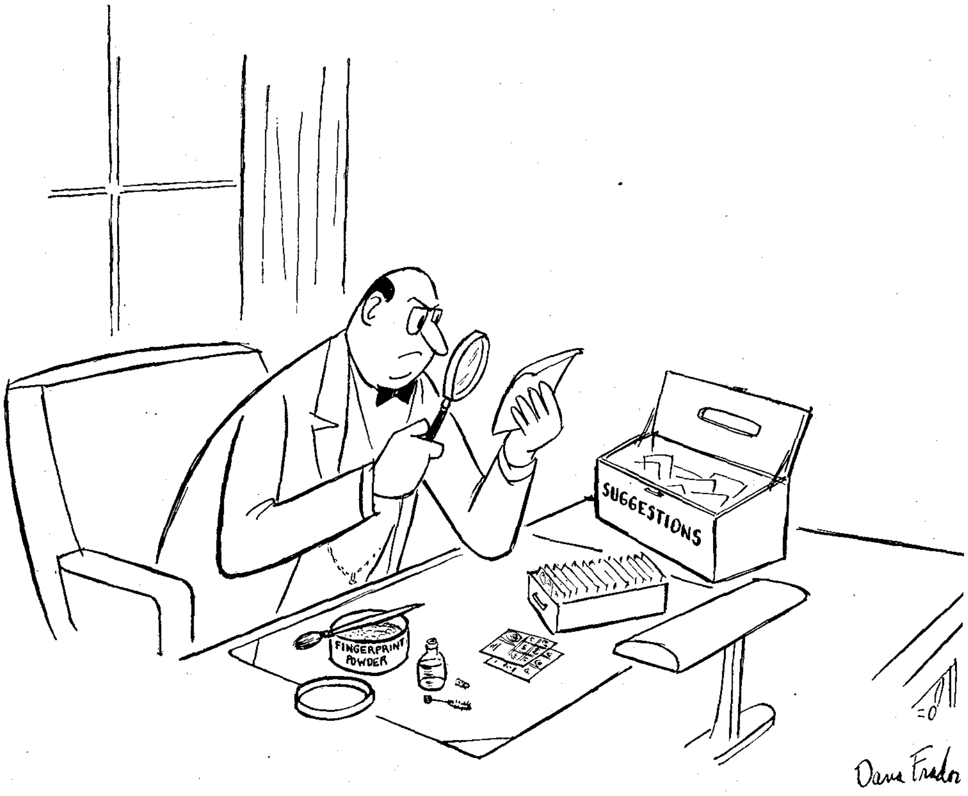
Eugene O'Neill's "Anna Christie," which was first produced here in 1921, with Pauline Lord in the title role, and was subsequently seen as two moving pictures—a silent version, with Blanche Sweet, in 1923, and the famous talking one, starring Greta Garbo, in 1930—is now available at the Lyceum, having been transferred there after a limited run at the City Center. The play is, I think, one of the most engagingly absurd works in the English language. Its central character, as you can hardly help knowing, is an ex-prostitute who meets a shipwrecked young stoker aboard her father's barge, moored off a Provincetown dock, and experiences true love for the first time in her life. The reasons Anna got the way she was before love caught up with her are that several members of her family were victims of marine disasters of one kind or another, that her mother had died, and that her father was a seafaring man with little or no grasp of his domestic obligations. It is this man's habit to blame everything on "dat ole davil sea," a phrase that Mr. O'Neill characteristically repeats as relentlessly as a commercial on the radio. In the end, her parent and her lover sign on for a trip to South Africa, committing themselves again, of course, to the mercies of the sea, and Anna is preparing to make a home for them if and when they get back.

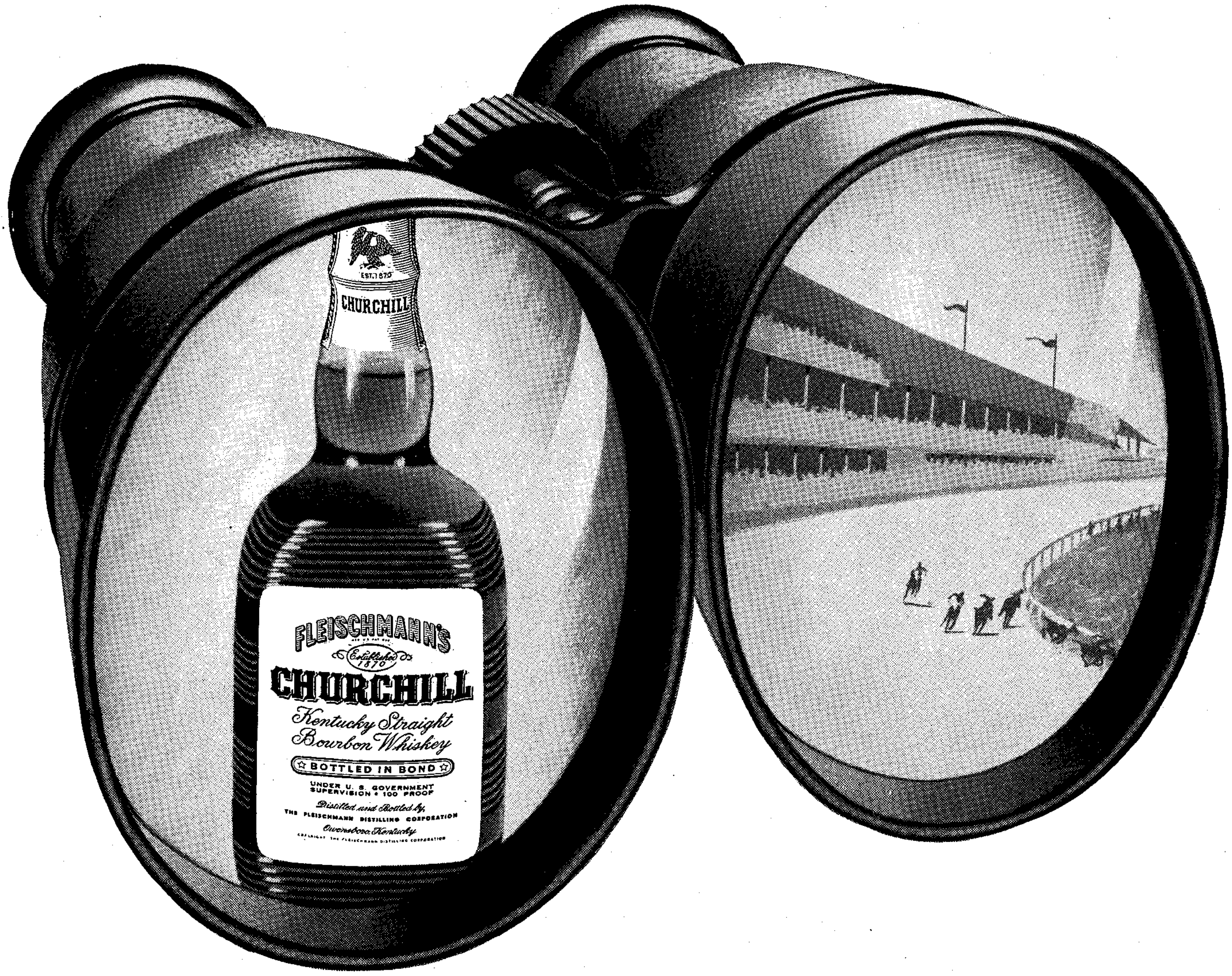
My opinion of this exercise isn't, unfortunately, very high, since the content of clichés, like the harlot who abominates her trade, and the quota of literary mysticism, like man's helplessness against elemental forces, both seem a little too much to take, but I don't think there can be any question that it is still reasonably effective theatrically, at least on a primary level.

The actress who plays Anna is obviously the focal point in the proceedings, and I'm afraid it isn't possible to take Celeste Holm quite seriously in this part. Miss Holm, who graduated some years ago from "Oklahoma!" and more recently from a species of entertainment called "Affairs of State," is a handsome and accomplished comedienne, but it is clear that she isn't capable of achieving the dissolute and contemptuous air, the gravelly voice, and that terrible suggestion of weariness with the world that both Miss Lord and Miss Garbo managed so magnificently—or, in short, of giving the impression that she is a girl who has lived a tough life and doesn't care much who knows it. The script imposes certain errors of grammar and indelicacies of expression on her, but it is often hard to believe that she isn't actually just a rather lively alumna of Bryn Mawr showing off for the boys. This effect is heightened by the fact that her physical appearance, and especially the precision of her hairdo, is on the whole far better suited to a dormitory than a barge. Miss Holm is principally supported by Art Smith, as her ole davil father; Kevin McCarthy, as her Irish lover, whose accent was frequently impenetrable to me; and Grace Valentine, who gives, I should say, the best performance of the evening, as a waterfront harridan. "Anna Christie" was directed by Michael Gordon and the settings were designed by Emeline Roche. Both their contributions were, I suspect, somewhat more tidy and polite than anything that the author had in mind.

"Come of Age," at the City Center, is a play with incidental music, having something to do with the supernatural return of Thomas Chatterton—as the result of a deal with an offstage character billed as A Shadow of Death—to modern London, where he takes up the composition of songs for popular revues and also contracts an alliance with a woman who might easily be his mother. This job, written by Clemence Dane and first offered here in 1934, is composed mainly of rhymed couplets that made my head hurt mildly and of a score by Richard Addinsell that struck me as much too good for the context in which it found itself. It stars, as it did before, Judith Anderson, who has announced publicly that it is one of her favorite plays in all the world. This opinion, eccentric at least to me, can be laid either to Miss Anderson's limitations as a judge of the drama or to the fact that Miss Dane has contrived a part that allows the leading lady to display a range of emotion that might have taxed Bernhardt or Duse—though not, in my private belief, very much.

The first scene is concerned with Chatterton's suicide in 1770, when he was a boy of seventeen and not, as yet, generally esteemed as a poet, and with his bargain with Death to return to life in a century or two, when, conceivably, the arts might be looking up. Lacking the presence of Miss Anderson, this in-

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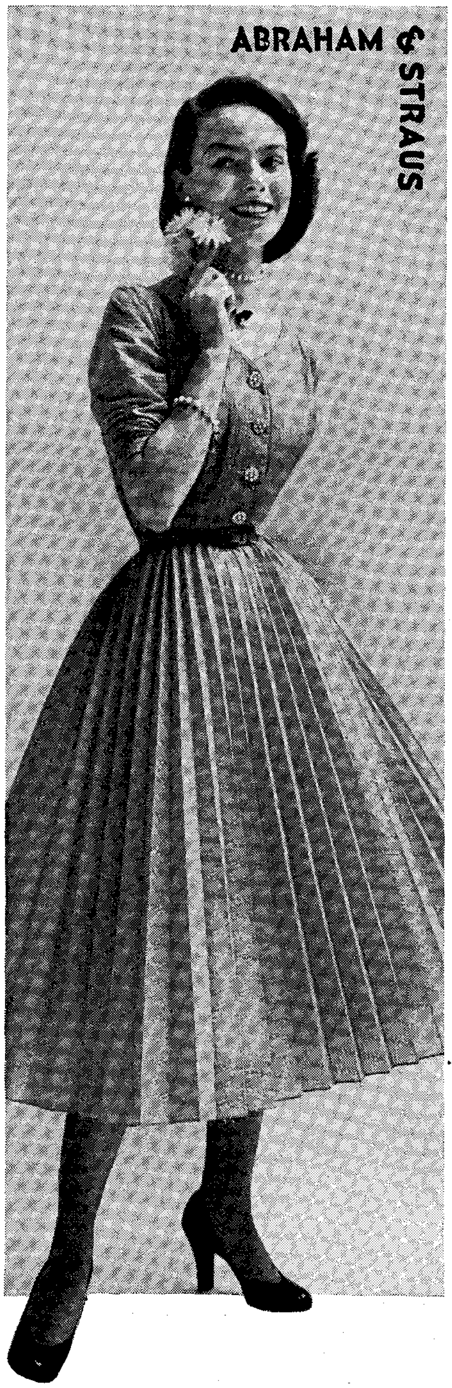

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terlude doesn't amount to much, demonstrating, if anything, that it is unwise for an author or an actor to get out over his head. Things pick up a bit in twentieth-century London, when the poet meets his patroness, who lives in a state of considerable grandeur (the huge stage at the City Center makes anything but grandeur in domestic arrangements practically impossible) in an apartment overlooking the Thames, where an orchestra and a trio of high-class vocalists apparently are constantly on hand. In this part of the play, Miss Anderson conducts a drunk scene with the greatest humor and vivacity, does a desolate solo interlude outside her lover's door in an overspectacular but still impressive manner, and reaches high tragedy in the end, when Chatterton, who has finally come of age to the extent that he realizes that corrupted art and love are not for him, chooses to go back to the grave.

This composition is, of course, primarily a vehicle for Miss Anderson, and there is not much to be said for the other actors. Robert Brown, as Chatterton, reads Miss Dane's couplets as if Shakespeare had had some hand in them, and the rest of the cast, with the exception of Muriel Rahn, who can make almost any lyric sound as if it made sense, are inclined to follow his misguided example. Walter Kerr, in the *Herald Tribune*, remarked that lines like

> That's the worst of it,
> the hunger and thirst of it

and faulty rhymes, like

> all this fuss
> about a pinch of dust

somehow had a corroding effect on his mind, and he wished that Guthrie McClintic's direction had contrived to blur them a bit. My own memories are less damaging, but

> Well, isn't that fun for me?
> No more sun for me!
> I've got a date with Death

and the conjunction of "time" and "nine" as terminals didn't make me very happy, either.—WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

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that your ADA's first 1952 meeting will take place this Wednesday evening, January 16th, time 8:15, place Bertrand's Restaurant on Route 9 just south of Ossining.

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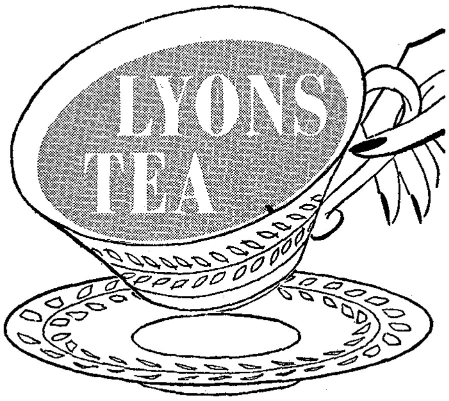

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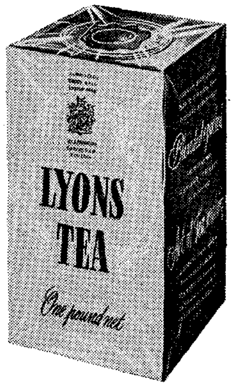

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THE RACE TRACK

Hullabaloo

FOR most of the year before last, when they were three, it was a tossup with me whether Bed o' Roses was better than Next Move or vice versa. (If memory serves, Alfred Vanderbilt, who owns them, couldn't make up his mind about it in those days either.) Well, they ran in the Santa Margarita Handicap at Santa Anita last weekend and finished one-two, Bed o' Roses beating Next Move by a length. Inasmuch as Next Move gave her stablemate a pound in the weights, and set the pace for most of the mile and an eighth, they're still even Stephen with a good many racegoers. But not with Shoemaker, who rode Bed o' Roses; in his book, she's one of the great race mares. There's no doubt that the runners in the Santa Margarita were the best lot the race has ever brought out. You'd hardly see a better collection for the Beldame at Aqueduct or the Ladies Handicap at Belmont. Toto, from the Greentree Stable, was third, and among the also-rans were How, Aunt Jinny, Blue Moon, and half a dozen of the better California-owned fillies and mares, including Special Touch, who won the race last year. By and large, the result must have been satisfactory to Mr. Vanderbilt, coming, as it did, on the heels of the most extraordinary how-de-do in the annals of the Los Angeles Turf Club, Inc.

Speaking early last week at one of those press luncheons they dote on out there, Mr. Vanderbilt charged that the Santa Anita stewards weren't strict about rough riding. That was bad enough, goodness knows, but then he went on to criticize the management for keeping the racecourse as fast as possible, rather than safe for horses to gallop over. That did it. There's almost nothing that exasperates Californians more than to hear anything against their tracks. The comeback of Carleton Burke, who is director of racing at Santa Anita and is also one of the stewards, was quick, and he minced few words. (It's only fair to say that, unlike some tracks I could name, but won't, Santa Anita treats all stables alike, even the biggest. It puts on a good show—probably the best anywhere.) In effect, what Mr. Burke said was if you don't like it here, why don't you go back where you came from? Mr. Vanderbilt's answer was to start three horses—Bed o' Roses, Next Move, and Sweet Talk—in the Santa Margarita. He collected $49,550 of the purse. Shipping money, perhaps.

OF course, it's still too early to be absolutely sure, but right now it looks as if Harry Guggenheim may have a runner in Anchors Aweigh, a filly by Devil Diver out of True Bearing; she won the Jasmine Stakes at Hialeah last weekend. It was her second appearance of the season, and in both races she led from start to finish. Incidentally, she was the only favorite who won that afternoon. Twenty years ago, there was another Anchors Aweigh, a colt who raced with distinction for the Greentree Stable. The late Mrs. Payne Whitney, who owned the stable, took keen delight, and great pains, in selecting names for her horses, and I've always thought this choice was one of her happiest. Greentree's Anchors Aweigh, in case you've forgotten, was by Man o' War out of Good Bye.

The rest of last week at Hialeah can be dealt with briefly. I can't remember when there has been a spate of long-priced winners like the one that began on Monday, with Sailor Lad, at $89.80, and Battle Hero, at $103.20 (a perfect hunch combination). On Tuesday, there was Vinita Ed, at $66. Wednesday was a long-shot player's dream, for Famera, at $83.50, Crafty Admiral, at $23.40, Prince of Roriston, at $59.30, and Toy Fox, at $35.60, came one after another in the last four races. (Don't bother figuring out what a parlay would have paid.) Ever Lovin, at $48.90, was another get-rich-quick surprise, on Thursday, and on Friday there was Aloran, at $143.50. Saturday's races turned up Chilcat, at $24.40, Kouli Khan, at $78, and Hallieboy, at $31.20. Pennies from heaven for somebody.

SPEAKING of Florida's Sunshine Park, which I haven't been till now, the featured race there last Friday, in honor of a convention at nearby Belleair, was the South Atlantic Association of Obstetricians and Gynecologists Handicap. —AUDAX MINOR

•

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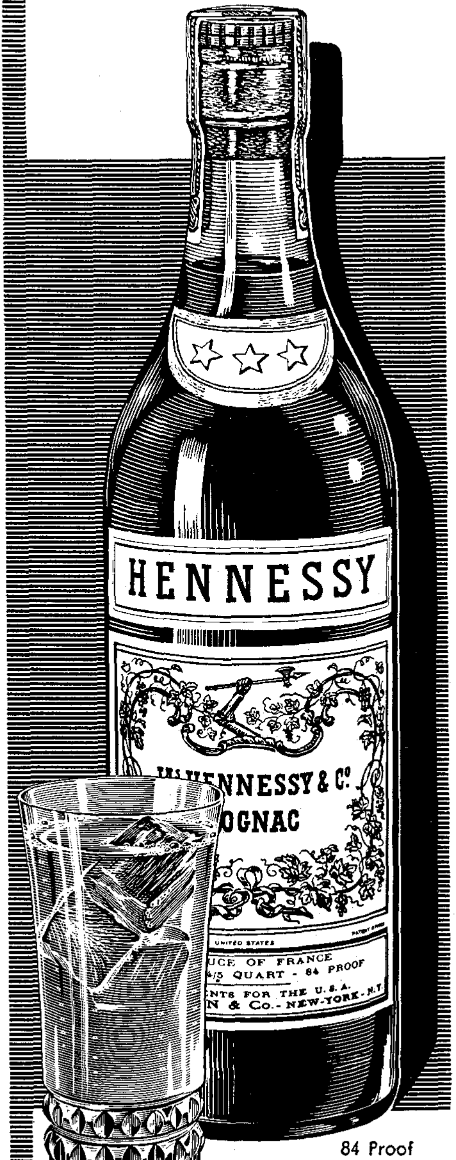

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

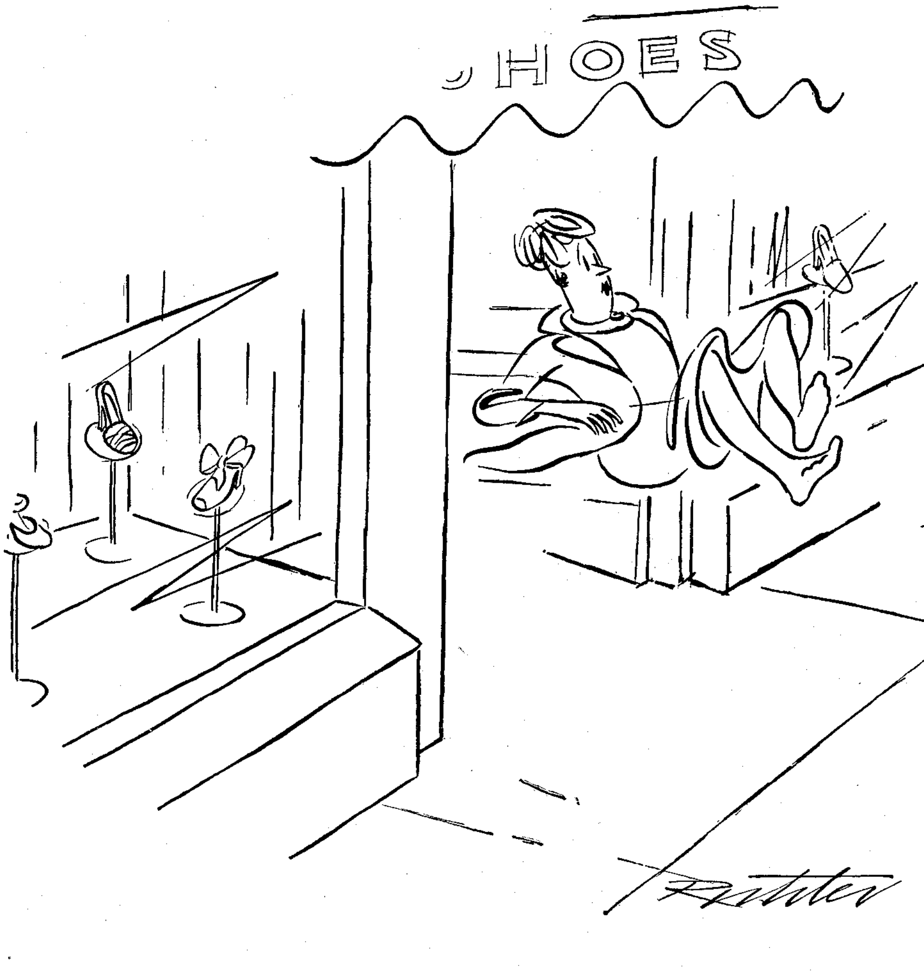
FEMININE FASHIONS

A WEEK ago I was going on about resort clothes that are strictly for romping or lolling. This week I'll concentrate on resort clothes for more formal appearances—at the races or dining under the stars—many of which will be just as handy when New York's sidewalks start to simmer and clothes that can be worn from town to country and back again will be hard to find.

Ever since crease-resistant processes came along, linen, nonchalant and swank and cut with demure and deceitful simplicity, has become more dominant season by season. Clare Potter is using a lot of heavy Irish linen (almost Tyrolian in weight) to make dresses with smooth, princesse seams through the torso (no sudden jogs or gathers projecting at the hips for *this* girl) and trimmed with braid, ball fringe, delicate embroidery, and other detail from Switzerland. The deep oval neck of one is outlined with a band of embroidery; another band circles the bell-shaped skirt four inches above the hem. This has short sleeves and a string belt around the molded waistline. It appears in beige with black braid and embroidery; $90 at Bergdorf Goodman. At the same price, Ye Sport Town has a similar Clare Potter, whose basque top extends into a hip yoke, below which the skirt goes circular. This has a straight, waist-length jacket with Swiss embroidery down the outside seam of the short sleeves. Another, at the same shop, has an oval peasant neck and short sleeves. Its only adornment is the flounced pink-and-white cotton petticoat beneath the pink linen dress; $95. And Saks Fifth Avenue's lingerie department has a worldly white linen bolero, also by Clare Potter, just below bust length, with two rows of white fringe around the edges and three on the sleeves. Good with many things, but shown with her pants of black *matelassé* silk; $69.50 for the works.

Many of the best linens come close to having sports lines, but the luxurious fabric and trimming preserve their suavity. Harvey Berin's magnificent pastel dress has self-covered buttons all the way down the front, golf-dress style, but the conventional round collar is covered with white braid, chalk beads, and an occasional infinitesimal rhinestone; it's $90 (give or take a nickel) at Carnegie's Blue Room, Jay Thorpe—oh, all over. A more sophisticated beadless dress of black linen has inverted pleats down the circular skirt, and the edges of the dashingly deep V décolletage are clouded with black net; $69.95 at De Pinna, among many other places. Jay Thorpe have a dressy linen in pink or blue, with a box-pleated skirt and cording, wrapped with pearls, around the deep oval neckline, as well as a buttoned-down-the-front one of navy, pink, or pale-blue silk-linen, with a chiffon scarf at the throat. Either is $95. The Cotton Shops also like buttons down the front, and they dress up their pet, which is of black or white linen, with a roman-striped silk belt and scarf. Melrod Ritter, who designs for Nudelman, has done a beige linen dress with very wide black braid making a plaque around the low V of the collar as well as the wide diagonal edging of the circular front apron; $130 in Saks' sports department, for one. The Empire waistline appears in Larry Aldrich's dress with a tight spencer jacket that ties just under the bosom; the décolletage is an extremely deep V, and the dress is snug as an all-in-one to a point three inches below the waistline, where a circular skirt takes over. This is $49.95, in benedictine or pastels, at De Pinna.

AS I have often hinted in my theses, I am constantly surprised at the vigor of the shirtwaist dress, which keeps popping up in such varied forms. Bergdorf Goodman have three de-luxe ones that would be fine for either town or country but definitely out of place on a golf course. Kane Weill's Caviar and Champagne, of taffetarized shantung, is all horizontal stripes of dark gray and champagne. It has a double-breasted bodice, notched revers, and a skirt with hip pockets set in the soft, unpressed pleats at the sides; $55. Another Weill treasure is of the same fabric striped in cocoa and gray. Brown buttons go straight down the front; $60. Both Weills have a hippy, rounded look. The third de-luxer was dreamed up by Ritter of Nudelman—a sheer navy silk organza with a red crossbar. A halter-backed navy taffeta slip goes under it, and it, too, has buttons down its short-sleeved bodice; $155. A mood that has to be called skittish dominates



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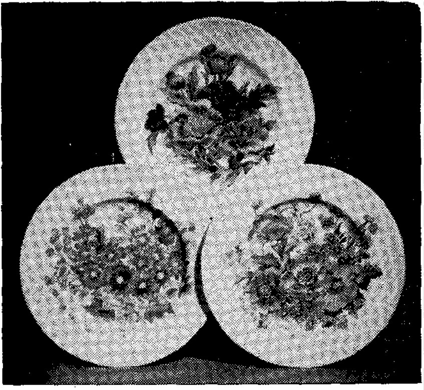

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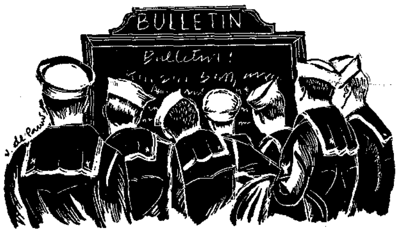
the saucy clothes of Carrie Munn, also on view at Bergdorf. Her patterned cottons, whether one-piece or separates, usually have the tiny waist and widely flaring hem she dotes on. Candy Cane is a blue-and-white vertically striped dress with a modified turtle neck and red-and-white diagonally striped bands going around the tight bodice and ending in bows on the chest. Her Crazy Quilt, a two-piece business, has a mat jersey top and a swirling, full-circle skirt of royal-blue quilted cotton covered with patches. School Days is a dress in a bright-blue herringbone with white cotton lace going around the oval neck and making vertical bands on the skirt. Munn's clothes range from $125 upward, and are far too pert for real ingénues.

HATTIE CARNEGIE's Blue Room has a linen suit that looks like a one-piece dress. The snug bolero jacket is mainly two wide bands, stitched together, going around the bodice, and the wide waist of the dress gives the effect of an extra band. The dress is sleeveless, and there's a deep oval décolletage front and back. In red or beige with a matching jacket, or in white with a navy jacket; $90. A strapless evening linen has a short-sleeved, braid-embroidered bolero, an oval neck, and fringed edges; $135. One dress combines linen and organdie, in white or Carnegie blue. The linen skirt has an apron panel; a wide band of sheer organdie circles the top above the waist, a band of linen goes around above *that*, and a fold of organdie rims the bateau neck. This sleek beauty is an incredible $50. At $40, Carnegie shows a simple pastel linen dress with a gored skirt, short sleeves, and an oval neck front and back—the dress-up-or-dress-down type. A strapless dress of white piqué has edges of cotton plaid. This one has a gored skirt and that spencer jacket, which ties under the bosom; $90.

DANCING young things should like Best's Larry Aldrich dress of paper taffeta with an all-over rose pattern on white or yellow, a sweetheart neck, tiny sleeves caught with string bows, and his characteristic long bodice coming smoothly down into a hip yoke before it starts to billow. This is $85. Another Aldrich, of shantung taffeta with snowflake designs on a dark-gray ground, is an all-purpose dress for all ages. The décolletage is a V, front and back; the sleeves are push-up, and the skirt is circular in front below the hip yoke. Mature women should like Best's shantung suit. The skirt is moderate and gored, the shoulder straps are wide, and the fitted jacket has cuffs of striped silk organdie and a casual bow of the same fabric on one lapel; $69.95, and in sizes up to 20. A dress of mandarin silk in gray, cherry, navy, or aqua is available in the same sizes. This has an easy circular skirt and a zipper below the revers of the collar; $39.95. As for linen, there are Branell's townish concoctions—a one-piece princesse dress (black polka dots on a beige ground) with a cardigan neckline and jutting pockets, for $85, and a suit with a black sleeveless, bateau-neck top buttoned to a black skirt, plus a fitted, dotted jacket piped with black. Both outfits have shiny black buttons. A young white linen to go dancing in has a sweetheart off-the-shoulders neckline and a circular skirt over a net petticoat.

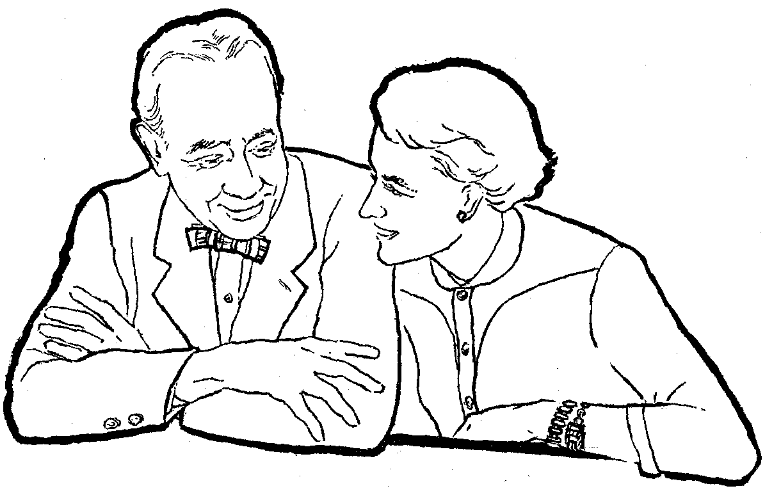
FOR two-climate jaunts, Jane Engel thinks well of Claire McCardell's silk dresses. One, of a sheerish, taffetarized gray silk with a delicate chartreuse stripe, has a high, surplice top, dropped shoulders, dolman sleeves, two narrow belts (one gray, one chartreuse) around the smooth waistline, and unpressed pleats making fullness in the skirt; $69.95. Another, all red polka dots on a ground of green tie silk, has a round, collarless neckline that can be unhooked to plunge to the Empire waist; $59.95. A wide band through its midriff gives the effect of being tied with a couple of bows. New fabrics, and new weaves of once-humble cottons, produce career and travel clothes that in many cases could be worn the year round. Orlon, a fabric that washes and dries in an instant and, like nylon, needs no ironing, is porous as well, so your skin can breathe. This stuff, which has a sort of faille surface with a silvery, iridescent overcast, makes a short-sleeved two-piece suit-type dress that has loops and self buttons down the snug bodice, a little peplum, and a four-gored skirt swirling out to great size; $39.95, in black, a silvery taupe, or navy—a dressy but practical dress for sizes 10 to 16. A new cotton tweed—spongy, unmussable, and small-patterned—makes a dress with a primly buttoned bodice



and a gathered dirndl skirt, or a sleeveless one with a band of white piqué around the bateau neck. Both come in junior sizes 7 to 15; both are $17.95.

De Pinna's Young Moderns has an amazing bolero suit of spun rayon that costs $10.95. It has a six-gored skirt and a bolero that is cut away beneath the button under the turnover collar. There are dolman push-up sleeves, and a wide self band around the edge is the only trimming. In natural, black, navy, turquoise, or pink, and going great guns for all ages. (Your waist measure determines your size.) A good collection, in junior and misses' sizes, of silk prints with dark grounds contains a short-sleeved dress with tiny rosebuds and green leaves on black; $25. Small jewelled buttons descend the bodice, and a full skirt falls from unpressed pleats. Shantung taffeta makes a round-the-clock dress for $49.95—sleeveless, V-necked, oval-backed. The nipped jacket has lapels that can fold inward and cover you completely. In red, turquoise, or Dior blue; $49.95. Shantung taffeta also makes a strapless dance dress with a boned top and a huge skirt. An immense attached scarf can be wrapped around the body or shoulders in divers ways. In biscuit or mauve; $39.95.

Resort temperatures act as freakish as temperatures in New York, and since there's a passion for woolly cloth coats, in white, bright colors, and even pastels, for winter as well as spring in town, investing in a superlative topper, jacket, or full-length coat is a good idea. I've come across several I'd like to consult my broker about. All of them have huge armholes, an essential idea in this field. Waist-length jackets to wear over full skirts show up at Saks; a bolero of nubbly wool with a turnover collar and a cutaway front is $49.95. Saks also shows a terrific full-length pastel resort tweed. The back swings out full and circular from an inverted V; $155. The Cotton Shops have a collarless, waist-length jacket, of white, lime, beige, or red fleece, with three big rhinestone buttons. You'd be apt to wear this over a lot of things besides the halter-necked mauve, lime, or pink shantung dress it accompanies; $69.95 for the whole thing. The favorite shortie in Carnegie's Blue Room has embroidery on the turnover collar, two buttons below it, and big cuffs on the sleeves just below the elbows. A high shawl collar and huge cuffs, slanting backward from the el-



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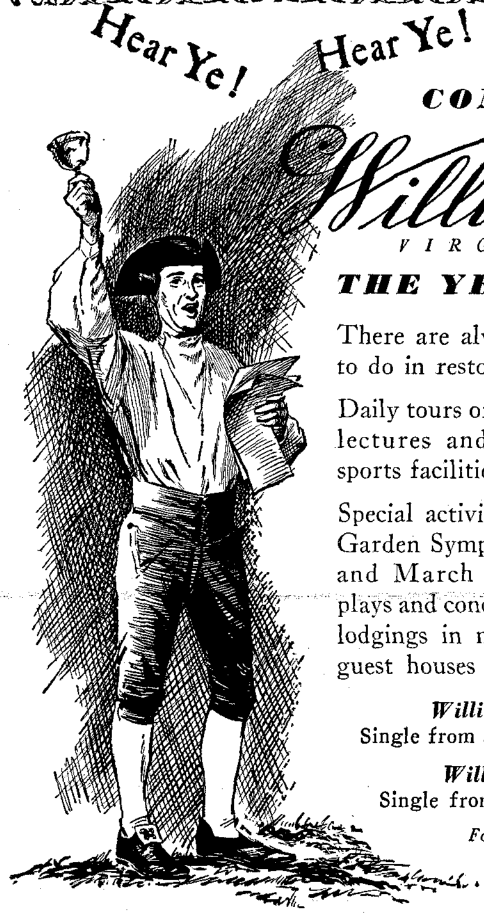
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bows, decorate a full, full-length coat of fleece in navy, red, or pastels; $135 at the same shop. A Carnegie pastel, navy, or red fleece jacket with reefer pockets flares slightly, and there's a band collar. A De Pinna white fleece jacket with brass buttons, a narrow yoke of red knit in front, and a navy taffeta lining is $135. A long, swirling coat of turquoise, pink, or white fleece has bolero stitching at the side back, cuffed kimono sleeves, and a small shawl collar fastening with one button; $119. Martha West's hip-length tweed comes with three huge white buttons down the front, big, slanting, kidney-shaped pockets, and big cuffs on the bracelet-length sleeves, which are crushed casually by a strap inside the forearm. In white, chartreuse, or gold; $69.95.

Lawrence of London does beautiful raincoats, one of a water-repellent silk shantung in deep apricot, avocado, or sapphire blue. This has a small shawl collar with one button below, big sleeves with enormous, high-style cuffs, and two inverted pleats down the back to give it a rakish swing. You'd wear it anywhere, as you would a duster, and it *does* keep off the rain, always a nice feature in a raincoat; $70 at Bergdorf Goodman, with a beret to match.

POTPOURRI: Mollie Parnis has solved the town-and-country hot-weather problem with a tan or navy dress of silk shantung in a widely spaced black or white double-chevron print. The hook-and-eye fastening down the front disappears under the folds of an inverted pleat on the skirt, which is flat front and back and unpressed pleats at the sides. At De Pinna's Town Shop, among others; $69.95. . . . Vera Maxwell's formal day dress of white or blue rayon jersey has a perfect top—a collarless surplice with elbow sleeves and a deep inverted pleat over the shoulders to prevent the droopy look surplice lines often give. There are sash ends to wrap around the waist, and the permanently knife-pleated skirt is separate; $45 at Gunther Jaeckel. . . . The Cotton Shops have all-purpose suits in shantung, the dresses usually flaunting oval necks and push-up elbow sleeves, and the jackets nipped neatly in. These come in a variety of quiet prints or in solid colors; $59.95 either way. . . . Clare Potter's wonderful silk separates can't be ignored. Bendel has her graceful circular black shantung skirt, whose black velvet waistband is edged with ball fringe. This decoration also appears on the pink shantung top, which has a halter back and a deep oval front. A pink shantung bolero tying under the bosom completes the costume. At Bergdorf, too, is a lime, yellow, or turquoise-blue silk skirt with a waistband of the flowered French ribbon that Clare Potter loves so well, plus a short-sleeved shirt in the same hues, decorated with diagonal tucks.

—LOIS LONG

• •

UPPER MIDWEST BLUES

In the Twin Cities (Minneapolis and St. Paul)
Winters are long and severe. Often snowfall
Comes in October. This is likely to stay—
The lowest stratum—and melt as late as May.

True, there are arguments for snow and ice:
The change of seasons and winter sports. But the price
Is surely exorbitant. Heating is high,
Walks and roads are treacherous, the sky

A gray monotony. Too often weather
Makes parents and children bring their worlds together
In fretful competition; they must share
The walled-in hours and the sealed-in air.

Worst of all is the effect upon the mind,
For we know spring is indeed too far behind.
Despite storm windows, extra blankets on the bed,
The cold fact enters home and heart and head,

Where the coldness can expand beyond the fact,
Fasten on every thought and word and act
Until, like snow, it piles and drifts and at last
Covers the future, and the present, and the past.

—LEONARD UNGER

THE CURRENT CINEMA

African Sorrow

ALAN PATON, who wrote the novel "Cry, the Beloved Country," has adapted his work to the screen, and the result is a remarkably effective film. Produced and directed by Zoltan Korda and photographed on location, the movie depicts the fearful tensions that exist between blacks and whites in South Africa. Although its contents are explosively melodramatic, it is never shrill, and when it points up man's inhumanity to man, it does so with a compassionate rather than a fanatical air. The leading figure of the story, as you probably know, is a Negro Anglican parson from the hills around Natal, who leaves the back country to seek out his sister and his son in Johannesburg. Because this priest is as sorely put upon as Job before he gets back home, and because he is a simple and inarticulate man, the role is a difficult one for an actor to sustain with the emotional variation needed to prevent his woes from becoming monotonous. However, Canada Lee, who plays the part here, endows the priest with impressive dignity and an acute appreciation of the precise weight of each blow that falls upon him, from the discovery that his sister is a shantytown prostitute to the realization that in a holdup his son has murdered one of the best white friends the South African blacks ever had.

During the time the priest is wondering whether God will just once show him mercy, Mr. Paton draws a parallel between his troubles and those of the wealthy farmer whose son is the victim of the holdup. The author puts a strain on the spectator's credulity when he transforms the farmer from a man indifferent to the plight of Negroes into one so full of understanding that he not only forgives the priest's son but helps the clergyman build a new church for his flock, yet as portrayed by Charles Carson, the farmer is convincing, even when the plot strings are pulled too tight for comfort. As his wife, Joyce Carey makes a fine, sympathetic helpmate.

The tragedy of "Cry, the Beloved Country" is by no means unrelieved. The colored people who play the natives are not beyond laughter in the midst of appalling distress, and one of them dwells with delighted irony on the business of digging up gold from the mines around Johannesburg so that it can be sent to America and reburied. Against the purposeful activities in the neighborhood of the mines, Mr. Korda juxtaposes the futile scurryings of the Negroes who live in hovels on the outskirts of the city. While the picture bears down hard on a rabble-rousing brother of the priest, it shows a deep concern for the attempts of blacks and whites alike to ameliorate racial conditions in South Africa by putting the Golden Rule into action. Perhaps this nonpolitical approach begs a few pertinent questions, but the picture is obviously more interested in getting the problem on record than in providing any hard-and-fast solution.

In addition to the actors already noted, the film includes in its cast Sidney Poitier, who is excellent as a helpful young city priest who leads his country associate about Johannesburg; Michael Goodliffe, who is a reform-school official just about to blow a fuse over the difficulties of his position; and Geoffrey Keen, who plays the intense and ascetic head of a mission.—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

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•

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[*Murray Kempton in the Post*]

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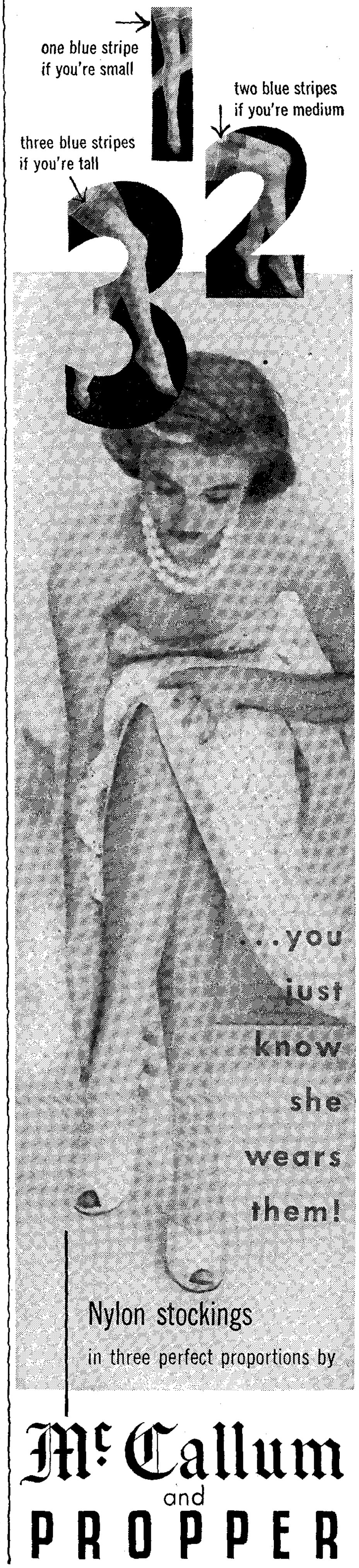

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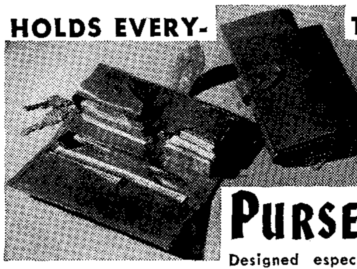

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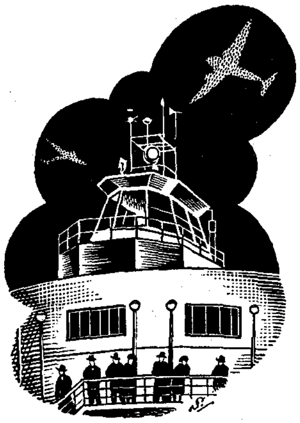
TRAUMA

MY father was a psychoanalyst. He took up the profession at the end of the First World War, after four years as a staff surgeon in the German Army. During those years, he had come in contact with thousands of cases of what was then called shell shock, and this had diverted his interest from physical to mental disease. As soon as he was back with his family in Berlin, he began his analytic training, and about a year later he started practicing on his own.

Sometime during that year of study, my father must have spent a rather bad night worrying about the way his two sons were being brought up. Turning and tossing, he must have gone over a number of psychiatric cases in his mind and concluded that the disciplinarian upbringing he had so proudly given me had condemned me to a life of immeasurable neurotic misery. I was twelve and beyond salvation when my father opened his office, but my brother Albert was only five, and apparently my father decided that there was still time to save him. This required that my polluted psyche be kept out of the way, and so I was sent to a progressive boarding school in the south of Germany.

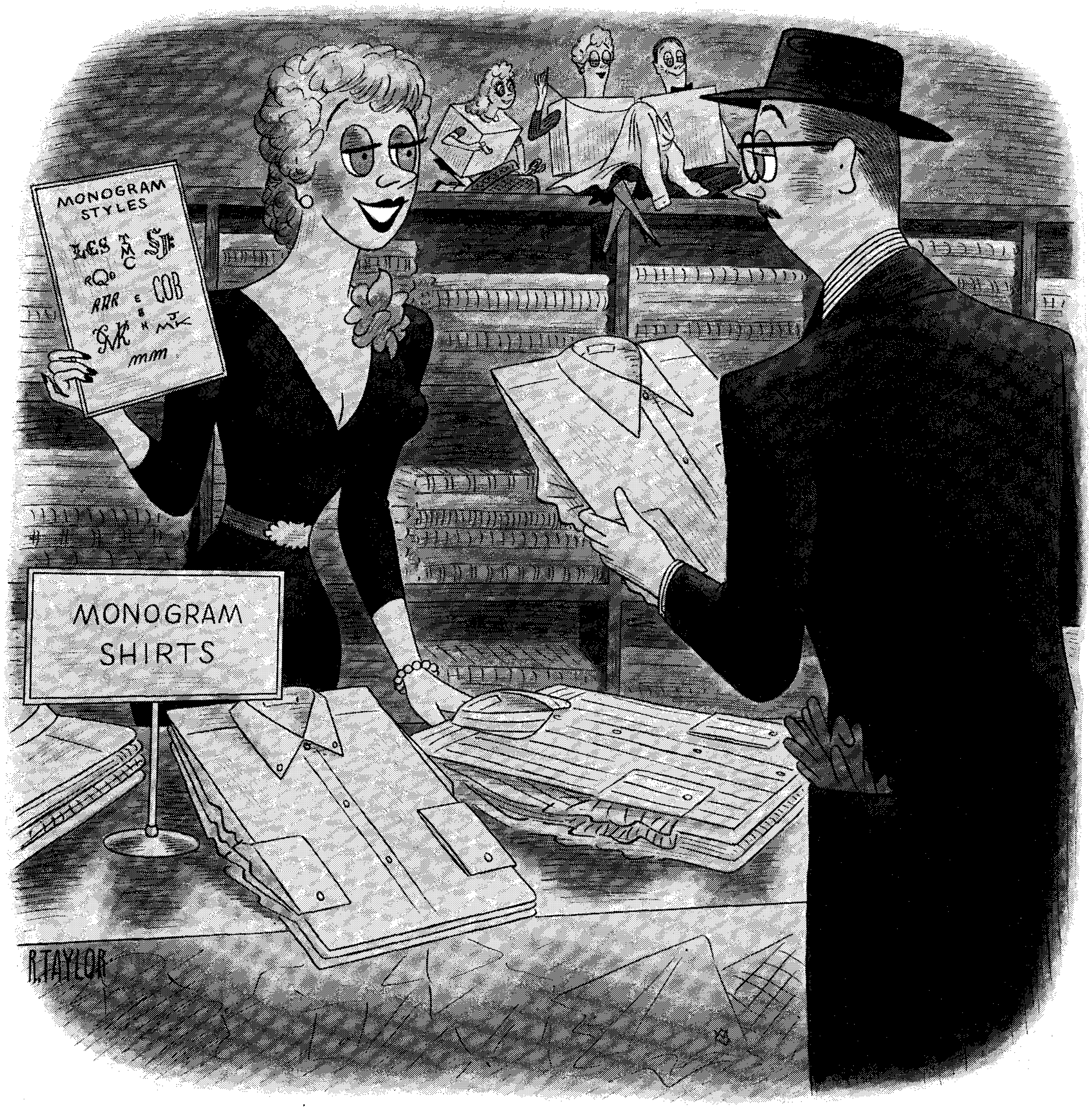
In the school I was sent away to, smoking was left to the pupils' discretion, class attendance was optional, and boys and girls went swimming together in the nude. I couldn't believe that my father had knowingly enrolled me in such an institution, and so in writing home I took great care to discuss my activities in the haziest of generalities. My father, as I remembered him from the prewar years, had had a strict, Prussian sense of what was proper and character-building. He had once asked me to choose the juiciest peach from a bowl of fruit and had then taken it from me, in order, he said, to teach me the virtue of self-control, and he had never been averse to giving me a regular, if perfunctory, bi-monthly spanking, on the assumption that there must have been something I'd done to deserve it. I had no way of knowing that, just as some of my schoolmates had been sent away to school to tide them over a change of mothers, I had been shipped off to help pave the way for a change of *Weltanschauung* at home.



When I returned to Berlin for my summer vacation, our living room and dining room had been converted into a treatment room and waiting room, respectively, and the whole front of the apartment, which included these two rooms, my parents' bedroom, and a long hallway, was out of bounds for Albert and me—possibly for fear we would run into a patient and needle him with embarrassing questions. The room I shared with my brother, in the rear of the apartment, soon became equally inaccessible to me. Albert had taken to "analyzing" his Teddy bears at odd hours of the day, and insisted on the same privacy that was accorded the patients up front. After I had complained to my mother about this, and she had evasively talked about the wonderful sunshine outside, I became aware of the complete change of attitude that had come over our household.

Life now seemed to revolve around Albert. I, at his age, had been told peremptorily when to go to bed, but Albert's retiring for the night was almost invariably preceded by a lengthy discussion as to whether he was tired, the burden of proof resting with my father. I had been instructed not to bother my overworked mother with questions, but Albert's demands for attention took precedence over the ironing. Consequently, Albert, at five, was far better informed than I had been at ten. Whenever my mother, who was the mellowing influence in our family, became exasperated with the state of domestic anarchy that resulted from the new pedagogy, my father would inquire whether she wished her son to grow up like the eleven-o'clock patient, who, as she knew, could not begin a sentence until he had made three convulsive movements with his head.

Sometimes, when Albert became too obstreperous, my father would take what he called action. Behind the enormous, soundproofed doors that shut the treatment room off from the hall, he would have a talk with Albert. The theory was that all of Albert's troubles would be so thoroughly thrashed out at these sessions that only the best behavior was to be expected afterward, but since they were always hastily followed by two or three further talks, I



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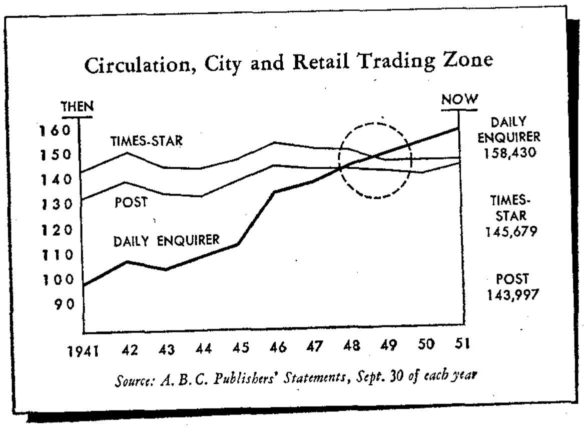

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don't think they ever came to much. Once in a while, I, too, got talked to. There is apt to be something uncomfortable about any Talk With Father, but in our case the discomfort took a peculiar form. The interviewed son sat in the patient's chair, facing my father across his desk, and instead of a perfunctory scolding Albert or I would get a perfunctory series of understanding questions, all put with the detached tolerance that had become the occupational disease of the early analysts.

WITH Albert's freedom so rigorously guarded, it is surprising that he should ever have come to know the shock of frustration. He did, nevertheless, and all because of my birthday present to him. I was not sure what to give a brother whose childhood seemed so totally different from my own. One afternoon a week or so before his birthday, in accordance with our new spirit of frankness, I asked him point-blank what he would like.

Albert rested his chin on his hand and pushed out his lower lip, the way my father did when he was concentrating on some serious matter. "You know what I asked Papa to give me?" he asked.

"No," I said, anxious to get to the point. "He said something about a train, I think."

Albert shook his head. "That's what *he* wants to give me. But what I want more than anything in the world is the book. Only, every time I say so, he starts talking about a train. So why don't you give me the book, and Papa can give me the train?"

"The book" turned out to be nothing more costly or extraordinary than "Der Struwelpeter," for generations the delight of all German children. "Der Struwelpeter" consists of a series of illustrated poems about "Slovenly Peter" and a number of other unruly children, and the picturesque and sometimes cruel punishments meted out to them as a result of their misdeeds. Relieved at having found so simple a solution to my problem, I made for the nearest bookstore.

That night, after Albert had gone to bed, I proudly announced my purchase. My parents and I were sitting around the dining-room table—a former maid's room off the kitchen now served as our dining room—my mother knitting, my father reading to us out of the evening paper. He stopped reading and lowered his paper, aghast. He looked at my mother as though to ask whether she'd put me up to this. My mother, equally surprised, had interrupted her knitting. After a minute of silence, she shrugged and picked up her knitting again and said, "Your father doesn't want Albert to have 'Struwelpeter.' He thinks the story of 'The Thumbsucker' will unsettle him so he'll end up in an insane asylum."

"Margaret, please!" my father said. "I have told you a hundred times! I will not stand by while my child is subjected to the kind of trauma I see every day causing the grossest personality disorders. Telling a child the story of a boy who has his thumbs cut off for sucking them! One of the basic complexes—"

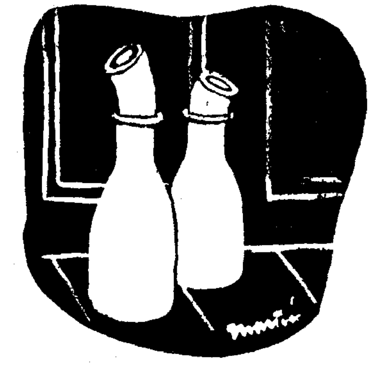
"It's just a story," my mother said quietly. "And there are lots of others—nice ones."

"Lots of others!" my father shouted. "Lots of others! Put her son in a room with an armed murderer and three other men, and she'll say, 'Who cares? The others are nice ones.' "

This time, my father invoked not only the eleven-o'clock patient but the nine-o'clock, and the one at two-thirty. He enumerated a dozen or so major neurotic symptoms that might be expected to develop, under certain circumstances, in a child who had been exposed to the threat of having his thumbs cut off. "Once and for all," he said as he stamped out of the room, "no 'Struwelpeter.' "

This outburst seemed more like my prewar father, but even so I couldn't make any sense out of it. My mother got up, gave me a comforting kiss, and asked me to bring her the book. "I think it was very sweet of you," she said. "Now, don't you worry about a thing."

BEFORE dinner on the night of Albert's birthday, my mother opened a big oak cupboard in the dining room, took out "Struwelpeter," and placed it in the center of the table among the other presents. Just as she finished, my father appeared in the doorway. I was lighting the candles on



Albert's birthday cake, and I remember hesitating over the next-to-last candle, as though the match might cause it to explode. My father looked from the table to me and then at my mother.

"Look," she said. "I don't know about all your complexes, but I do know that if you take away this book, Albert will never forgive you, and as God is my—"

"Wait!" my father said importantly, holding up his forefinger. He had evidently made a decision. "Don't finish lighting the candles yet." He rushed off down the hall, shouting, "No—yes! Go ahead. Light the candles. I'm there in a minute."

When he returned, he had a pair of scissors in his hand. He picked up the book, opened it to the story of "The Thumbsucker," cut out the offending page, and held it over one of the birthday candles until the paper started to burn his fingers. With a hardly audible "*Verdammt noch mal!*," he threw the ashes into a wastebasket, dusted his hands, and shouted to my brother to come in.

Albert walked up to the table and surveyed the train, the new Teddy bear, the toys and games—trying to take everything in at once. The first thing he picked up was the scissors, which my father had inadvertently left on the table beside "Struwelpeter." They were a big pair, and Albert had to use both hands to open them. I could see that he was trying to determine whether this prosaic object—one that his kindergarten teacher had warned him to keep away from, at that—was really a present. My father quickly removed all doubt by snatching the scissors from him, and Albert's eyes next alighted on the book itself.

Forgetting all about his other presents, he opened it and briefly glanced at each page as he went through the whole book. He then repeated the process, going from back to front, after which, shaking his head uneasily, he started in once more from the front.

" 'The Soup-Kaspar,' " Albert said, at last. "I can't find it." My mother tried to stifle a smile. "Look, Mama, look," Albert said, and picked up the book and showed my mother a narrow edge of paper between two pages. "The page is gone—my favorite story, with 'The Thumbsucker' on the other side." Albert suddenly looked at the scissors and then at my father, with such obvious perplexity and pain that my father became embarrassed and bent over the table and busied himself with the toy train. My mother burst into laughter,

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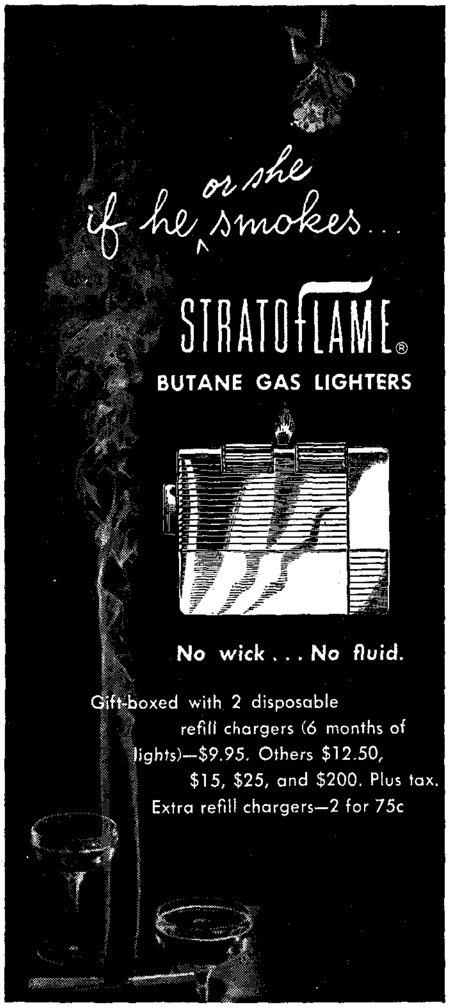

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the train started clattering around the tracks, and Albert, completely confused, broke into sobs.

FOR the next few days, Albert was sullen. He played very little with his Teddy bears and showed only a desultory interest in his train. My father had several talks with him behind the soundproofed doors. Then, on Sunday afternoon, when my parents were out, he said he wanted to ask me something. There was a note of urgency in his voice.

"Tell me," he said. "You're the one who gave me 'Struwelpeter.' Is it true that grownups cut off children's thumbs?"

"Don't be silly, Albert," I said. "You've known that story for years. You know better than that."

"Sure," he said. "Only, now I think they really do, and Papa doesn't want me to know. I think he doesn't want me to read the story so I won't find out about it."

I spent twenty minutes attacking this theory, and I believe I succeeded in vindicating my father's motives and establishing the comparative security of children's thumbs. Anyway, Albert seemed much relieved. One thing, of course, I could do nothing about. I couldn't save Albert from any lasting effects that might result from the trauma of having his favorite story cut out and burned by his own father.

—MICHAEL HUNTER

•

In 1945, we had many allies; in 1951, the trend of the world is toward neutrality. In fact, a new word has come into the language, neutrality.—*George E. Sokolsky in the Missoula (Mont.) Missoulian.*

Slangy, though. It'll never make the dictionary.

•

Experiments conducted by the Army's Signal Corps Engineering Laboratories show that in most cases where the weather conditions are favorable to rain, it will rain without cloud seeding to produce artificial rain.—*Science News Letter.*

Guess who paid for *those* experiments!

•

DEPT. OF UNDERSTATEMENT

[*From the London Evening Standard*]

Louis Arnold Bloom, 35, solicitor, of Elm Grove, West Hartlepool, was accused at West Hartlepool to-day of the murder of 38-year-old Mrs. Patricia Mary Hessler. Said Mr. F. Donal Barry, prosecuting: "Perhaps the path of love in this case was not as smooth as most."

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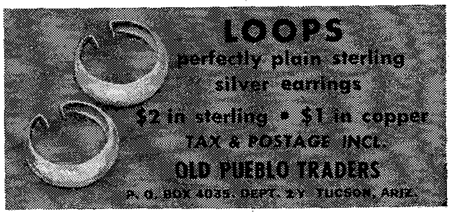

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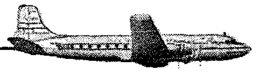
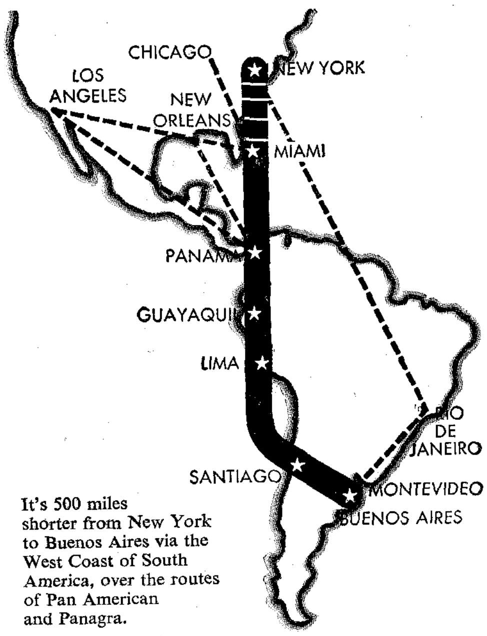


Friendliness, as this wee, small passenger would tell you if he could talk, means action!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TELEVISION

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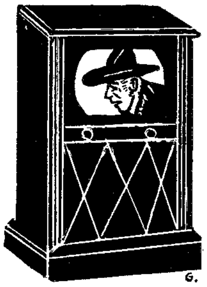

MY alarm went off, by prearrangement, at two minutes to seven one chill, windy morning last week, and, rising swiftly in the dark and noting with satisfaction that my wife was still asleep, I grabbed a bathrobe and afghan and padded to the television room. There was not a sound in the house. A rapid survey revealed that the two small boys who board with us were still in the land of Nod, their faces bathed in expressions of such supernal innocence as to mask completely their diabolical plans for the day. At the stroke of seven, I sat down before the tiny screen as a program entitled "Today," broadcast over N.B.C. five mornings each week from seven to nine, hove into view. "You are watching the World Communication Center," a voice announced, adding that the master of ceremonies of "Today," Mr. Dave Garroway ("the Master Communicator," the voice called him), would handle matters for the next two hours. Mr. Garroway, a likable young man with a bow tie and an incredibly wide-awake look, was seated behind an immense horseshoe desk. In back of him was a battery of clocks, revealing the time in Honolulu, Calcutta, Moscow, Chicago, Tokyo, and many other points where names make news. All around him was a tangled skein of cables, wires, rattling machines, and people. The people were tapping away at typewriters, fiddling with the rattling machines, stepping over the cables, or just sitting at desks, perhaps too stunned to move.

"This is today," said Mr. Garroway, somewhat ominously, "the day you're going to live." I got up and turned on the radiator as Mr. Garroway, carrying a pointer, moved over to a huge blackboard, on which a number of news photographs had been posted. Mr. Garroway announced that he would give us a capsule summary of the day's news in two minutes, and for the next two minutes he gave a capsule summary of the day's news. "I will put you in touch with the world," said Mr. Garroway. "This is today, the day you're going to live." From somewhere to Mr. Garroway's left, a phonograph began playing "I Want a Regular Man," a tape bearing the message "MOSSADEGH GETS DEATH THREAT" ribboned its way across the tiny screen just below Mr. Garroway, and a voice cut in to say that the temperature was thirty degrees, the humidity sixty-eight per cent, and the prospects clear and colder, with wind.

Mr. Garroway picked up a telephone and got in touch with a man in the Weather Bureau in Washington. The Master Communicator was now standing before another large blackboard, on which was an outline of the continental United States. He had discarded the pointer in favor of a piece of chalk. The voice at the Weather Bureau, clearly audible both to Mr. Garroway and to me, told us that a great deal of cold air had come down from Canada over the weekend. "There's warm air up through Texas," the voice said. "Watch out for storms in the plains area tomorrow." Mr. Garroway nodded vigorously, chalked in several arrows and sweeping semicircles on the map, thanked the man in the Weather Bureau, and sat down again at the horseshoe desk. I gave the radiator two or three good kicks, and went out to the kitchen to put on the coffee.

When I got back to "Today," the tiny screen was filled with still another blackboard. This one listed the weather in selected cities throughout the nation. It was snowing in Cleveland, drizzling in Kansas City, clear in Los Angeles, foggy in Miami, clear in Philadelphia, windy in Syracuse, and extremely cold in my television room. A man called James Fleming, standing amidst the cables and holding a sheaf of press messages, read out some of the important news of the day. "Thank you, James," said Mr. Garroway. He announced that he was about to call Frankfurt, Germany. He picked up a telephone. "Frankfurt, are you there?" he said. "Speak to me, Ernest." Evidently, Ernest answered the phone, for although I could hear no sound from Germany, Mr. Garroway went on to say, "All right, Ernest. Do you think the Germans this time will make good soldiers?" Ernest, I gathered, delivered himself of a ready opinion, but still I could hear nothing. "I can hear you, Ernest," said Mr. Garroway, "but I don't think our audience can. Check transmission from the field, Ernest. I can hear you, Ernest. Stand by, Ernest. I can hear you, but N.B.C. doesn't seem

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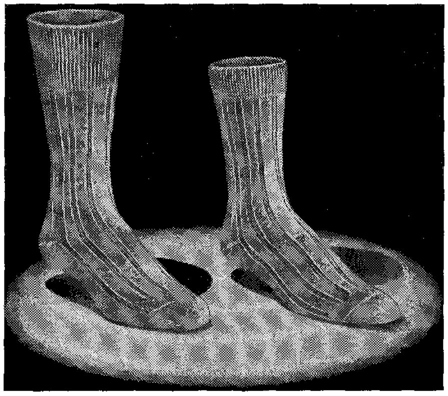

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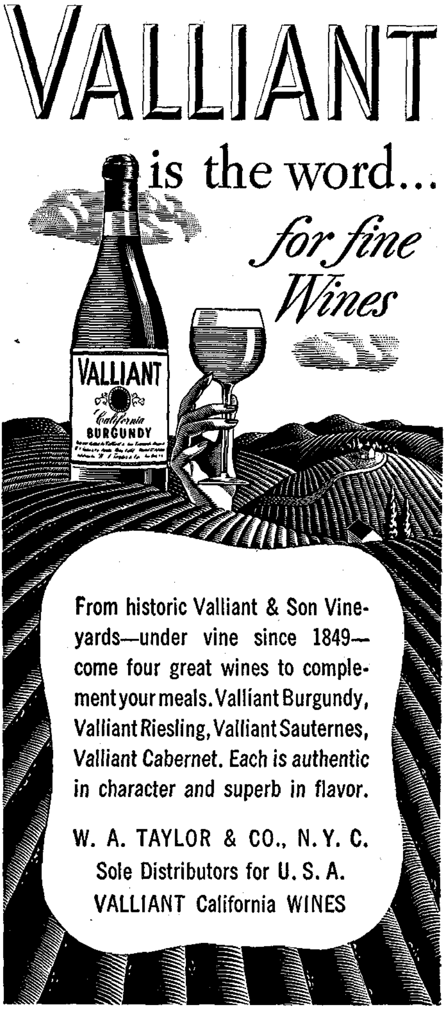
to have you on the program circuit." Mr. Garroway sheepishly put down his phone and told us that we would now watch some newsreels. We saw Cardinal Spellman returning from Europe, Captain Carlsen visiting the Hall of Fame, and a man trying to sink a putt. The older boarder, clutching a Teddy bear, stamped into the television room. "Put on your slippers," I told him. "Teddy doesn't wear slippers. Why should I?" he said. I escorted him to his room and, employing reason and force, put his slippers on him. Teddy, the boarder, and I returned to the television room. "The temperature is thirty degrees, the humidity is sixty-eight per cent," a voice was saying. It predicted fair and colder.

A man appeared on the screen, seated at a piano and singing a song. "They told Marconi wireless was a phony," he sang, while behind him, on a small puppet stage, a puppet puppy appeared. The dog, whose name was Buttons, was carrying an umbrella. "It's snowy, windy, and cloudy!" he shrieked. "The temperature is thirty degrees, the humidity sixty-eight per cent." "If you're cheerful until ten in the morning, the rest of the day will take care of itself," said the man at the piano. My wife entered the television room. "Good God," she said, looking at the screen. "Quiet, I'm working," I said. "Get back on relief," she said, removing herself. "Goodbye now," said the puppy. "I want breakfast," said the older boarder, removing *him*self. "Here's today's weather," said Mr. Garroway. "Temperature thirty degrees in New York. Colder tonight, and windy." The weather blackboard was again exhibited. It was fifty-six degrees and cloudy in Jacksonville, twenty-three degrees and snowing in Erie, and thirty-one degrees and clear in Baltimore. Then a man who was making a valiant effort to stay awake talked to me from Chicago. He was of the opinion that Taft was pretty strong out there, thanks to the support of Colonel McCormick and his friends. Mr. Fleming reread the highlights of the day's news, Mr. Garroway interviewed a taxi-driver who had made his début the night before as a baritone, someone announced that the temperature was thirty degrees and the humidity sixty-eight per cent, the younger boarder awoke with a bloodcurdling cry, the phone rang, the older boarder would not eat his cereal, my wife announced that she had no intention of serving breakfast in shifts, and I turned "Today" off and began to live.

—PHILIP HAMBURGER



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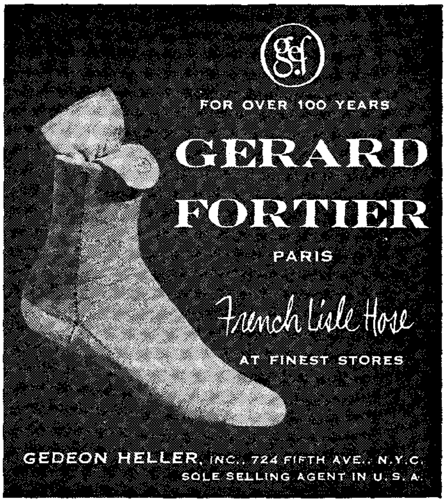

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BOOKS

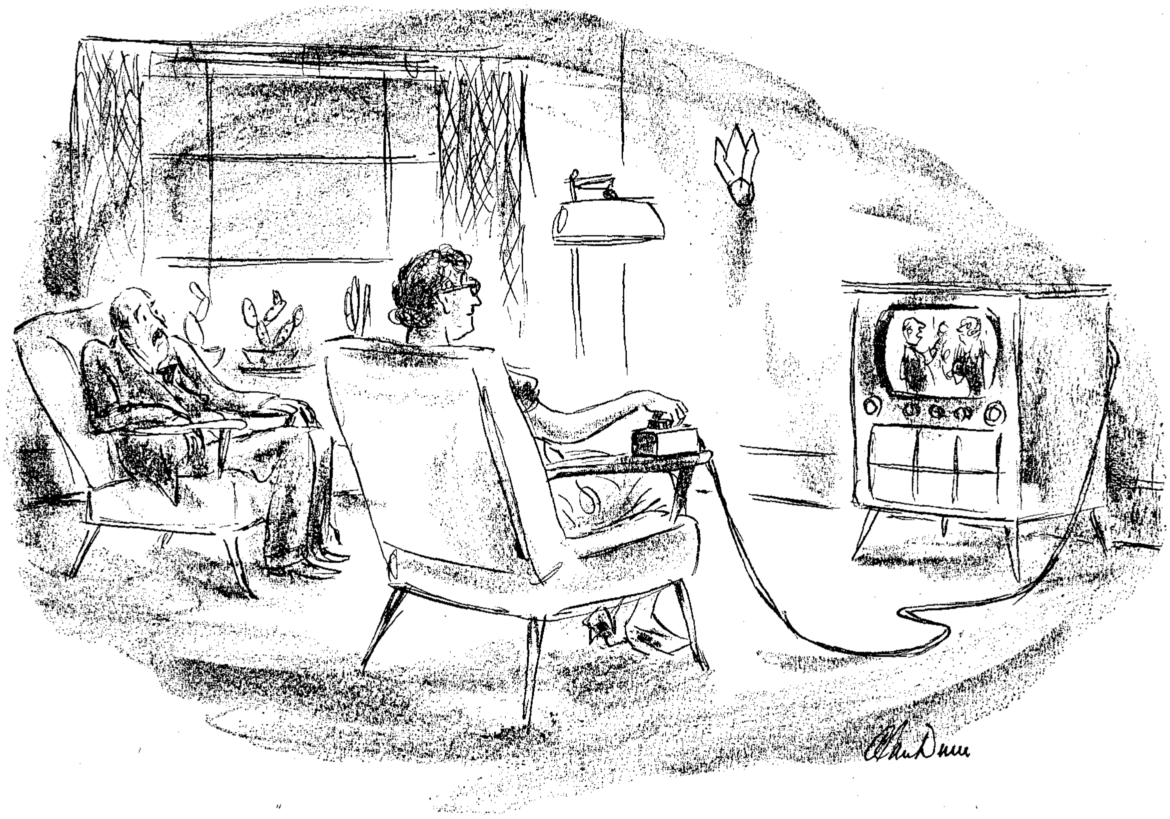
Out of the Bottomless Pit

THE portrait of Erich Maria Remarque confronts one darkly from the back of the dust jacket of "Spark of Life" (Appleton-Century-Crofts). It shows the author of "All Quiet on the Western Front" and "Arch of Triumph" wearing the stricken but undaunted look of one who has seen and heard unspeakable things without flinching. Orpheus might have looked just so after his trip to hell to fetch back Eurydice. Mr. Remarque has indeed been to hell, but he was on business, and he has brought back a best-seller.

The hell in question was a real place with a great many names—Dachau, Belsen, Birkenau, Buchenwald, Dora, Sachsenhausen, Mauthausen, Maidenek, Auschwitz, Neuengamme, Gotha, Ravensbrück, Wöbbelin, and too many others. In it between twelve and sixteen million men and women died, and died miserably. Orpheus's hell was less terrible because it was the home of a god who ruled over night and winter, and whose power was in due time broken by day and spring. A poet could make valuable discoveries there about the rhythms and processes of life. The hell of the concentration camps, on the other hand, was made by men and devoted to sterility and death, to the annihilation of men in the defense of lies. Its principles were Platonic in this respect. Plato believed that statesmen should lie to their people in order to induce them to accept a particular social organization, and that they should enforce acceptance of the lies by imprisoning and killing those who preferred the truth. One of these lies was that "God proclaims as a first principle to the rulers, and above all else, that there is nothing which they should so anxiously guard, or of which they are to be such good guardians, as of the purity of the race." For centuries academic persons fooled around with these ideas and with the pretense that Plato had a noble mind; then, abruptly, men with the capacity to take over a modern state proceeded to translate them into actuality and the world got a sight of what ruling through the lie really means. The Platonic ideal flowered into as sustained and powerful an assault on the human spirit as has yet been made. Mr. Remarque declares that it is his intention to tell us what inner strength enabled some men to bear the brunt of it, and to survive. This noble aim has not been fulfilled, because it is also his intention to produce an inspiring story as creditable as possible to as many people as possible.

The difficulty that faces anyone who sets out to write about the concentration camps was compactly expressed by the survivor who said that "they were nowhere as bad as you think—and at the same time infinitely worse than anything you can ever imagine." The reality beyond imagination, which was and still is intolerable, has evaded Mr. Remarque. He has not described the cold, passionless, mass-produced cruelty of the camps. He has reported their evil as something intimate and personal, and he has shown that men and women can survive it on the strength of hope and love.

His central figure is a man named Koller, who has, after ten years as a prisoner, at last reached the point of despair. He is lying on the ground when the story opens, ready to yield up his life without further struggle. Aircraft drone overhead, above him and above the town of Mellern, which gives his camp its name, and which he can see spread out in the valley before him. Bombs begin to fall into the town. He starts to his feet; it occurs to him for the first time that Germany may lose the war, and soon. He totters off to spread the good word through the camp. The prisoners most receptive to his thought are two lovers, a woman called Ruth Holland, who has come to the camp after a period of enforced service in a military brothel, and a man called Bucher. Armed with his new spirit, Koller persuades them that the degradations of the camp, and of Ruth's enforced prostitution, are not perpetual. When they are set free, they will be set free from that too—it is something that has been done to them and in which they are not involved. (Mr. Faulkner's Temple Drake recently informed us, in "Requiem for a Nun," that this is so, you just refuse to accept it, and it is over soon and suddenly all right, as if it had never happened.) They all three shake off the spiritual lethargy that has paralyzed them and determine to survive. Koller does not regain his freedom, but he re-



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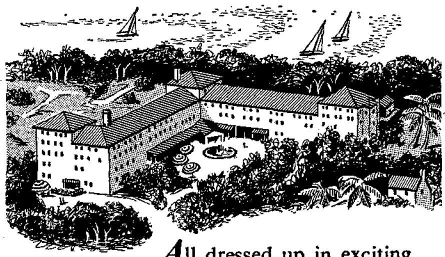

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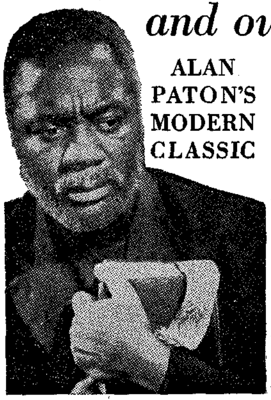

gains his manhood. He joins the camp underground and dies like a man, revolver in hand, frustrating a last S.S. atrocity before American troops break into the area. When the great day comes, Ruth and Bucher set out hand in hand to make a new start, like young lovers who have nothing to be afraid of but their ignorance. Courage, self-sacrifice, and simple decency have won out. This is reassuring; it is what one would like to believe about what it took to survive in the camps. But if that explains why the book is likely to be a best-seller, it is, at the same time, the reason why it is not, as its publishers assert, "one of the greatest, one of the true, enduring works created in our time." It is, in fact, a poor thing and a pale shadow of a much better novel called "Les Jours de Notre Mort," which was published in France in 1947. This is by David Rousset, a Frenchman whose briefer, factual account of his sixteen months as a prisoner appeared here under the title of "The Other Kingdom."

Rousset has something to say about the camps that is not in the least reassuring. The moral corruption they produced was absolute; once submitted to, it was ineradicable. The only way to escape corruption was to resist from the start. It was not enough to have faith in human nature and to radiate good will. There are few places where anything worth having can be bought as cheaply as that. Rousset describes a struggle with weakness that went on night and day. Human nature worked always on the side of weakness, trying to betray the mind to the corruptions that meant first moral and then physical death. Human nature is a complex of instinctive drives, and under pressure it is ready to buy survival regardless of the price. In normal circumstances, reason, in defiance of the instincts, establishes systems of values and fixes prices, and the prevailing price levels make or unmake civilizations and societies. In the prison camps, the S.S. created a machine calculated to destroy all values, and forced the price of survival up and up until men would pay all integrity, all human dignity, for another day's lease on life. It was not, in the end, what was done to the prisoners that was so terrible; it was what they could at last be persuaded to do to themselves.

The prisoners were all under sentence of death when they entered the camps, but it was not carried out until they ceased to be able to do a full day's work in the factories and mines and on the special projects that consumed them as slaves. When they were at last worn down by systematic overwork and underfeeding, they shared the fate of the old, the young, and the feeble, and were strangled, shot, or gassed. For the majority there was no hope, but there were possibilities of exemption. The internal administration of the camps was in the hands of trusties; by taking posts graded from gang foreman up to executive, prisoners could buy increases in rations. Each increase in the daily allowance of food meant an increased chance of survival, and the more responsible trusties could even maintain dependents. But each increase in the food allowance was paid for by greater coöperation with the S.S. The senior trusties could survive indefinitely, but to do so they had to drive their fellow-prisoners until the last ounce of work was extracted from them, condemn those who were no longer useful to death, enforce camp discipline, and carry out the beatings and executions ordered by the S.S. There was a point at which prisoners and guards achieved an absolute identity of aim and interest; nothing stood between victim and oppressor.

All the national enmities that had made Europe fall piece by piece into German hands manifested themselves in the camps in a heightened form. So did the political antagonisms that had splintered the anti-Fascist front. Not only did secret committees representing national groups put nominees into key positions in the hierarchy of trusties to make sure that men of other nationalities took precedence on the gallows and in the gas chambers, but political fractions within the national groups played the same game on their own compatriots. Communist fractions in power made sure that men of Catholic and Center fractions went first, and Catholic and Center fractions in power saw to it that Left Wingers went first.

None of the parties engaged in these sinister and clandestine conflicts, so brilliantly described by Rousset, could at first afford to compromise themselves by putting their members in too close contact with the S.S., so they employed puppets drawn from the criminal element in the camps to fill the key posts. Each party cherished the criminals suitable for power, first getting a hold on them by trapping them in breaches of camp discipline that would mean death if reported, and then keeping them in line by alternating threats and bribes. Puppets who, once in key posts, attempted to break with their sponsors were immediately betrayed to the S.S. It became hard to distinguish between those who were politicals following courses of action dictated by principle and those who were criminals recognizing no motive but self-interest.

Rousset describes what it was like to live amid an almost irresistible contamination, with tension and fear as daily bread, and writes with precision about the intellectual and moral strength that was needed by those who survived the ordeal. The final months, which Remarque pictures as months of hope reborn, Rousset makes clear were in reality the worst of all, as the S.S. killed in a demented frenzy, in an effort to wipe out the last witnesses to their appalling crimes, and as the survivors were strained beyond the limits of endurance by both hope deferred and constant terror. But Rousset did not break, and he explains what saved him and those who shared his determination, discipline, and courage. That justifies the ugliness, the filth, and the brutality of his frightening book. The ugliness, up to a point, is present in Remarque's novel, and so is a rough outline of the suffering, but the heart of the matter is lacking. In fact, one may suspect that his raking over of the death agony of millions of men and women, and of the moral death of a nation, has been undertaken somewhat lightly. Mr. Remarque has perhaps sought out his theme as the servants of David sought out the Shunammite woman, to lend heat and vitality where heat and vitality were not.

—Anthony West

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Mittee, by Daphne Rooke (Houghton Mifflin). A very new, alive kind of story about South Africa. Mittee is the nickname of a beautiful young white girl, and Selina, who tells the story, is her colored servant. Their world, as we see it through Selina's eyes, is sometimes bitter and sometimes poetic, but it is always fascinating to read about—or, rather, to hear about, for this author has the gift of being able to make her people's voices sound right. The story is built around the devotion existing between Selina and Mittee, and follows their adventures, lucky and unlucky, with the men they love. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection for February.

Awakening, by Jean-Baptiste Rossi (Harper). This silly story of a love affair between a fourteen-year-old schoolboy and a twenty-eight-year-

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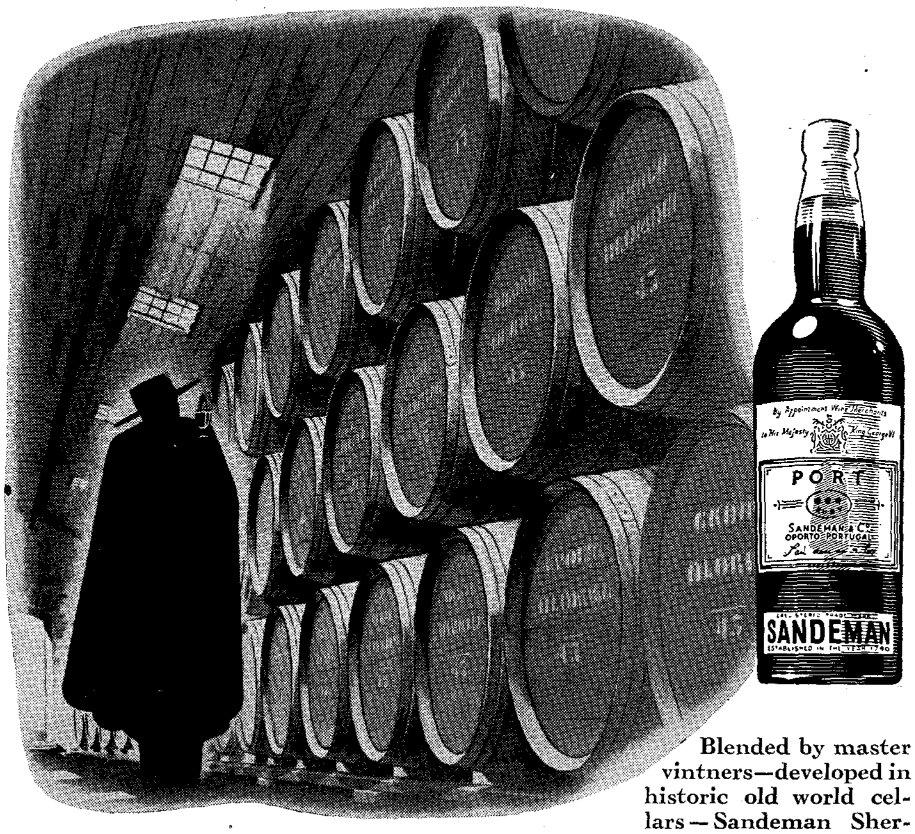

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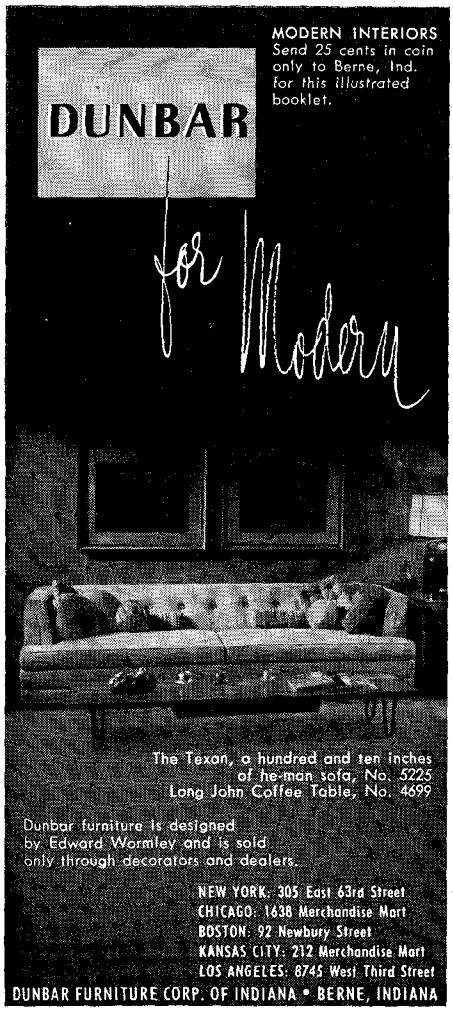
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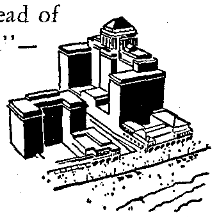
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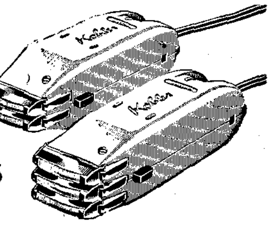
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old nun is interesting because of its sincerity, which, though naïve, is real, and because any book written by a very young person (Mr. Rossi, who was born in Marseille in 1931, wrote this book about two years ago) about his school days is bound to have a certain amount of freshness and feeling.

Jumping Jupiter, by Ernestine Gilbreth Carey (Crowell). A dowdy tale of romance and salesmanship in the toy department of a Fifth Avenue store. Mrs. Carey's dialogue creaks with effort, and her characters' attempts to deliver their lines with humor, while worrying all the time about keeping their jobs, create an effect that is too grisly to be entertaining but not grisly enough to be interesting.

GENERAL

The Challenge to Isolation, by William L. Langer and S. Everett Gleason (Harper). A history of developments in the international arena, and their effect on the United States, during the period between President Roosevelt's "Quarantine" speech, in 1937, and the destroyers-for-bases deal with Britain, in 1940—the first half of a two-volume study (the second will end with Pearl Harbor) by two prominent historians working under the auspices of the Council on Foreign Relations and with aid from the Rockefeller and Sloan Foundations. It is easily the most thorough book of its kind and the most impressively documented, drawing on both official and unofficial sources. Although it is written with what seems to be deliberate underemphasis, the nature of the subject matter makes it intensely dramatic. The long and tortuous story of how isolationism lost its grip on this country, and how the people, with painful slowness, awoke to the realities of geography and to the threat of armed aggression, will not be much comfort to the "Roosevelt got us into war" school, for the authors show pretty conclusively that it was the American people and a majority of the Congress of the United States that pushed *Roosevelt* toward war.

The Years That Were Fat, by George N. Kates (Harper). The author, an American linguist, scholar, and traveller, spent seven years in Peiping during the nineteen-thirties, and this is his story of that tranquil time, written out of homesickness for a vanished way of life. He set up housekeeping in the Imperial City and proceeded to become as Chinese as he could, dressing, eating, and living in the local style, and spending his days learning the language. He also explored every accessible cranny of the ancient town. The narrative of his quiet adventures brings the reader very close to the Chinese character and is a delight.

Heavens on Earth, by Mark Holloway (Library Publishers). A study of some of the more important Utopian experiments in America, from the Labadists, who emigrated to this country from the Netherlands in the late seventeenth century, to such latter-day communal settlements as the Oneida Community and Icaria; among others discussed are those started by Robert Owen, Charles Fourier, Mother Ann and her Shakers, and the Amanists, as well as, of course, the short-lived Transcendentalist experiment at Brook Farm. Mr. Holloway describes the various ways of life among these early, non-Marxist communists with an eye for diverting detail, and he treats them sympathetically. Some of his conclusions are arresting; he says, for example, that the members of nearly all of these communist settlements were better off in the material sense than their individualistic neighbors "in the world," and he maintains that the communist theory worked only when it was coupled to a religious ideal, usually under some fanatic and autocratic leader. Illustrations.

The Great Rascal, by Jay Monaghan (Little, Brown). An exasperatingly ill-organized biography of a hard-bitten and industrious little pulp writer named E. Z. C. Judson, who during the latter part of the nineteenth century turned out a great deal of repetitious copy, most of it for Street & Smith publications, under the pen name of Ned Buntline. Judson's, or Buntline's, principal claim on posterity, Mr. Monaghan informs us, derives from his fictionalization of the career of William F. Cody, whom he discovered dozing under a wagon near North Platte, Nebraska, in 1869; he dubbed his find Buffalo Bill and exploited him consistently thereafter, both in dime novels and in a series of public appearances. Possibly because of the nature of Buntline's literary output, which doesn't bear much analysis, Mr. Monaghan has concentrated his attention chiefly, and admiringly, on

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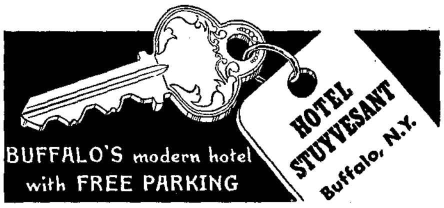

Buntline's personal rascality—his tipsy delivery of temperance speeches, his devious political efforts on behalf of the Know-Nothing Party, and his inclination toward polygamy. All this is good, highly colored stuff, but it isn't quite strong enough to stand up under the careless treatment given it here.

DANGER SPOT OF EUROPE, by Alan Houghton Brodrick (Philosophical Library). A book about present-day Germany that is less valuable for its author's prophecies than for his ability to present the condition of the German people and their unhappy land by means of anecdote and selected detail. Mr. Brodrick, an English writer of travel books, has an individual style and a nice sense of humor, and he knows Germany well; he visited it frequently during the Weimar period, and was distantly acquainted with a number of high Nazis during the vainglorious days of the Third Reich. His recent travels have been mostly in the French and American Zones, which he believes are "the most exposed area of Western Europe."

EISENHOWER, by John Gunther (Harper). A timely biographical snapshot that has caught a good likeness of the General and gives us a glimpse of the work he is doing at SHAPE and a peek into the immediate future. The book grew out of a series Mr. Gunther wrote for *Look* magazine, and it is handled with his customary skill and fair-mindedness. His opinions on Eisenhower, which are never intrusive, seem to add up to a feeling that Ike *might* make a very good President and would certainly make an honest one. The section reporting on his meetings with the General brings him right into the room with you, grinning, talking a mile a minute, and taking swings at an imaginary golf ball.

MEMORIES AND PORTRAITS, by Ivan Bunin (Doubleday). An unusually rewarding volume of literary reminiscences, which includes accounts of Leo Tolstoy, to whose home Bunin, when a child, attempted to make a pilgrimage; Chekhov, with whom in his young manhood he seems to have been on fairly close terms; Gorky, whose proletarianism he regarded as rather a fraud; and Alexei Tolstoy, whose aristocratic pretensions he asserts were equally fraudulent. The chapter on Chekhov, which is evidently derived from notes of conversations, is particularly vivid and

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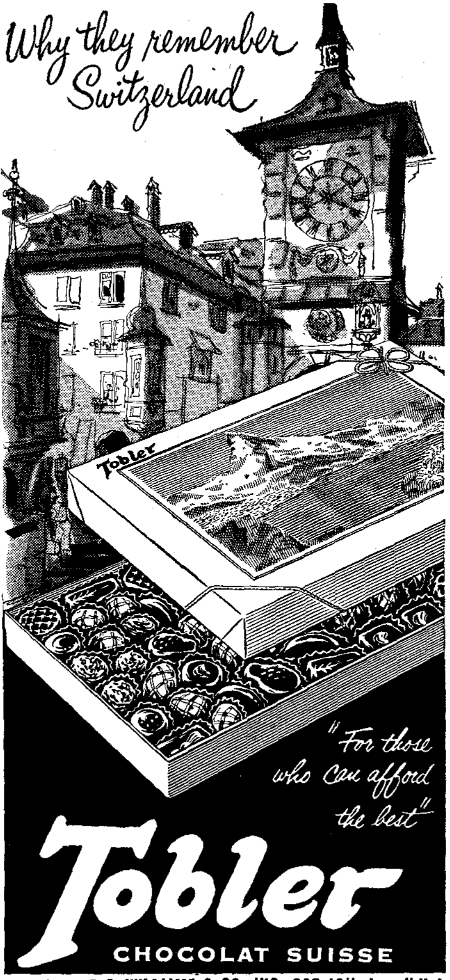

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revealing. It is interesting to know that Chekhov expressed to Bunin the opinion that "when one has finished writing a short story, one should delete the beginning and the end."

MATISSE: HIS ART AND HIS PUBLIC, by Alfred H. Barr, Jr. (Museum of Modern Art). The way in which this book is arranged, in sections that take up first the artist's life and then his work, with each section confined to a decade or less, would seem to make for a fairly dry compilation, and in fact it does rob the book—if one considers it as a biography—of a good deal of consecutive interest. The advantage the method does have, however, is that of permitting a far closer and more exact analysis of Matisse's step-by-step development than would otherwise be possible, and because of the minuteness of the documentation it also helps to make orderly and assimilable a mass of information that might have been chaotic and overwhelming. As it is, the volume seems destined to become the major source book of its particular subject. The illustrations, though clear and distinct enough, are not all of the very first order, but they make up for this by their completeness; there are literally hundreds of them, not only covering all phases of his work but also including a number of documentary photographs of the artist and his surroundings.

EXILES, by James Joyce (Viking). A new edition of Joyce's only play, containing a preface by Padraic Colum and some hitherto unpublished notes by Joyce. The notes are of particular interest because they discuss in unambiguous language the psychological relationships between the characters, which are not quite openly stated in the play. There are also notations, not used in the play, on sequences of images and feelings that are supposed to pass through the mind of Bertha, the central female character. These are first set down as simple strings of words, like the thoughts of Bloom in "Ulysses;" then the memories they represent and the associations of ideas are explicitly traced in the conventional way. A glimpse of Joyce's clear, realistic, and completely logical mind working behind the scenes of one of his complex evocations.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE THREE WIDOWS, by Bernice Carey (Doubleday). Three middle-aged men, all stripped of any possible means of identification, are found dead in three separate Western pleasure resorts, and there doesn't seem much reason to suspect either foul play or any connection between them until a tourist named Bladeswell, who has somehow been mixed up with all three fatalities, gets the idea that they have too many points of resemblance. Matters come to a head at a sort of dude ranch in California, where Mr. Bladeswell comes upon several currently unattached women who might easily and profitably have dispatched their mates. He is guilty of a good deal of rather unethical conduct, including frisking the ladies' cabins in their absence, but in the end—with, of course, some assistance from the police—he comes up with the right solution, which may not be entirely fair to the reader. In spite of an overabundance of coincidence and a certain bucolic flavor in the writing, Miss Carey has produced an original and entertaining book.

BEHIND THE CRIMSON BLIND, by Carter Dickson (Morrow). Sir Henry Merrivale, who, as most people know, specializes in unsolvable crimes, is persuaded to go out after the cleverest criminal in Tangier, a thief who carries an iron chest on his forays, and disappears, chest and all, when cornered. Sir Henry acts as we have come to expect him to—he drinks a great deal, dresses up in funny hats, irritates the authorities, and finally pins the series of crimes on a most unlikely culprit—but somehow the spirit that has animated most of Mr. Dickson's previous works seems lacking.

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HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT
(LITERARY AND REPRODUCTIVE DIVISION)

[*From the Ladies' Home Journal's gossip column*]

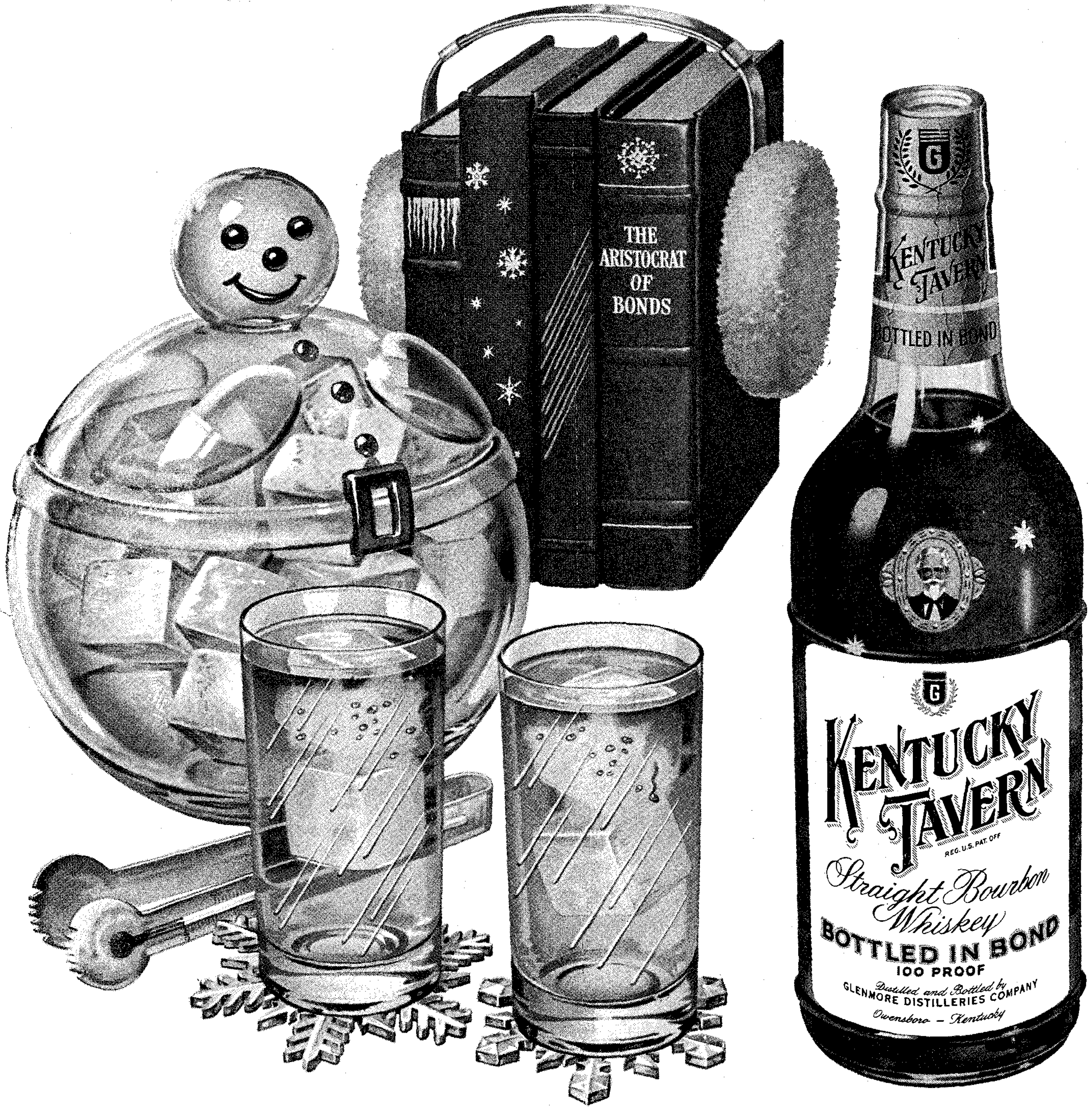
For readers who have been waiting to hear, Roger Butterfield tells us that the H. J. Hulces, of September How America Lives, have had their new baby, a boy; its sex not deliberately planned well in advance, as was that of their JOURNAL baby, Margaret, after reading the JOURNAL article called Can I Choose the Sex of My Child?—but what they wanted anyway.

•

HOLLYWOOD, Jan. 8—Robert Mitchum is warning pals that it's hush-hush, but confiding that he'll quit the flicker business and retire to a farm when his RKO contract ends two years from now.—*The World-Telegram & Sun.*

Closest-kept secret we ever knew anything about.

IT'S A COLD FACT...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